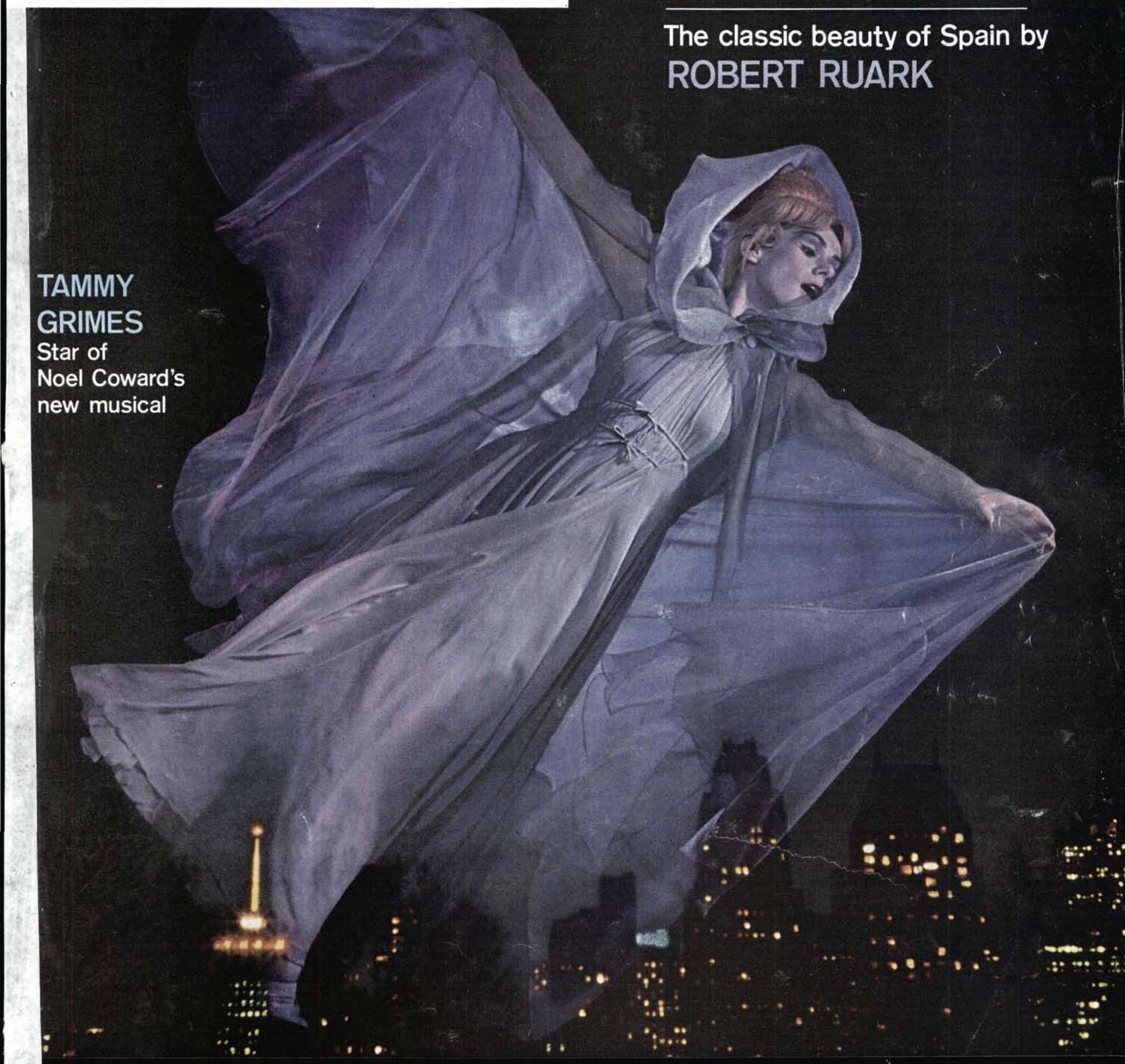
POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST APRIL 4 · 1964 20c

TEEN-AGE DOPE ADDICTION
Growing peril in "safe" suburbs

A Catholic mother tells
"WHY I BELIEVE IN BIRTH CONTROL"

The classic beauty of Spain by
ROBERT RUARK



TAMMY GRIMES
Star of Noel Coward's new musical

Powerful novel by Robert Penn Warren / Can Lyndon B. Johnson tame Congress?

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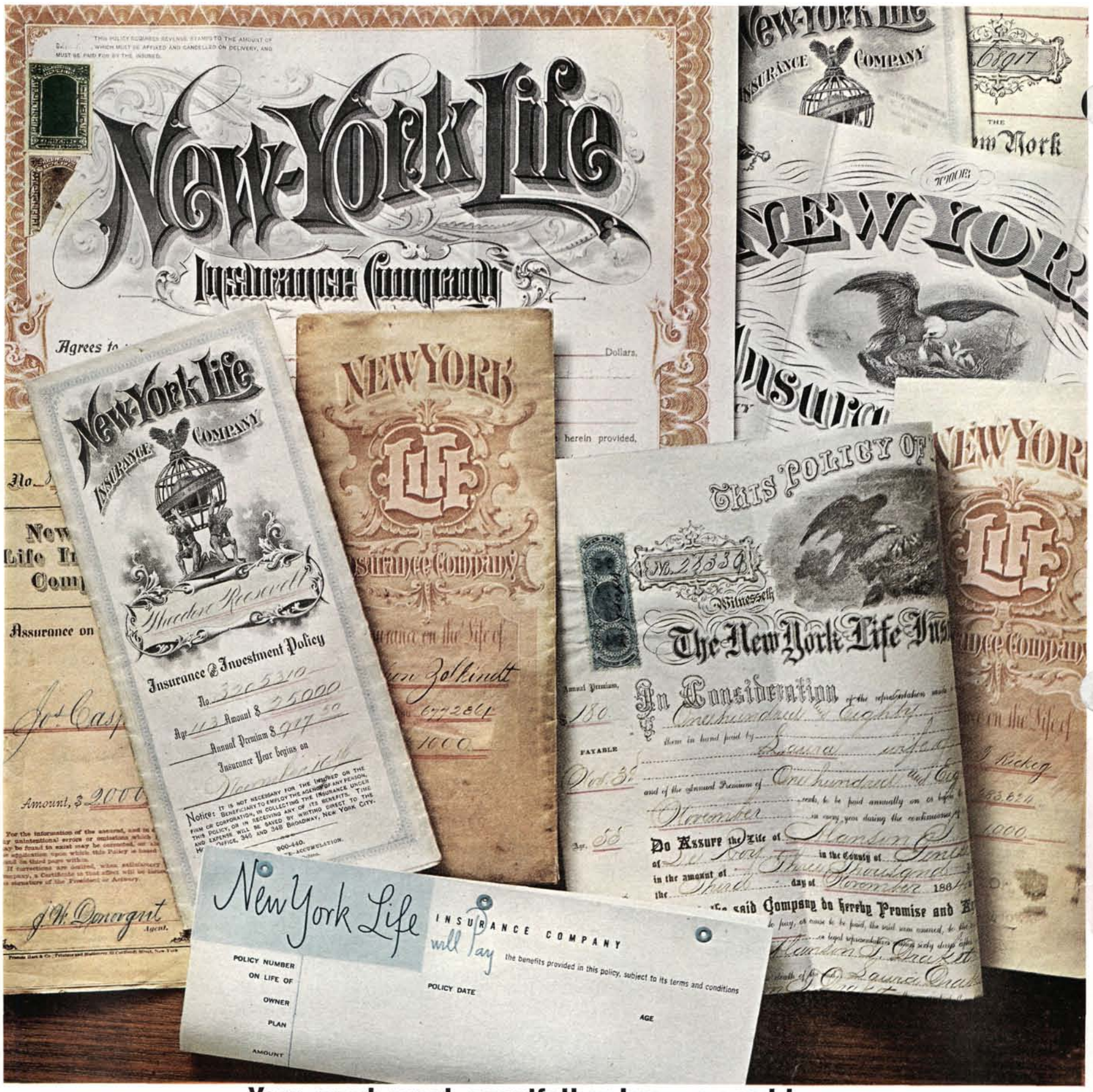
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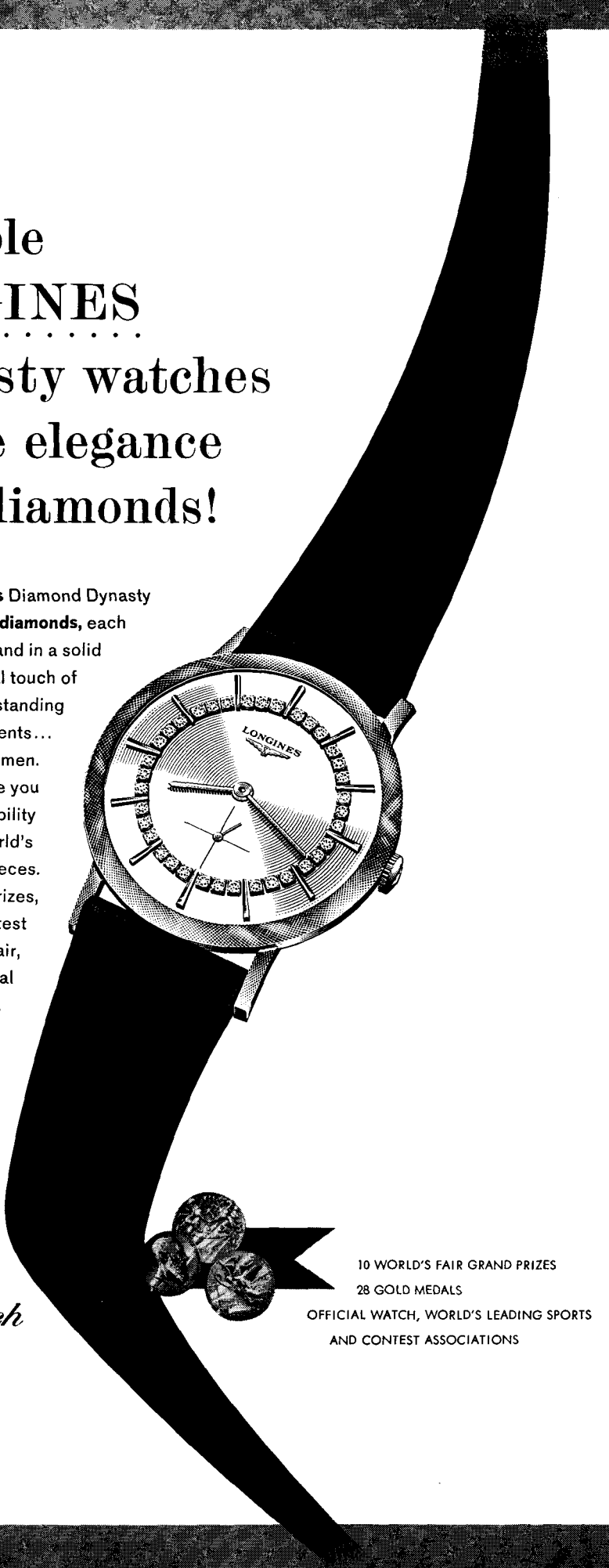

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POST

APRIL 4, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 13

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Dope invades the suburbs . . . . . *by Robert P. Goldman* 19

"Junk" is moving into our "better" neighborhoods at a frightening rate. Long thought of as a plague of the city slum, narcotics are fast becoming a major concern of suburban families as well. For thousands of adolescents, drinking is passé, sex taken for granted: The real excitement now comes from taking drugs. Few people are aware of the new, tragic social problem—because as a rule it is carefully hushed up by the families. Contributing science writer Robert P. Goldman, who traveled from Westport, Conn., to Beverly Hills, Calif., exploring this middle-class world of drug addiction, tried to explain to one teen-age user that he was doing the story in an effort to help other youngsters. "Man," answered the addict, "If you can get to just one, it's worth the whole thing."

Be the first on your block to have a ton of steel . . . *by Marvin Kitman* 26

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The authors. **Marvin Kitman** plans to open Marvin's Gardens ("my own steel monument to free enterprise—and right next to Ventnor Avenue on the Monopoly board") in time for the N. Y. World's Fair this spring . . . . Well-known newspaper columnist and novelist **Robert Ruark** has made his home on the Costa Brava of Spain for 10 years . . . . **Rowland Evans** and **Robert Novak,** coauthors of the widely syndicated newspaper column, "Inside Report," have reported on Capitol Hill politics for many years. . . . Contributing writer **Lewis H. Lapham,** in the course of interviewing Tammy Grimes, accompanied the actress to a children's birthday party given by Sybil Burton. "They showed *Cinderella*, and she never took her eyes off the screen. The kids couldn't have cared less; all they wanted was more ice cream. But Grimes, she was enchanted by the movie." . . . **Evan Hill,** a free-lance writer who lives in New Hampshire, drove into Granby, Vt., three times for this story—and each time had his car wrecked by its roads. "Once it was only a muffler torn off," he says, "then a spring broken, then a twisted front end. The next time, I walk.". . . **Karl Ludwig Stumpf** works daily with impoverished refugees as director of the Lutheran World Federation in Hong Kong; former newspaperman **Edward Gamarekian** is working on a book on the Chinese refugee problem. . . . Contributing writer **Frank Graham Jr.** spent several days with Charles Finley at his LaPorte, Ind., farm, where a barn loft has been converted into a basketball court for the seven younger Finleys. "But," says Graham, "I think he's had some practice himself; he's probably the only big-league club owner who can sink three shots in a row from thirty feet out."

The cover. The breezy mood of Tammy Grimes, star of the forthcoming musical *High Spirits*, was captured over New York's Central Park by renowned photographer **Philippe Halsman**.

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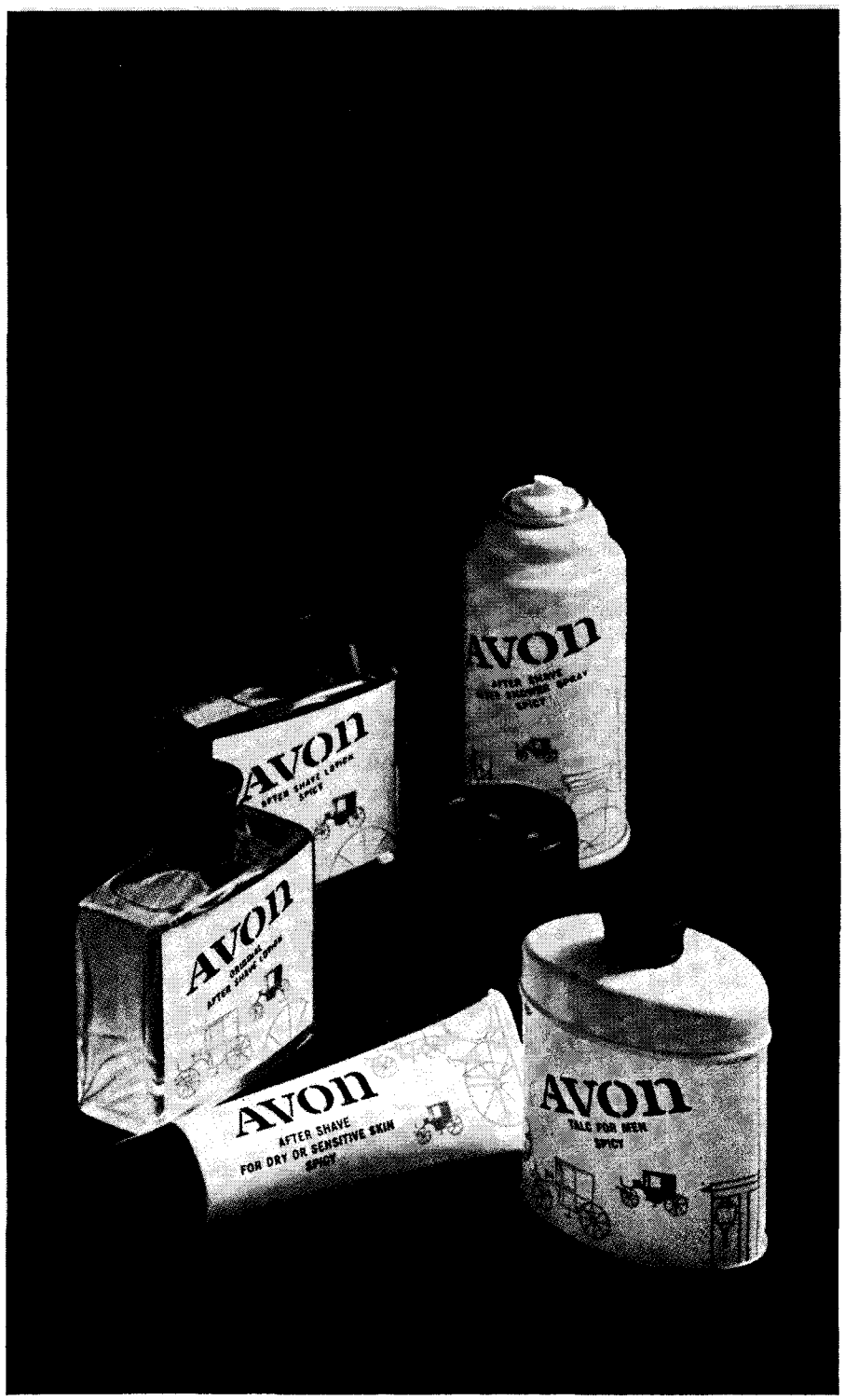

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LETTERS

The law and lawyers

In his March 7 article, LAWYERS ARE FAILING THE LAW, Morris L. Ernst fails to acknowledge the substantial recent progress the organized bar has made in pursuing its professional and public responsibilities. He fails, for example, to mention the bar's nationwide effort to extend legal aid to the poor; its leadership in reorganizing and modernizing the courts; its unprecedented training seminars for state trial judges; its programs to foster public understanding of our legal and judicial system; and many other such endeavors.

Actually, the bar has done more in the last decade in these areas than at any other time in the legal profession's history.

WALTER E. CRAIG, *President*
American Bar Association
Chicago, Ill.

(Mr. Ernst replies he is delighted that efforts are being made in the direction he urges in his article.—Ed.)

• I hope that every lawyer in the United States reads this piece. Coincidentally, I have an article in the March A.B.A. *Journal* in which I make the same points Mr. Ernst makes in the *Post*, but I make them to a smaller audience. Let me thank the *Post* for striking another blow, by means of its wide circulation, for the liberty of the individual.

DAN H. MC CULLOUGH,
Continuing Education Chairman
Nat. Assn. of Defense Lawyers
in Criminal Cases
Toledo, Ohio

Yankees in Panama

With reference to Trevor Armbrister's PANAMA: WHY THEY HATE US (March 7), why must the below-average, middle-class housing of U.S. citizens in the Canal Zone always be used as contrast to the slums in Panama City? Why not, for once, compare those slums with the homes of the Chiaris and others of the Panama elite who compose one percent of the population but own over 50 percent of the property? After all, the Panama slums are *their* slums, not ours. Are Zone employees supposed to live in slums just to keep Panama President Chiari's vassals docile?

HAROLD M. SCHMECK
Chatham Port, Mass.

• If the Chiaris, Ariases, Arosemenas and the rest of the "hidalgos" of Panama would give their people even half the break they demand and expect from Uncle Sam in the Canal Zone, there would be considerably less discrepancy between the standards of living and thus much less reason to hate the Yankee.

W. KENNETH GREENE
Roulette, Pa.

• How often, in the name of "patriotism," do uncontrolled speech and action lead to estrangement, violence and even bloodshed. I want to remind the thoughtless American students who think of themselves as super-patriots of Webster's definition of the word "patriot" as "one who loves his country and zealously supports its authority and interests."

MRS. MARY E. MILLER
Downers Grove, Ill.

• I lived in Panama from 1934 to 1936 with my Air Corps husband and our children. Without becoming insular, I made our home as comfortable and American as possible in the face of the horrible climate and bugs, and an unending battle with the mold that covers everything that is not brushed daily. Service in Panama is no unalloyed joy, and Canal Zone employees who spend most of their working lives on the isthmus deserve every penny of their pay a dozen times over.

MRS. ELIZABETH S. DAVIES
Arlington, Va.

• Mr. Armbrister was mistaken in stating that "until 1956, Zone schools didn't even offer courses in the (Spanish) language." I graduated in 1953 from Balboa High School after having taken one year of Spanish in junior high school (two are offered) and four in high school. French and Latin are also offered but Spanish was most popular.

MRS. ELIZABETH L. KIDDER
Newton, Mass.

• I am a 1918 graduate of Balboa High School and I studied the excellent Spanish course for two years.

BRANSON G. STEVENSON
Great Falls, Mont.

• Mr. Armbrister's article on Panama is very good, but his statement that U.S. employees of the Panama Canal Company receive income-tax exemption on the 25 percent differential paid them is erroneous.

MRS. DOROTHY M. HALL
Tampa, Fla.

(We stand corrected on both counts. —Ed.)

• Any old Mexico hand can tell you what's wrong with Panama. Mexico is a fine country, and its people are wonderful; but the border area is dependent on U.S. dollars, and it gives the whole country a bad name. Panama is all border.

JOHN A. DAVIS
Chatsworth, Calif.

DDD's artful camera

David Douglas Duncan's pictures (PARIS, PRISMS AND PICASSO, March 7) are indeed delightfully different, but they do somehow make one appreciate 20/20 vision.

VIRGINIA SOMERS
Pittsburgh, Pa.

• It is not correct to say that the pictures by Mr. Duncan reveal Paris "as nobody ever saw it before." I saw it that way during prohibition in 1926. I wondered for a long time what the trouble was and finally discovered it was the wine.

ROY FLEISCHER
Bridgeport, Conn.

• I saw the same effect often at our local Bijou Theater before "talkies" arrived, when the film would break and flap around like a busted window shade on the screen until the audience's whistles and stampings got the operator to stop and mend it.

MRS. LUCILE FIELDS CULBERT
Marion, Va.

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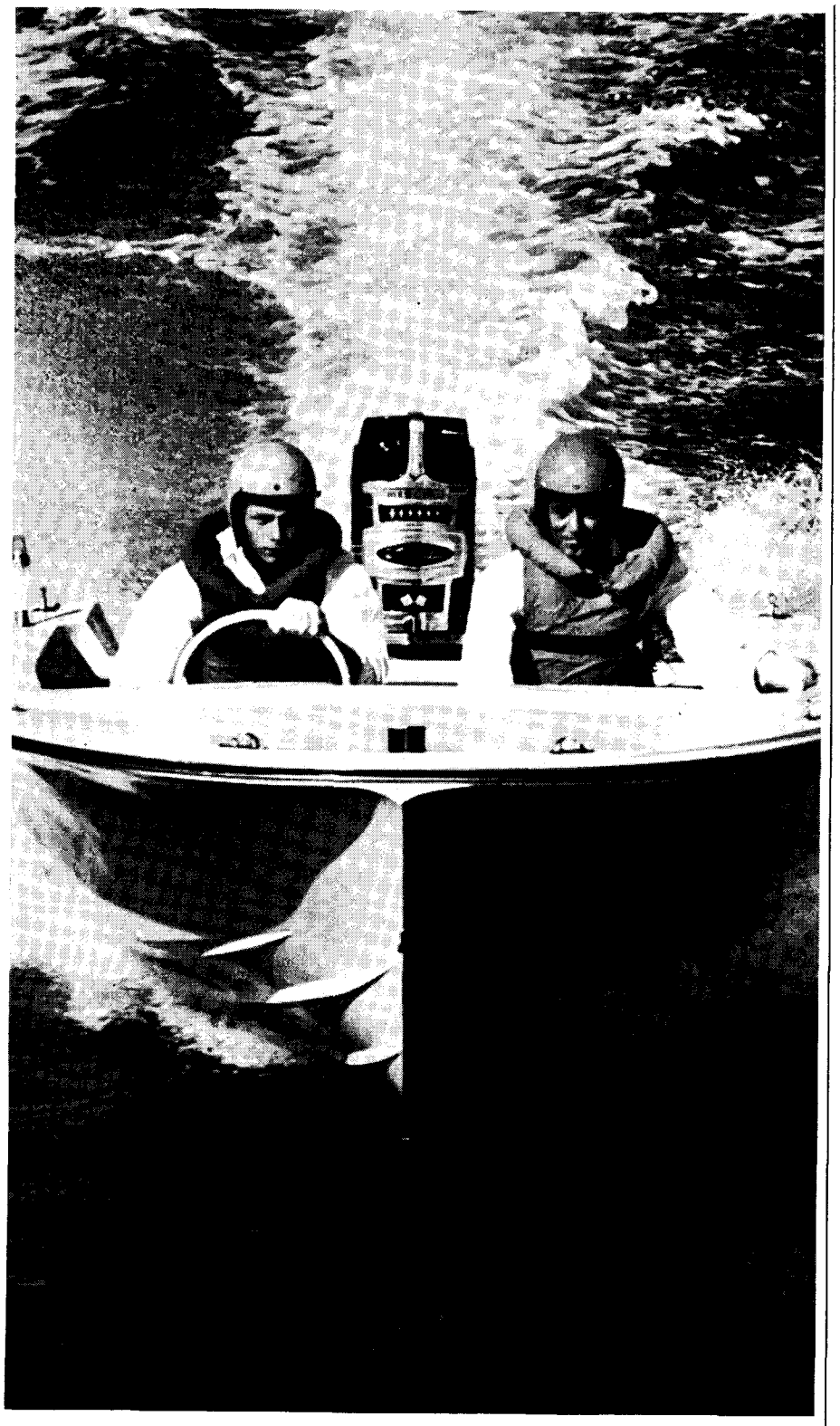

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When Brooke Russell and his son Ronald (above) decided to enter the Albany-New York Race, they also prepared to try a *record-breaking 1,500-mile run from their* home in Miami to New York.

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LETTERS

• I enjoyed Mr. Duncan's magnificent work. It brings out the new soul in creative photography.

A2C JAMES F. PUDOFF
Stead AFB, Nev.

• Mr. Duncan's Paris photographs are interesting, beautiful and exciting.

ARTHUR W. SCHARFELD
Washington, D.C.

• I hope Mr. Duncan will give up this gimmick and stick to the excellent, honest, straightforward photography he gave us in *The Private World of Pablo Picasso.*

STEVE SCHAFFZIN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Great story

For a short-story buff like myself, it's a great pleasure to find that you have discovered a new writer of what appears to be great insight and sensitivity. If James T. Maher's other stories are as great as HOUSE GIFT [March 7], I'm really looking forward to them.

JOAN M. CAGNEY
New York, N.Y.

Botulism

I vigorously protest the ninth paragraph of Theodore Berland's BOTULISM: THE KILLER WHO CAME TO DINNER (March 7) as misleading, inaccurate and likely to impair the confidence consumers have in commercially canned foods. The first sentence of this paragraph ["As the American housewife turned to commercially canned food, botulism became almost nonexistent."] places commercially canned foods in the reader's mind in such a way that all subsequent sentences of the paragraph are bound to be read as referring to commercially canned foods. The fact is (and the author knew these facts since they are brought out in subsequent text), of 14 fatal botulism cases in 1963, only two were caused by commercially canned foods. All others were from noncanned products.

MILAN D. SMITH, *Exec. Vice Pres.*
National Canners Association
Washington, D.C.

• As a representative of the National Fisheries Institute and the entire smoked-fish industry, although my own company was in no way involved, I worked at close hand with the Food and Drug Administration to determine the cause of the tragedy in Knoxville, Tenn. [where two deaths were caused by botulism in 1963], and to establish procedures to insure that there would be no recurrence.

So that the record can be absolutely clear and certain, I want to state most emphatically that the Government's actions, and particularly those of the Honorable George P. Larrick, Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, and his staff, were always helpful and cooperative and above all in the public interest. They met a demanding crisis well and worked arduously, in complete cooperation with the industry, to protect the public in every way possible.

AARON GILMAN, *President*
Vita Food Products, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

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If you've jetted cross-country lately, you'll know where we got the name "Jet-lounge interiors" for the '64 Chevrolet.

Its bucket seats are wide, deep-cushioned, tailored in a new kind of glove-soft vinyl. The carpeting underfoot is so thick and luxurious you might be tempted to take your shoes off.

We can't think of anything that could make this one any more relaxing—unless it might be Chevrolet's extra-cost AM-FM radio playing softly in the background.

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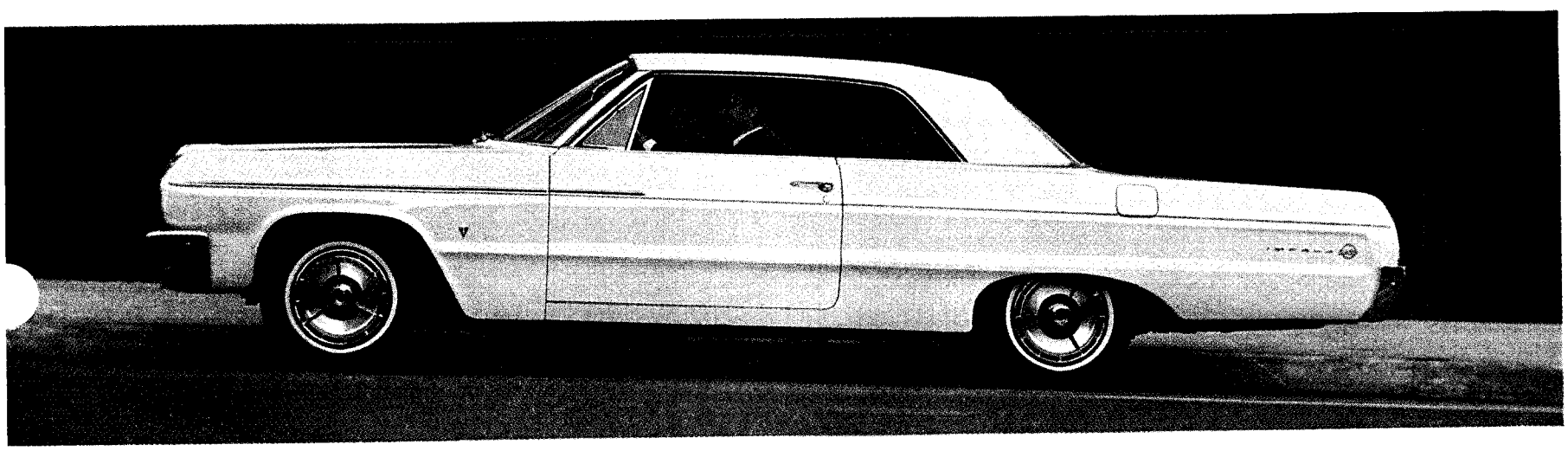

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SPEAKING OUT *

The mother of three children—ages five, four and one—Mrs. Ruether is the wife of a political-science professor. She herself teaches humanities at Scripps College in Claremont, Calif. Her article is based on one she wrote for a recent issue of the respected Catholic magazine Jubilee.

A Catholic mother tells "WHY I BELIEVE IN BIRTH CONTROL"

By Rosemary Ruether

A young woman describes the painful conflict between her experience as a married Roman Catholic and her church's policy on procreation.

As a lifelong Roman Catholic, a wife and a mother I feel my church places married Catholics in an impossible situation. On the one hand, it teaches us that marriage is a sacrament. On the other, it presses upon us a doctrine of birth control that seems to injure marriage.

Years of struggling to follow the Church's rule have convinced me that it is wrong. Not just intellectually but through personal experience I have come to believe that the birth-control rulings of the Church are based on inadequate and inaccurate views both of sex in marriage and of family life. I now see, for example, that married love has purposes every bit as important as the conception of children.

Birth control has been widely discussed among Catholics, and much of what I say here is being said privately by many Catholic parents. I think the matter deserves still broader attention. The Church, after all, insists that its position on birth control holds not only for Catholics but for all people. Since the Church today is reaching out ecumenically to all believers, and since its birth-control view is one real obstacle to mutual understanding, there are good reasons for more frank and general discussion.

The Church declares that the only moral method of preventing conception is the so-called "natural" or rhythm method, in which the husband and wife abstain from sexual intercourse during the interval each month when the wife is fertile. For my husband and me, as well as for a great many of the Catholic couples we know, the rhythm method has caused much grief. To most of us it seems theologically meaningless. Worse, we know how it tends to take away the joy and spontaneity from marriage.

When a Catholic husband and wife feel they should not at a particular time have another child—for any of a number of good and acceptable reasons—sex comes to mean fear, not love, simply because the rhythm method is so unsure.

One close friend whose husband is a doctor told me that even she had had virtually no success with the rhythm method. I can scarcely forget the look of desperation in her eyes when she said, "I don't know what I can do. I just threw the thermometer away when I found I was pregnant again. This is our sixth child in seven years, and every one has to come by Cesarian section. I just don't know how much more I can take."

Many doctors acknowledge that the whole theory of rhythm is faulty. As my own physician recently said to me, the term "safe period" is really a misnomer. There is no time of the month when women are predictably sterile. There is only a period of decreased probability of fertility, but conceptions can and do take place at any time of the month. A man and wife may follow all the current methods for predicting the time of ovulation, they may be armed with an arsenal of slide rules, thermometers, glucose tests, they may abstain for the prescribed period with dogged perseverance, and they may still find that the method has failed. This was our experience, and the experience of many of my Catholic friends.

Even for those Catholics who make the method work (and by "work," I mean merely two or three years between babies instead of 15 months), the method poses insoluble problems. The rhythm method keeps the couple in a constant state of tension and insecurity. The continual calculation of the "safe period" (how one comes to despise that term!), the interminable worry—"Have we calculated right? Have we made a mistake?"—tend to erode their serenity and to create serious repercussions in the whole family. Whenever the period is late or the signs by which the woman tries to predict her cycle are off schedule, there is a time of panic. I know of husbands who have exploded in helpess rage and wives who have become hysterical under these circumstances. Many times I have seen parents taking out their fear and resentment on their children. There is no doubt in my mind that the practice of rhythm over a long period of time does great psychological damage to many people.

Many priests tell parishioners that the only difficulty in the use of rhythm is self-control. But in our experience self-control is really a minor problem. What they fail to see is that the method itself makes for a distorted and unnatural relationship. The woman is cast in the role of, literally, the policeman of the marital bed, and the husband tries to respond to the signals of her monthly cycle. In using rhythm the couple must avoid the middle of the month, when most women feel the greatest sexual inclination, and confine their relationships to the times when sex is less desirable. Spontaneity in the relationship is lost. The times when a husband and wife may feel really drawn to each other seldom correspond with the "safe period." The whole relationship under such conditions becomes forced. Extreme measures such as sleeping in separate beds, or in separate rooms, exact a price in loss of intimacy. It is not surprising that after a few years of struggling with such a system, a husband and wife begin to feel their whole marriage somehow twisted. Some women even begin to feel a positive abhorrence of sex conducted under such pressure.

Traditional Catholic scholasticism made careful distinctions between the sphere of faith, which rests upon revelation and is to be accepted upon a higher authority than the authority of reason, and those matters which belong to reason and to natural philosophy. Clearly the Catholic position on birth control belongs to this latter category. Yet today, in actual practice, this distinction tends to be blurred, and the Catholic layman is made to feel that he must accept the Church's position on authority, even if it appears to him untenable, and that to question such a teaching is to question the teaching authority of the Church as a whole. What is a man to do when he is virtually asked to choose between the salvation of his soul and the salvation of his family?

Even the clergy often feel that they have been asked to choose between impossible alternatives. Are they to doubt the wisdom of the Church when they have been trained all their lives to be its adherents and its spokesmen? On the other hand, if the position seems untenable to a priest—as it does to many I've talked with—what is he going to say when a husband and wife come to him with desperate problems? Is he going to insist that they follow the laws of the Church, even though he himself finds these laws unreasonable and though the consequences in the lives of the couple are all too evident to him? Or is he going to tell them to do whatever they feel necessary, and thus jeopardize his own relationship to the Church? As a young priest recently wrote to me, "As far as the Church making a mistake, the worry is not theological but a genuine problem of faith for many priests. At a discussion of chaplains, this was the fear: If we have been wrong, how many people have we burdened? It is an anguished problem of faith."

Let us go back and try to analyze the reasons why Catholics have been brought to this "anguished problem of faith." The

**One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.*

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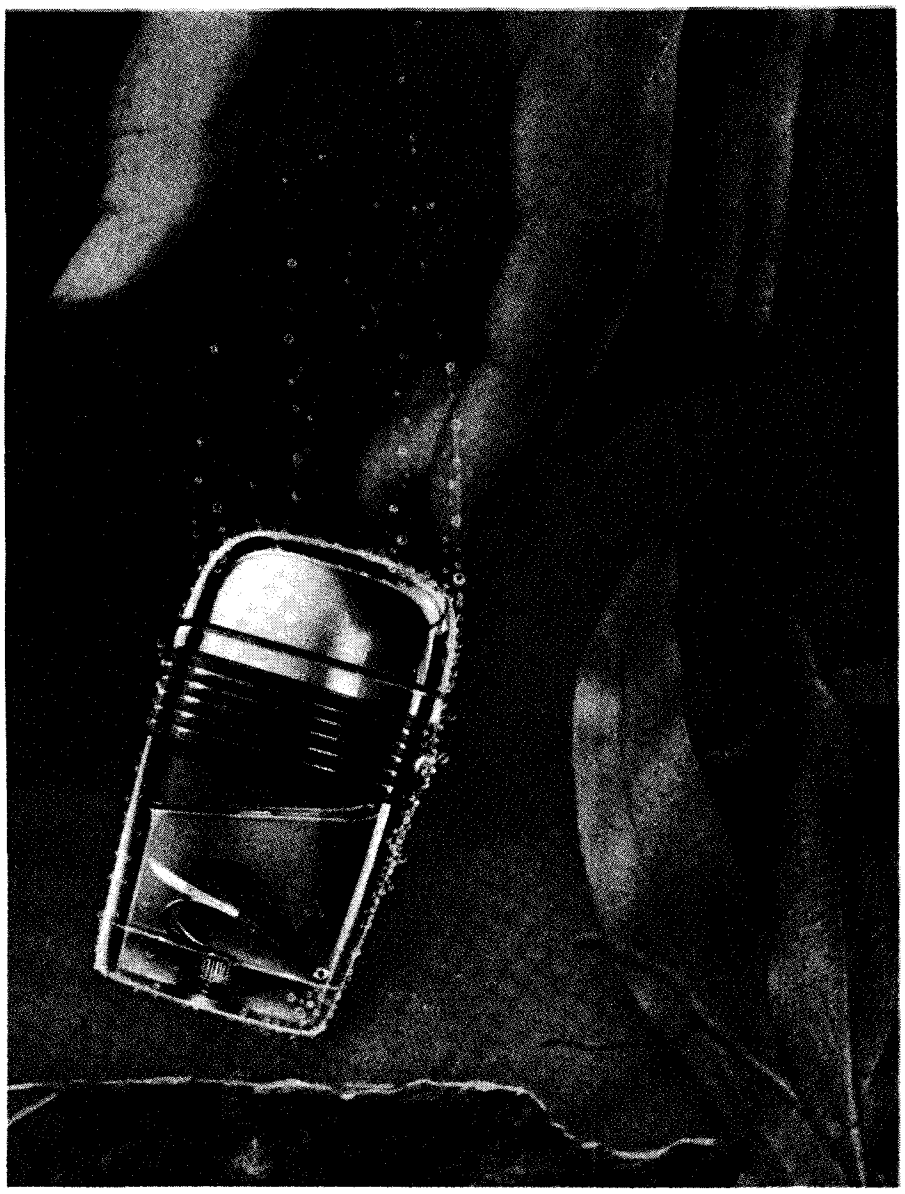

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ENGINEERING WITH IMAGINATION

arguments against contraception have traditionally been couched in terms of natural law. According to this view, it is the "nature" of the sexual act to procreate. To use sex in a way which prevents procreation is a violation of the nature of the act and is therefore intrinsically immoral. The rhythm method alone is condoned because, it is said, the sexual act used during times of *natural* sterility is still procreative *in character*, while the sexual act used with conventional contraceptives is not.

This seems to me an arbitrary distinction. If we took this distinction literally, it would mean that when a man and wife conceive a child while using a contraceptive—which not infrequently occurs—they would be said to be using the act in a nonprocreative way, while a man and wife who prevent conception with the rhythm method would still be said to be using the sexual act in a way which does not contradict its procreative character.

Surely the intent and purpose of an act are the main criteria of its morality. If it is morally acceptable to divorce sex from impregnation (and this is obviously the intent of the rhythm method), it would then seem to make little difference whether the egg and sperm are separated by barriers of space or of time, and whether the couple use times of natural sterility or use bodily hormones to create temporary artificial sterility. Certainly the distinctions are not sufficient to justify rigid insistence on the rhythm method.

The weakness of the natural-law argument lies in an equivocal use of the word "nature." Nature is used to mean simultaneously both the natural link between sex and impregnation on the biological level and also the ideal nature of the act—that is, what sex is as a biological act, and what sex should mean as a part of a loving relationship between two human beings. The Church doctrine simply runs these two meanings together and forbids that they be separated.

But it is obvious to the married person that these two things are basically separate and cannot be so easily brought together. The desire to procreate and the desire to love are two different things which only occasionally coincide. It is only in the animal that we find the sexual act used essentially for procreation. Man does not make love exclusively or even primarily for a biological end. He makes love as an expressive sign of the bond between himself and the person he loves.

The Church, of course, does not deny that sex has a lovemaking purpose, but it insists that this purpose cannot be separated from procreation. Yet the more happily two people are married, the more deeply they know that sexual intercourse has a validity and meaning of its own, quite independent of its procreative potential. Man and woman are two complementary aspects of humanity, and in the marital union, unified in love, these two find a higher meaning and fulfillment of their human nature. This union of man and woman is an end in itself, and its fruits are just as real in the sterile marriage as in the fertile one.

There is no mistaking the Church's meaning when it tells a man and wife who do not want another child that they must sacrifice their sexual relationship, either partially or completely. It means that the only thoroughly legitimate purpose of sex is generation, and that love, while nice, can be dispensed with.

It is still not uncommon in the Catholic Church today for the clergy to tell young married people to abstain completely if they do not want another child. A friend of mine who had had five children in rapid succession was telling me recently of her experience. Her husband was still a student at the time, and they had reached the desperation point both psychologically and economically. She went to discuss her problem with her pastor and was curtly dismissed with the reply, "We have nothing to discuss." The implication was that if she wanted no more children, she and her husband must discontinue their marital relationships. I could sympathize with her, since I had received much the same kind of advice.

This whole attitude seems wrong to me, and not just because it makes life difficult for the married couple. It is not just a matter of "controlling one's passions." It is a matter of destroying some positive good in the marital relationship, something essential to its nature, something more essential to its nature than the supposedly unbreakable link with procreation. It seems to me that the Church's position rests on a poor definition of the "nature" of the relationship itself. The uniting of man and woman in love is not just a subordinate means to an end; it is an end in itself. Its purpose is to create this higher union and completion that has its own meaning and purpose. And it normally takes far more frequent lovemaking to create this union than procreativity could ever require.

This doesn't mean, of course, that procreation is not also a part of the overall purpose of marriage, and that the couple do not also have a duty to create a family. But this is quite different from giving procreation such emphasis that the marital act is considered illicit if reproduction is impeded. A husband and wife must use their intelligence and human sensitivity to decide when the procreative function of sex should be allowed to operate and when it should not.

A biological gamble?

In my own case, as a young mother of three and an aspiring scholar with a Ph.D. almost completed, I see very clearly that I cannot entrust my destiny just to biological chance. As a woman who is trying to create a happy balance of work and family, I know effective family planning is essential. A woman who cannot control her own fertility, who must remain vulnerable to chance conception, is a woman who cannot hope to be much more than a baby-machine.

Man, after all, is not merely an animal. He does not ask merely for life. He asks for the good life, the full life of intellectual and spiritual realization. The family cannot be appraised in numbers. It is, above all, a qualitative unit.

Isn't it possible that the evils of perverting the psychological nature of marriage may be considerably greater than any evils in regulating the biological nature of marriage? Isn't the Church greatly harmed when it forces people to obey a rule they really can't accept, and not merely because the rule makes life difficult but, more important, because it doesn't seem to be serving any meaningful moral purpose? Wouldn't it be more honest to accept an open attitude which lets Roman Catholics examine the various positions and possibilities on this issue, an attitude which considers the decision as to what method is satisfactory in any particular case to be essentially a matter of private conscience? THE END

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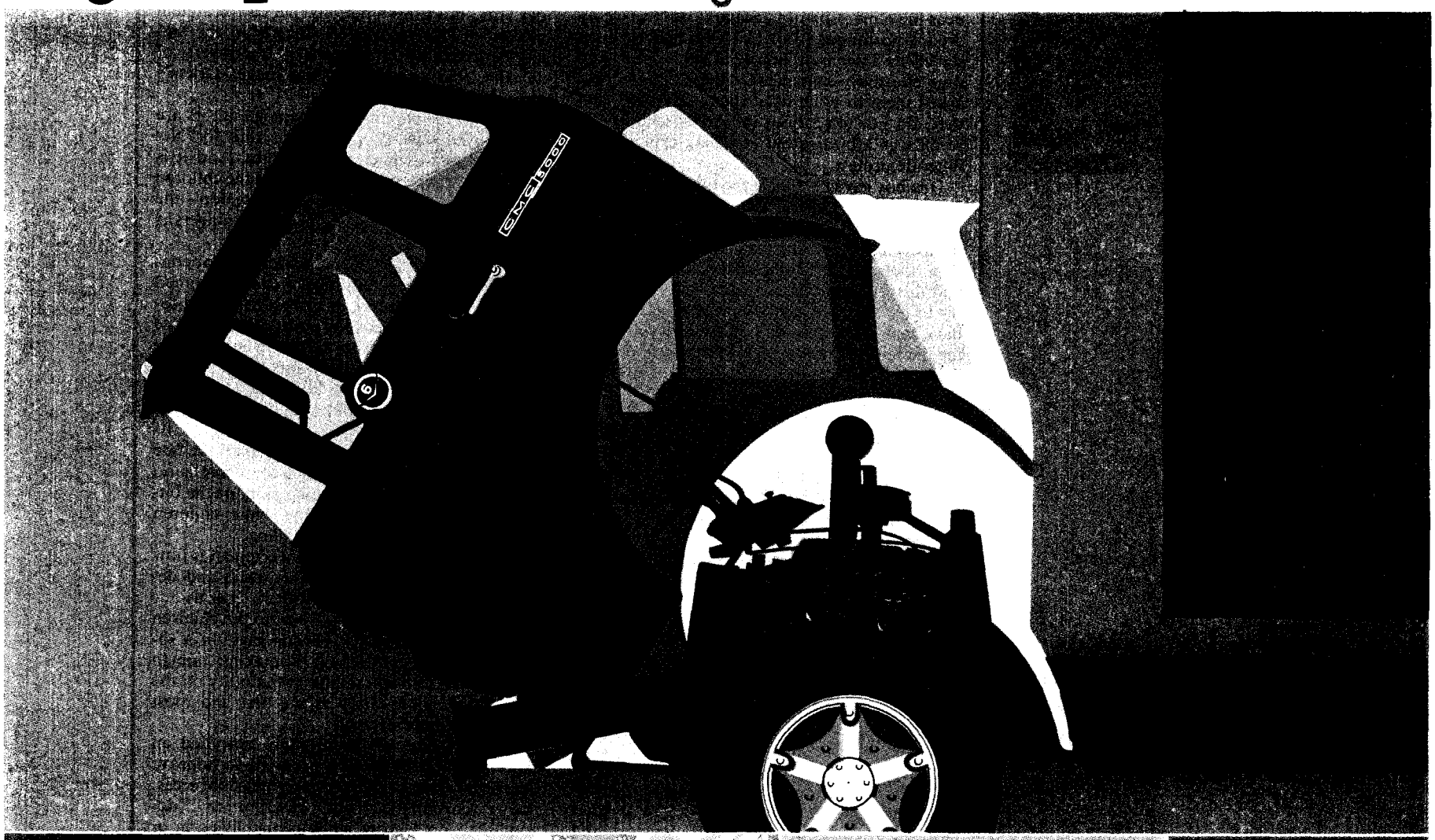

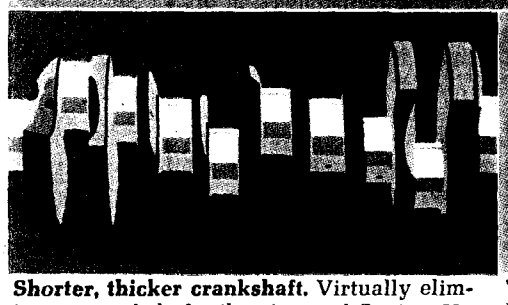

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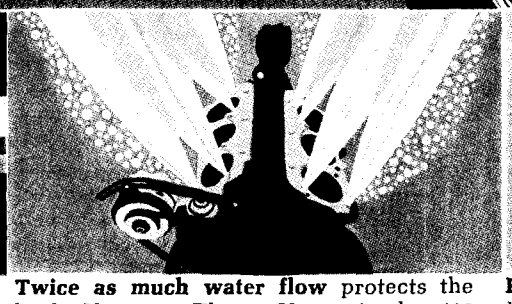

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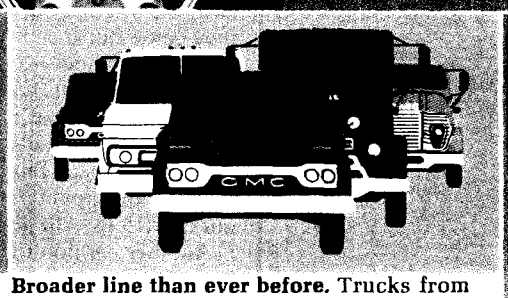

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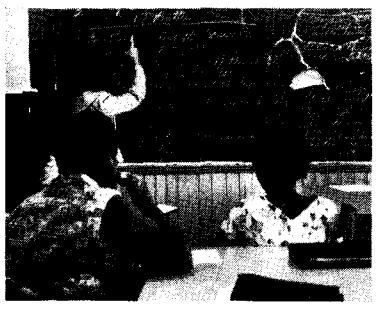

WASHINGTON: The time is coming, and coming rather soon, when there will be Negro majorities in most of our big cities. Since the majority rules, the Negro children today are the rulers of the cities of tomorrow. The voice of these future rulers can be heard, dimly but frighteningly, in a small collection of school themes written by a couple of dozen sixth-graders in Chicago.

The literary efforts of children are rarely worth reproducing in a great national magazine. But it seems worth quoting a few excerpts from these themes, for they provide a glimpse of a world infinitely remote to most reasonably prosperous white people—the world of the Negro children in the concrete ghettos of our big cities.

In an empty gesture toward integration, the sixth grade of an all-Negro Chicago school had been moved to a predominantly white school near the University of Chicago. The Negro children, who ranged from 11 to 14, had been assigned to a separate annex of the school, and thus effectively segregated. One day a teacher asked them to write what they liked, and what they did not like, about their new school. The result was a bizarre but revealing explosion of illiterate protest.

One boy gave his theme the title, WHY I HATE THIS MESS UP SCHOOL. His target was the white principal: "This schools bells sound like foghorns. That makes my ears turn inside out and all a bout. And the princalbal coming over here and disturbing the class. And when some body try to tell him that the pone is ringing he says I have ears I don't need a hodlem like you to tell me the pone is ringing. And speaking about this mess up school hes mess up his self . . . if he shut up he would get better gredic [grades?]."

Certain subjects recur constantly. One is food. "The lunch is pretty good sometime," the young authors write, or "they serve a pretty good lunch." One suspects that a good many of these children are hungry a good deal of the time. In any case, they like nothing about their school but the food.

An intense dislike of a certain white teacher is another favorite topic: "I do not like [teacher] because alway's try's to talk about people's mother and father and one day he is going to talk about the rong person mother and they are going to tell him off." Others use almost the same words about the teacher, who obviously regards Negroes with a contempt he does not bother to conceal.

But the subject which recurs most often is the fear and hatred of the white children in the school: "I hate school because they allway pick figth with us lunch is good kid's are'nt so good and when we get out at 3:00 and if we wait and they come out they are ready to fight. and that why I hate school."

"I don't like this school," another writes, "because at lunch time the [white] school gets out and thinks of some way to pick a fight." Another: "I dislike this school because we only have a fourty minute lunch period and if we get out at 3:15 we will get beat up."

Another: "I don't like this school because we have enemeys in the same building." Or: "Out of the whole school we have three rooms and the school is very big and they want to fight us." Or: "The thing that I don't like about it is they are always picking on us and they all ways telling lies that we pick on them."

A good many children express in stumbling English a yearning for better things: "I want a education in my school and want the boys to stop throwing snowballs I want to have friends and sisters and brothers in my school." Or: "I would like to get a new book. I want a eudeation from my school." Or: "I want to be a education young man. I want to go to high school and then to colleage and them a job."

It is not difficult to reconstruct statistically both the present and future circumstances of these children. Most of their families are, of course, very poor. In his economic report to Congress, President Johnson pointed out that almost half the Negroes in this country—44 percent to be exact—live on a sub-subsistence $590 per year, as against a national per capita annual income of close to $2,000. Poverty in the big-city Negro slums is the most hopeless poverty of all, and Chicago's Negro slums make Harlem's look cheerful.

Many of the parents of the young authors are unemployed—the unemployment rate for Negroes is twice as high as for whites. And it is statistically predictable that many of the children will themselves be unemployed very soon—the unemployment rate among Negro teen-agers is the highest of all.

Thus the hard fact is that under present conditions most of the youthful essayists are doomed to a lifetime of poverty, or at best to a hand-to-mouth alternation between penury and bursts of relative prosperity. The odds are statistically sky-high that the boy who wants to be "a education young man" and to go to "colleage" will be a semiliterate piece of human driftwood before he is 20.

There is no sudden, easy way to avert the fate that awaits most of these children. There is no way to change the color of their skin, or the bitter prejudice which made the white children their "enemeys in the same building."

But at least the American Government is now aware of the old problem of poverty, and determined to do something about it. "Let us . . . open wide the exits from poverty to the children of the poor," President Johnson says. In a society in which automation is making human muscle a less and less salable commodity on the labor market, education is the first and most vital "exit from poverty."

The President has accordingly proposed an experimental $200 million program to improve the education level sharply in certain slum areas. Before condemning this program as "do-goodism," prosperous white people living in or near big cities ought to ask themselves whether it is not a rather practical investment, in terms of simple self-interest.

For the small excerpts quoted above, together with plenty of more solid evidence, serve to suggest two conclusions. One is that, unless something is done about it, most of the Negroes who will soon form majorities in most of our big cities will be virtually illiterate. The other is that they will hate the whites. Surely it is worth a reasonable investment to avoid a situation in which our big cities will be ruled by an uneducated, white-hating majority.

Stewart Alsop

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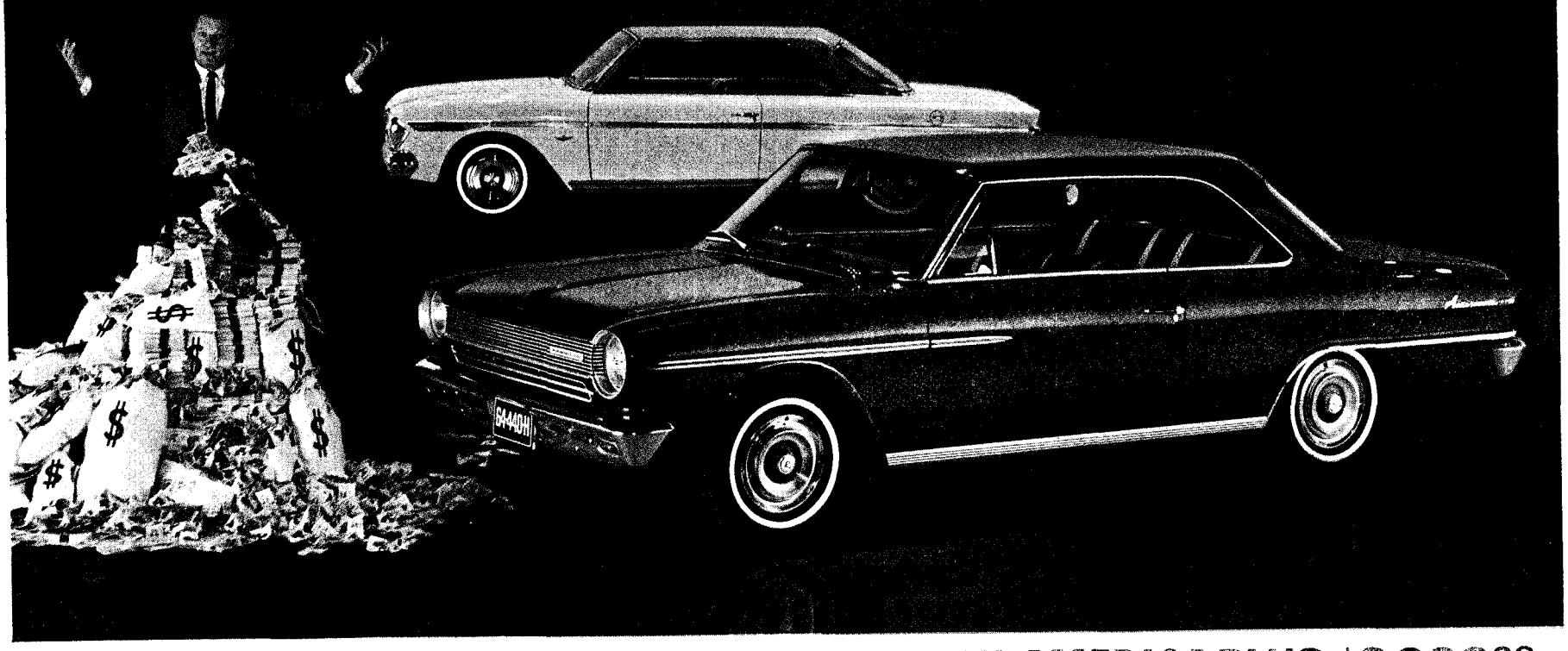

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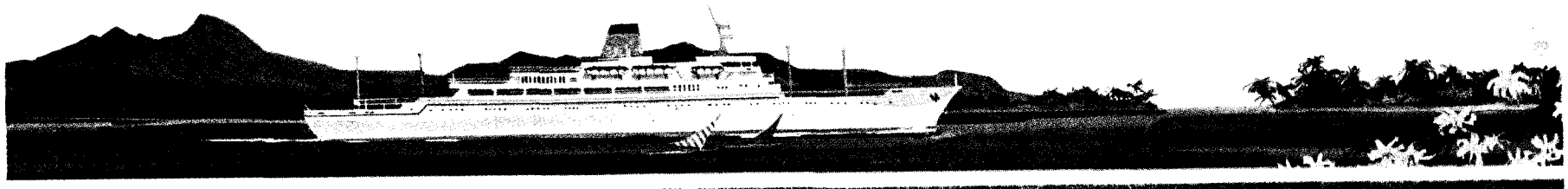

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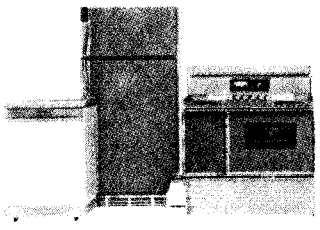

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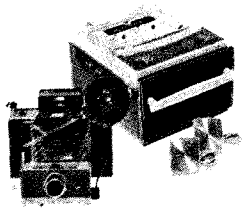

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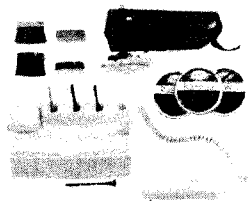

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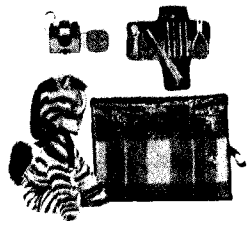

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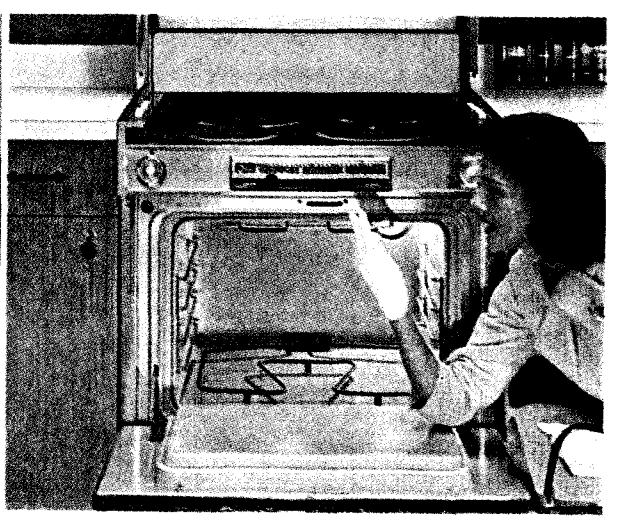

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

Dope invades the suburbs

Teen-age addiction is spreading fast in our "best" communities.

by Robert P. Goldman

"It's around," the boy said. "I'll tell you it's around. Lots of kids in this town are using. They've tried to get me on it a dozen times. Once, just to keep a couple of those crazy fools quiet, I took some pills. Didn't like them. Sure, I tried pot [marijuana] too. Didn't like that either."

The speaker was a well-dressed 18-year-old boy, James R., who lives in White Plains, one of the mushrooming suburban communities of Westchester County, just outside New York City. James is the son of an upper-middle-class businessman. The family lives in an expensive house on the kind of nice, maple-lined street found in many commuter towns. "I'll tell you something," he continued. "A few years ago my folks moved up here because the suburbs are supposed to be good for the kids. Well, until I got here I never saw all this stuff. This is one of the richest counties in the world. We've got everything. But we've also got a lot of kids who are ruining themselves with drugs."

James was describing a tragic and frightening social problem which few people realize even exists — because as a rule it has been carefully hushed up. This is the increasing use, by teen-agers and young

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"Every suburban community has the problem. It's about tim

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adults from "good" suburban homes, of addictive drugs. Sometimes these are "hard narcotics"—heroin and morphine. Sometimes they are the addictive "dangerous drugs" that can be bought on prescription—barbiturates such as Seconal and Nembutal, and amphetamines such as Benzedrine and Dexadrine.

Some suburban youngsters take these drugs on occasional weekend parties to avoid being called "chicken." Some of them "use" drugs fairly often in order to "get high." And some heavy users become "hooked"—addicted.

Those who are hooked live in a torment they never imagined when they started experimenting with drugs. Most of them feel a terrible anxiety and sense of isolation. The drugs give them momentary pleasure, but they feel under constant threat from both the "square" world and the drug world. They are always looking over their shoulders, actually or metaphorically—for the police or their parents or teachers. Some are in debt to their pushers and feel it is only a matter of time before the pushers either rough them up or kill them. They are afraid of rough handling by police, and they do not trust treatment facilities and psychiatrists.

Many addicts believe they will die as a result of being hooked. Some say they hope to die. And a growing number do, usually from accidental "overjolts." "Four years ago I would have been surprised to discover one death in the county from a drug overdose in a single twelve-month period," says Westchester's senior assistant district attorney, Thomas A. Facelle. "Now I'm not surprised if there's one a month."

The danger, of course, is part of the appeal: Anything dangerous and illegal is highly desirable to certain emotionally immature youngsters. For them, drugs are the newest "kick," the ticket to join a special, wild ingroup—the ultimate defiance of adult authority. Many spoiled teen-agers have already tried almost everything else: Drinking is passé, sex is taken for granted, drag racing and party-crashing have become stale thrills. The real "bang" for these adolescent boys and girls now comes from taking drugs.

As a result, drug use is spreading through the commuter suburbs flanking many major American cities. In the past two years authorities in Florida, Texas, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Missouri and Kentucky have noted increases in middle-class drug-taking. But the problem appears to be most acute in the suburbs of New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

Los Angeles County has one of the worst drug situations in the country, with more than 1,000 juveniles arrested for drug offenses in 1962, the latest year for which figures are available. In the early 1950's, police records show an average of 76 juvenile narcotic offenders per year. Now there are more than that many deaths from narcotics and dangerous drugs—104 in 1962.

"Some of these kids come from beautiful homes," says W. J. Hunt, chairman of the Los Angeles County Narcotics and Dangerous Drug Commission. "While their parents are at some cocktail party, the kids drink, gulp down pills, and away they go toward marijuana and heroin."

In a Los Angeles suburb recently, police raided a wild teen-age party and arrested a dozen youngsters. About half of them were girls ranging in age from 15 on up. "They had pills, marijuana and heroin," reports one sheriff's deputy. "And when the girls emptied their purses, there were enough contraceptive devices to cover half the surface of my desk. The parents of the kids who lived there were away on a vacation."

Across the continent, in Nassau County, N.Y., police "made" a case with several typical ingredients last February 4. They arrested a heroin pusher and a young woman who was charged with having a "shooting pad"—an apartment where narcotics are used. In addition, they took into custody—but did not charge—10 young people who had bought and used heroin. The juvenile users have agreed to testify against the two defendants before a closed grand jury.

And in one section of wealthy Fairfield County, Conn., authorities are no longer surprised to see half a dozen or more fancy convertibles pull up on a lonely road at night. In each car are two, three or four youngsters. They roll up the windows and then "blow pot"—smoke mari-

Benjamin W. Curry, 22, high on barbiturates, is seized and arrested at a hamburger restaurant in West Orange, N.J., by Capt. Elmer W. Palardy (right) and three detectives.

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ıey faced up to it."

juana. They keep the windows closed in order to inhale as much smoke as possible.

According to Philip V. Fisher, of the Illinois Narcotic Control Division, "The pot parties and the goofball [barbiturate] parties go on in the better suburbs of Chicago—Evanston, Oak Park, Skokie and the rest. They go on at colleges too; and in some high schools there are pockets of users—ten, twenty, thirty kids. Their mere presence helps spread drug use in a suburb."

"Every suburban community has the problem," says James J. Sheeran, mayor of West Orange, N.J. "It's about time they faced up to it."

In a few areas—all too few—police are beginning to fight the spread of teen-age addiction. In some suburbs police are lecturing on drugs to students in junior-high and high schools. Drug pushers are being sought on the streets and in and around schools. Youngsters are being stopped in the street and searched for evidence of illegally obtained drugs or equipment ("the works") used in giving drug injections. And in at least one suburb of New York City, police have tapped telephone wires to listen in while "nice kids from nice homes" plan drug parties. In one tap the listeners heard substantially the following conversation:

FIRST BOY: "You got anything for tonight?"

SECOND BOY: "Just a little pot and a ' pills."

FIRST BOY: "What the hell, that isn't enough."

SECOND BOY: "Well, let's go down to the city [New York] and get some more."

FIRST BOY: "OK. You want to use your car or mine?"

SECOND BOY: "Mine. I just had it tuned up."

FIRST BOY: "Does Al know that we're going to use the recreation room at his place?"

SECOND BOY: "Sure. I told him three times and he said OK."

FIRST BOY: "Great. Joe is going to bring a couple of broads, and I will too."

Most high-school students are disturbed when they discover that they go to class with "pillheads" and "junkies." "I know about fifty kids in high school who take drugs," said a 16-year-old boy from fashionable suburban Essex County, N.J. "Most of them use pills, but some smoke marijuana and some are on the needle—you know, heroin. I've seen kids take drugs right in school. Some of them fall asleep right in class but the teacher never does anything—not even report it to the principal. The teachers seem to want to avoid it. They don't want to think it could ever happen in our school."

Teachers aren't the only ones who feel that way. Suburban drug use is the subject of massive concealment and obfuscation. "Some politicians and real-estate groups would like you to believe the suburbs don't have junk and delinquency," says Capt. Elmer W. Palardy, chief of the ·st Orange, N.J., narcotics squad. 'ell, we've got both—but good."

"Drugs in our nice town?" said a Los Angeles police official. "The people in these suburbs don't want to talk about it. They're afraid it'll depress real-estate values. It'll give the town a bad name."

There has been little acknowledgment of the problem even by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. That agency claims there are between 60,000 and 100,000 addicts in the United States, most of them concentrated in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago and Detroit. Other experts disagree. According to Dr. Joel Fort, consultant on narcotics to the World Health Organization and a faculty member of the University of California, "There may be 250,000 barbiturate addicts alone in the U.S., plus several hundred thousand marijuana and narcotic users."

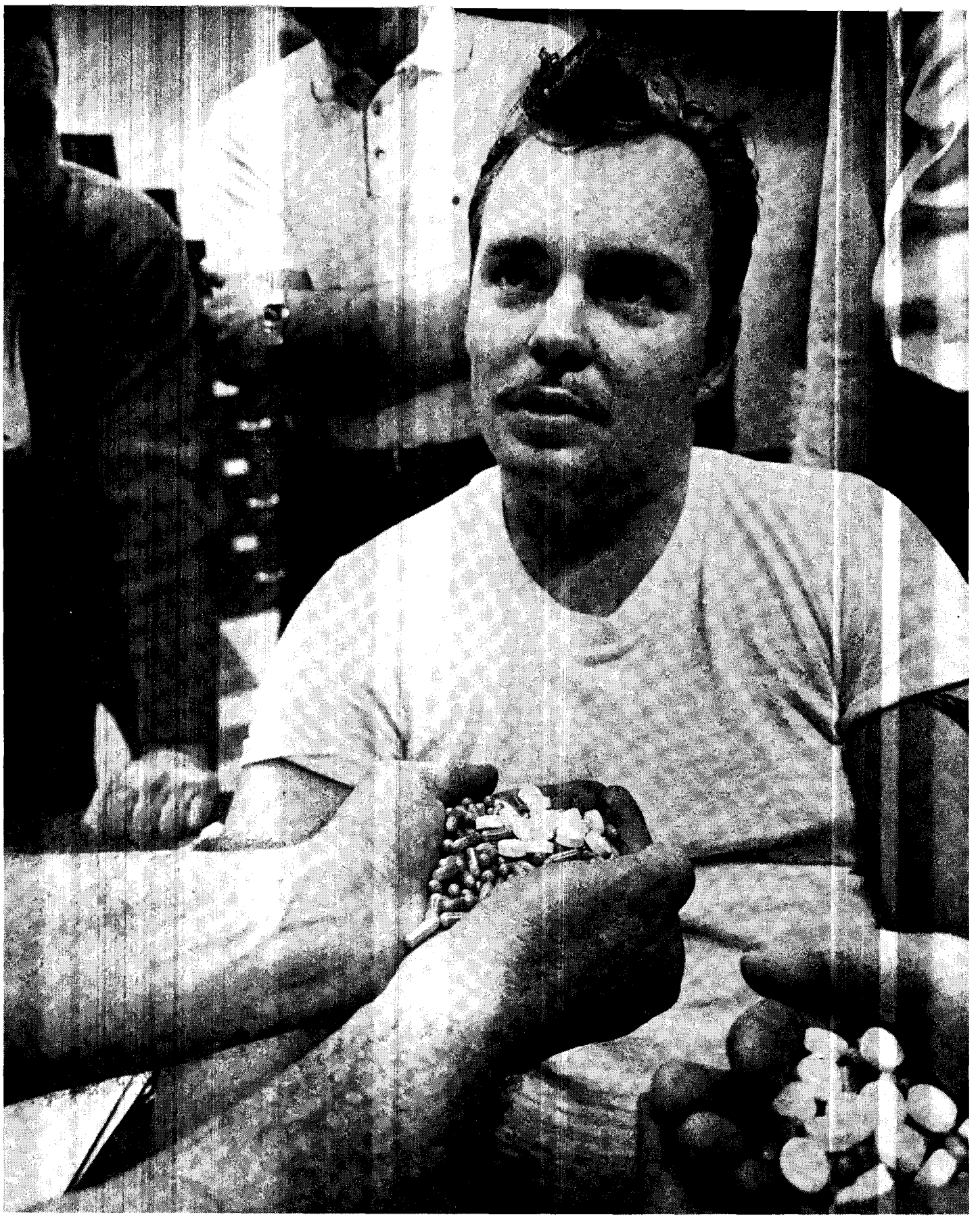
Moreover, the few statistics available indicate clearly that drug abuse is increasing at an alarming rate. In Nassau County, N.Y., a narcotics squad was formed—out of sheer necessity—about three years ago. In 1961 county police arrested 20 people, most of them below the age of 26, for drug violations. Last year the total jumped to 112 arrests. "There are drug pushers in at least a half dozen of our communities," says Nassau Police Commissioner James Kelly.

In Westchester County, Sheriff John E. Hoy says that drug abuse is "spreading and undoubtedly one of the most serious problems affecting our youth from some of the nicest homes in the county." In 1955 there were 25 arrests for drug offenses in Westchester. Last year the total was 268, up more than tenfold. "There are at least two dozen pushers in Westchester County," says Sheriff Hoy.

And in Fairfield County, Conn., an indication of the problem's dimensions came with the establishment of an addiction treatment center in Stamford less than two years ago. Financed by a grant from the National Institute of Mental Health, the center is geared to serve Stamford and seven other Fairfield towns—Weston, Wilton, Westport, Darien, New Canaan, Norwalk and Greenwich.

When the center opened its doors in October, 1962, police told its officials that there were only about 50 heroin addicts in the area. Within a year, however, more than 70 young addicts, most of them on heroin, appeared voluntarily at the center for treatment. As part of the admission procedure, each addict was asked to list acquaintances who had used or now were using addictive drugs. Some addicts listed as many as 150 names. There was some overlapping, of course, but several hundred names did not overlap.

"There is a slow but steady increase among Fairfield young people in the use of heroin and other opiates," says one official at the center. "And there is a marked and frightening increase in the



At detective bureau, police confront Curry with hoard of over 400 "goofballs"—barbiturates and amphetamines—found in his car.

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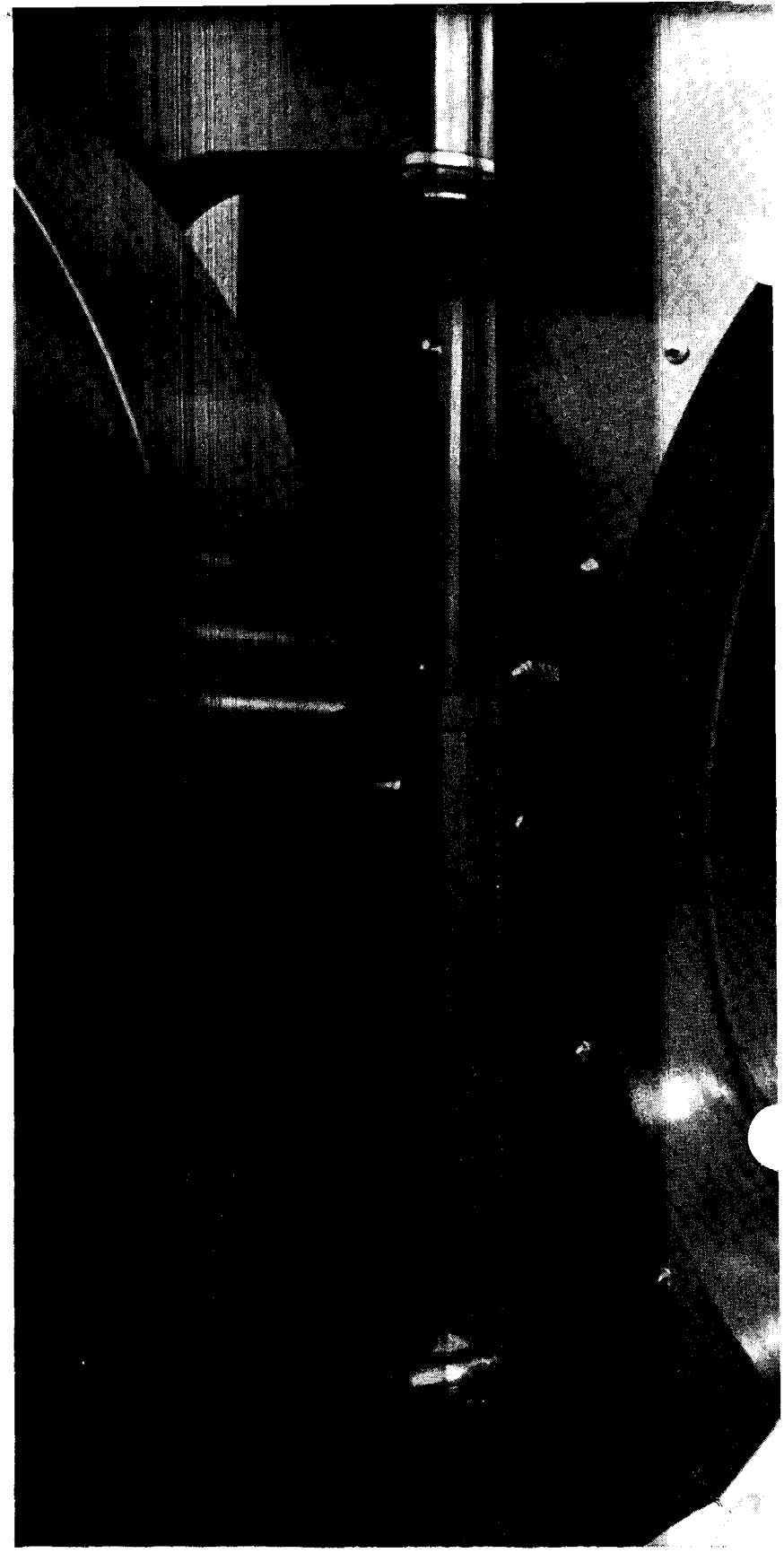
Photographs by Lynn Pelham

"I started at fourteen on cough medicine, moved to goofballs, then heroin."



Sheriff John E. Hoy of Westchester County, N.Y., displays 10 bags of here

Teen-age addicts

use of the dangerous drugs"—that is, the barbiturates and amphetamines. What many people do not realize is that these drugs can be more dangerous than "hard" narcotics: They cause a type of addiction that is often more resistant to therapy than even heroin.

Authorities have yet to find any real pattern of how suburban drug users get "turned on"—started on their habit. At least some of them begin at the age of 14 or 15, though the most dangerous years are from 16 to 25. Often teen-agers start by experimenting with narcotic-based cough medicines for kicks. These cough medicines are, in many states, available without prescription in pharmacies. From them, the youngsters may graduate to marijuana, which is not addictive, and later perhaps to barbiturate pills or heroin, which are extremely so.

"I started three and a half years ago on cough medicine," says Tom, a 17-year-old Westchester County resident. "Then I went to goofballs and later to heroin. Some of the kids in my neighborhood were using this cough medicine, so I did too. At first I drank three-quarters of a bottle a day to get high. After a while I worked up to three bottles a day.

"I got to the point where cough medicine didn't work, so I switched to goofballs. These were costing me five to six dollars a day and I was getting them cheap, about fifteen cents each. Then I moved to heroin. At first, I used only a third of a five-dollar bag a day. Then I started using a whole bag a day, then two bags. The fifth time I used heroin, I mainlined it—stuck it in my vein."

One of the most extraordinary aspects of the new suburban drug kick is the availability of the drugs themselves. "They're like water," said a teen-age boy from suburban Los Angeles. "You don't have any trouble getting them. You can practically figure every one of the kids in school who has something or can get it for you pretty quick."

Pills are probably the easiest to get, and some addicts prefer them to hard narcotics. About 10 billion amphetamines and barbiturates are produced annually in the United States. Sen. Thomas Dodd, of Connecticut, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency, has estimated that half the production—five billion pills—finds its way onto the illegal market each year. Because the amphetamines and barbiturates are prescription drugs, theft of doctors' prescription pads, forged prescriptions and illegal refills of an original prescription are increasingly common in the suburbs.

Many teen-age addicts, however, find it simpler and easier to drive to the nearby big city and buy from pushers. Often the kids have their own cars, and the round trip usually takes them less than two hours.

"All you have to do is stand on a street corner in certain sections of Harlem, and pushers will approach you even if they have never seen you before," says one heroin user from a New York suburb. Los Angeles, though, has its own special kind of drug traffic—shared to a degree by Phoenix, Tucson, Dallas, Houston and other major cities within easy driving distance of the Mexican border.

"Any kid can drive to Mexico," says Los Angeles County Sheriff Peter Pitchess, "and become an entrepreneur with only about fifty dollars. Down there he can buy pills without prescription. The marijuana and heroin traffic is out in the open. In Mexico people come up to you in the street and offer you 'girls, dirty pictures, a show or dope.' On a weekend with thousands of cars bumper to bumper returning from Mexico, it is impossible to search them all and find the narcotics. The youngster's original fifty dollars can bring him $1,500 or even more on the illicit-drug market in Los Angeles."

Increasingly, suburban police are tailing youngsters into the nearby city, watching them make their drug purchases and then arresting them when the youngsters return to the appropriate suburban-police jurisdiction. The youngster, in his haste to get rid of the incriminating evidence, may gulp down 10, 20 or even 30 pills to avoid arrest. Recently, a teen-ager "ate the evidence" in a New Jersey suburb and "flipped." He woke up four days later 50 miles from his home, lying on a beach. He could not remember how he got there.

Because drugs are expensive, sooner or later even the well-heeled suburban drug user may turn to crime to support his habit. In some suburbs of New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, police attribute between 30 and 80 percent of all local crime to drug addiction.

"How much do you spend for drugs every day?" an 18-year-old heroin addict was asked recently.

"Maybe twenty dollars."

"How do you get the money?"

"I steal. Burglaries. Never in anyone's home, though. Stores and gas stations."

"What do you do with the things you steal from these places?"

"I fence them—sell them."

Perhaps more typical was the experience of another young heroin addict, whom we will call Frank. Frank is now at the Synanon Foundation, a rehabilitation center in Santa Monica, Calif. "The upper-class addict actually gets money from his parents to support his addiction," he says. "I have yet to see an addict from a well-heeled family who didn't. The parents may not know about the drugs at first, but eventually they find out.

"In my home I could get away with anything. My parents should have kicked me in the tail early and said, 'Grow up or get the hell out,' but they didn't.

"I thought nothing of writing out dozens of checks and forging my mother's name to them so I could buy dope. I knew that she'd make them good. Once I went to my parents to get money for dope and they said no. So I went out and pulled a stickup, got arrested, and got my name in the paper. As soon as they bailed me out of that jam, they gave me some money. What they meant was: 'Here's the money. Go out and buy dope, but keep your name out of the paper.'

"The real difference between the slum addict and rich addict is this: The slum kid goes out and boosts [steals] in a supermarket or a department store. The rich kid steals from his own home. I used to steal our silver and hock it."

If there are discernible patterns in the suburban drug picture, they concern parents of users more than the users themselves. In most cases, it seems, the parents are "all-giving." They provide their youngsters with an unending stream of material things.

The parents are conscientious but have always been aware of a communications barrier between themselves and their sons and daughters. "For years I haven't known what my boy was thinking," a Nassau County mother says. Her son has been using pills for a year. "We just don't seem to talk the same language. What's worse, I don't know who his friends are, and I don't even know where he goes when he leaves home in the evening. In the suburbs, you can be miles away in minutes, with a crowd of kids the parents don't even know exists."

Some of the parents admit spending comparatively little time with their teen-age children. "We have a full and active social life," says one Fairfield County resident. "We believe that part of the growing-up process is for a child to spend a good deal of time by himself or with his friends. We never dreamed he would fall in with a group of drug addicts."

A few of the parents acknowledge pushing their children a little hard i school. "Maybe I put too much pressu on the boy," says one Westchester father. "I noticed through the years that he began to get very quiet. He rarely spoke to me, and when he did, it was about something pretty unimportant. I guess he felt the pressure. I wanted him to graduate

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worth $5.5 million, locked in a bank vault as evidence since their seizure in Yonkers during raid in which Cosa Nostra's Valachi was first arrested in 1960.

high in the class so he'd be sure to get into a good college."

According to Dr. Ida Jiggetts of the New York City Health Department, who has counseled parents of addicts for more than five years, "Many parents deny the problem for months, even a year, before they seek help. They simply cannot accept the idea that their child is using drugs. I've had cases where one parent knows that a child is using drugs but simply refuses to tell the other parent. The parents become guilt-ridden, self-deprecating and ashamed. Not infrequently they have been or become more disturbed than the drug user himself. One of the myths about narcotics is that the user always comes from a broken home. Very often that is not the case."

Compounding the tragedy of drug use in the suburbs is the fact that the addict usually has much deeper emotional problems than his big-city counterpart.

"In the slum, narcotics use often is not frowned upon," says Dr. Harold Meiselas, director of The Division of Narcotics, in the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene. "However, in the suburbs there is a great deal of social pressure to live the virtuous life. For an individual to become a narcotics user in the suburbs, he must break with the force of his environment completely. To do this, he must be burdened by really profound emotional distress."

Despite much theorizing, experts do not know the precise causes of addiction, or its cures—or why suburban drug abuse is on the increase.

"Large movements of population are associated with an increase in all types of psychiatric disorders," says Dr. Henry Brill, deputy commissioner of The New York State Department of Mental Hygiene. "And we are experiencing a great outpouring of people from the cities to the suburbs."

"We're living in an age when people want kicks, far-out experiences," says psychologist Morton Schillinger, director of the Lincoln Institute for Psychotherapy in New York. "Today, drugs are plentiful and comparatively easy to obtain. Instead of facing reality, people can pop a pill in their mouths. It's a way of gaining a feeling of security and satisfaction in our pleasure-prone society."

Whatever the explanation, American suburbia is now faced with a problem it can no longer afford to ignore. There are at least two obvious points of attack. Not only are treatment methods and facilities totally inadequate to help those already addicted; in addition, many suburban law-enforcement agencies seem incapable of—and even uninterested in—halting the spread of addiction.

Some suburban police departments wink at the drug problem. Not only do many respectable families try to cover up cases of addiction but, as one leading Chicago expert on narcotics points out, "Lots of mobsters have moved to the suburbs in recent years. They live in nice homes in nice neighborhoods, and their influence really is felt in suburbia."

There is some evidence, moreover, that underworld elements use their smart suburban homes to hide dope while it is being prepared for shipment throughout the country. A few years ago one of the biggest narcotics cases in American history broke in Yonkers, N.Y., just outside New York City. There, police seized $5.5 million worth of heroin in a truck belonging to an underworld figure living in nearby Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

Twenty-two men were arrested, among them Joseph Valachi, who later won fame of a sort by telling federal authorities about the organization of *Cosa Nostra.* Last fall in Huntington, L.I., another New York suburb, $625,000 worth of heroin was seized by Suffolk County police and federal agents in the home of another mobster.

At present there is major disagreement in government and medical circles about how drug addiction should be handled. Most authorities concede that the past

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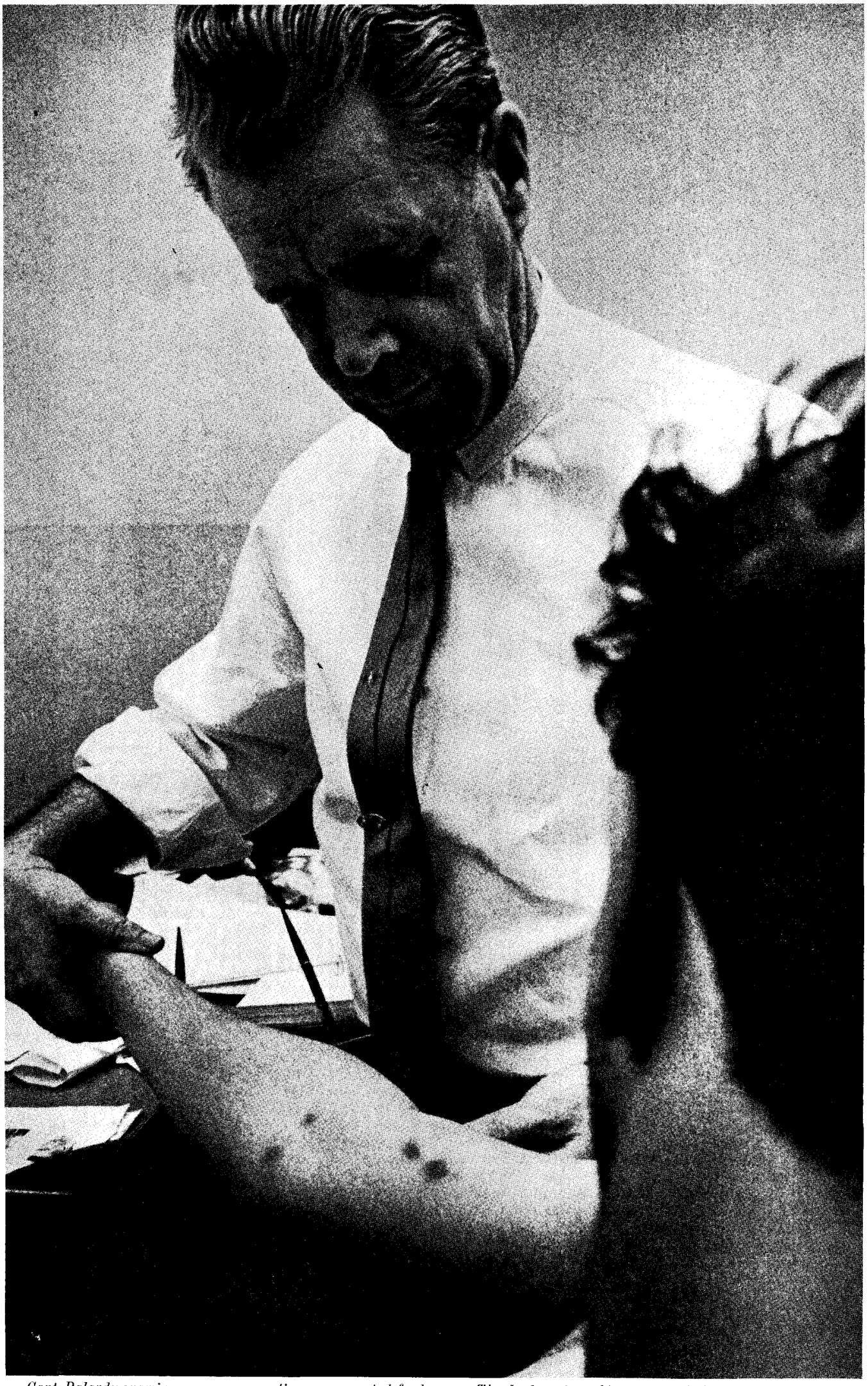
"I don't know who my son's friends are or where he goes at night."



Capt. Palardy examines a young narcotics user arrested for larceny. The dark spots on his arm are the "tracks" of heroin shots.

Teen-age addicts

two generations have seen little progress in the treatment of the addict. Fewer than five percent are said to be cured by any form of treatment. Thus, one group of experts argues that drugs should be made available to the addict in diminishing doses to "wean" him away from addiction—at the same time taking the profit out of drug pushing. Another group believes that the addict must be made "clean"—off drugs completely—before treatment can be undertaken. Increasingly, however, authorities are coming to regard drug abuse as a sickness which should be treated by medical personnel, not as a crime to be punished by the law.

Meanwhile, the tragic fact remains that there simply are not enough facilities for the treatment of addiction. As Westchester's Sheriff Hoy points out, "Once we find an addict or a heavy user, there's no place around here to put him that will do him any good."

The addict can be sent to jail, to suffer the "cold turkey" treatment—sudden and complete withdrawal of drugs. Or he can be hospitalized, something that a good many addicts dread and avoid. Even of the hospitalized addicts, moreover, few stay "clean" for appreciable periods. And it is an open secret in medicine that comparatively few doctors, including psychiatrists, want to treat addicts.

Recently the states of New York and California have begun to experiment with what is called "civil commitment." Under this program the addict can volunteer for treatment in a special facility, without having criminal charges filed against him. Some authorities have high hopes for civil commitment, but even they are quick to admit that it hasn't been used extensively enough yet to determine its worth.

A few suburban areas are beginning to realize that if real progress is to be made against the drug problem in their own backyards, individual communities themselves will have to act. Says Mayor James J. Sheeran, of West Orange, N.J.: "A total effort is needed in our community to combat drug abuse. We're going to make this our Number One citizen project. I believe we can finance this effort ourselves, and we've begun to move. We're setting up a citizens' committee to educate the community about the problem. And we have a health advisory committee, headed by a physician, that soon will swing into action. We hope we will be able to stimulate a program of rehabilitation right in this area for young people who need it."

The most hopeful sign is that more and more suburban-community leaders are starting to realize that they do have the problem of drug use by teen-agers, that the problem is becoming more acute and that ignoring it won't make it go away. "Lots of people are talking about what to do and what not to do about these kids who are taking drugs," says a Westchester County schoolteacher. "Well, something had better be done—and damn soon—before this situation swamps all of us." THE END

In New Orleans police office, young heroin addict begins the agony of withdrawal. ▶

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BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK TO HAVE A TON OF STEEL

By Marvin Kitman

Who cares if the price is up a bit, or if wives object? A man owes it to himself and the nation's economy to have his own ton in the backyard.

Everybody talks about free enterprise in this country, but practically nobody does anything about it. The problem may be that the system just seems too big and complicated for the average little man. I finally saw an opportunity to do something for my favorite economic system one day last spring. A little steel company had just stunned the nation by raising its steel prices $6 a ton. While the country waited to hear if the White House would issue an ultimatum, as it had the year before when a big steel company had the nerve to do the same thing, it occurred to me that the company's president might appreciate hearing what one average consumer thought of his little steel company.

"As you know, your company was the first to raise steel prices," I wrote William Alexander Steele, president of Wheeling Steel Corp., 11th-largest steel producer in the nation, "and many Americans will never forget that. For us, Wheeling proved that free enterprise in this country still lives. The courageous act of a little steel company in raising prices alone was so inspirational, it will probably inspire the big steel companies to raise theirs. Since everybody who believes in freedom of enterprise will soon be in debt to your company, the least we can do is order your steel—even if it now costs a little more.

"Please send me one ton of Wheeling steel.

"What so few Americans realize," I wrote, giving Mr. Steele some free advice to compensate for the puny size of my order, "is that a ton of steel only costs $133, a lot less than a good second TV set. If more families ordered tons of steel, a basic industry like yours would never know financial trouble."

I asked the president of Wheeling to rush my order through the mill so I could be the first one on my block in Leonia, N.J., to have a ton of steel. "It's particularly important that you drop it off on a Saturday," I wrote. "If the package arrives on a day that I'm at the office, my wife may have a fit."

I didn't mean to question my wife's loyalty. She has done as much as anyone for her country's economy by her reckless spending. Having never bought a ton of steel for the house before, however, I felt that the order might require special handling.

"I've got a big surprise for you," I told her cheerfully that first Saturday as I sat on the front porch waiting for Wheeling's delivery truck. When I described my commitment to free enterprise, she was so moved that tears came to her eyes.

"I won't let you bring a ton of steel into my house," she cried.

I decided to appeal to the decorator in her, painting a Grant Wood picture of our garden with its little touch of Americana, a ton of steel, as its centerpiece. "It will be a monument to free enterprise, a kind of Liberty Bell made out of steel."

Some women just aren't capable of understanding deep economic theories, so I finally had to be practical. "It's going to be here any minute," I said, "so you might as well learn to live with it."

My package didn't arrive that first Saturday. The next day I wrote to Mr. Steele again:

"Re: my letter of last week, ordering one of your products. As much as I support the principle of buying the higher-priced steel, it's just not worth having to wait at home every Saturday. My kids expect me to take them to the park. Is there anything I can do to expedite my order? I have a station wagon. Incidentally, a lot of my neighbors feel there wouldn't be such a delay if I had ordered U.S. Steel.

"P.S. My wife wants to know if a ton of steel will get rusty if I leave it out on the lawn overnight? I'd hate to have to bring it inside the garage every night."

The next Saturday was one of those miserable, rainy days when a man wants to sleep late. At nine A.M. the doorbell rang, and I sent my wife downstairs to see who was there.

"It's the man from Wheeling Steel," she called up. "He says he's got something for you."

I jumped out of bed and rushed downstairs to give the man a hand with my ton of steel. He was standing on the porch, wiping the rain from his glasses. In front of him stood a Wheeling Steel product, a powder-blue garbage can. I was disappointed to see what a ton of steel really looked like. The man lifted the garbage can's lid and withdrew a sealed envelope. It came from the "Offices of the President, Wheeling Steel Corp."

"You rightfully protested my failure to immediately reply to your first letter," Mr. Steele wrote. "In defense, you will recognize that you could have been more specific, and so have helped us prepare your order. We had to do a good bit of researching and have not yet decided exactly what it is that you want. Take a look at the definition of 'steel' as given by *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* and you can see some reason for our confusion."

I looked it up, and there were only thirteen definitions.

More than prestige . . .

"Then other considerations take over," he continued. "First, our 'steel' is made with painstaking care. We pamper it at every step of its manufacture and, when it is ready for delivery, we oil it, wrap it in waterproof paper, band it tightly and send it to our customer. Needless to say, we expect him to show as much respect for our product, after it belongs to him. Whether other manufacturers—U.S. Steel, for instance—feel the same, we don't know.

"You can understand our reluctance then to send a product of ours to a man who indicates that all he wants is a prestige symbol, and who will leave it to rust away in his yard. For rust it will, unless you protect it. . . .

"Now to get down to cases: If a chunk of steel is what you want, why not drive your station wagon to our plant at Steubenville, Ohio, some weekend? Your wife and children could come along and they might find it a pleasant diversion from a weekend spent looking at the emptiness of your front and rear yards.

"At Steubenville, we would show you how steel is made, and give you as large a chunk as your station wagon (no five-ton truck now!) could carry. This chunk could be a 'crop end,' which looks something like a headstone and will last as long even if unpainted; or a 'spill,' a very picturesque shape that would set your yard apart from your neighbors' for many years.

"We are looking forward to hearing from you as to the exact date of your arrival to accept (with Wheeling Steel's compliments) this unique yard decoration. In the meantime, one of our representatives has been asked to present this letter to you in our standard mailing container."

I couldn't help but wonder what steel-company presidents of yesterday, like Andrew Carnegie and Charlie Schwab, would have made of such a letter. Here I had tried to come to the aid of the economic system of my choice by placing a simple order for one ton of steel, and the company president refused to take my money. His counteroffer of as much free steel as I could carry smacked of the welfare state, and I was against it on principle. Obviously Wheeling Steel had a lot to learn about rugged free enterprise, and in my small way I set out to teach them.

Mr. Steele had warned me not to bring a five-ton truck, but he didn't say anything against my particular brand of station wagon. It has four-wheel drive, eight forward and two reverse gears, and can go anywhere, through mud, sand, or water, and carry anything from 10 fully equipped soldiers into battle to a pair of elephants out of the jungle. It would carry off much more free steel than Mr. Steele would have dreamed possible.

I telephoned Mr. Steele's assistant, Forest Kirkpatrick, a few days before Christmas, and he said everything was ready for my visit. He sounded a little less friendly than Mr. Steele. "Your ton of steel is on the crane now," Mr. Kirkpatrick said. "All you'll have to do is drive your station wagon underneath and we'll drop the steel right on top."

That kind of talk convinced me it wouldn't hurt to take some extra insurance for my first trip to a steel mill. I called up my broker and bought one share of Wheeling Steel Corp. common stock—against his advice. He recommended I buy U.S. Steel. I considered WHX at 30 3/8 a good investment. No matter how rough Wheeling's top management

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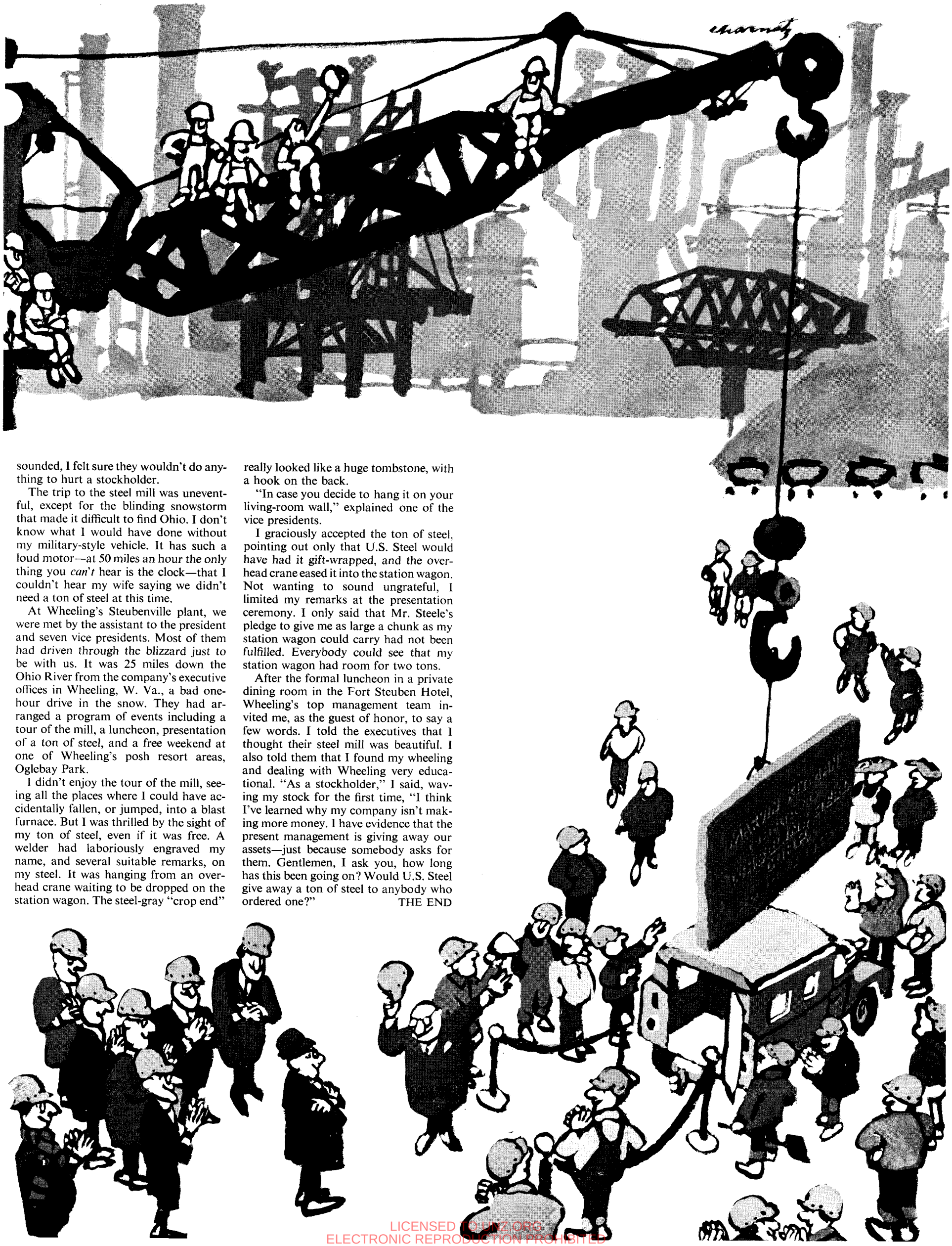

sounded, I felt sure they wouldn't do anything to hurt a stockholder.

The trip to the steel mill was uneventful, except for the blinding snowstorm that made it difficult to find Ohio. I don't know what I would have done without my military-style vehicle. It has such a loud motor—at 50 miles an hour the only thing you *can't* hear is the clock—that I couldn't hear my wife saying we didn't need a ton of steel at this time.

At Wheeling's Steubenville plant, we were met by the assistant to the president and seven vice presidents. Most of them had driven through the blizzard just to be with us. It was 25 miles down the Ohio River from the company's executive offices in Wheeling, W. Va., a bad one-hour drive in the snow. They had arranged a program of events including a tour of the mill, a luncheon, presentation of a ton of steel, and a free weekend at one of Wheeling's posh resort areas, Oglebay Park.

I didn't enjoy the tour of the mill, seeing all the places where I could have accidentally fallen, or jumped, into a blast furnace. But I was thrilled by the sight of my ton of steel, even if it was free. A welder had laboriously engraved my name, and several suitable remarks, on my steel. It was hanging from an overhead crane waiting to be dropped on the station wagon. The steel-gray "crop end" really looked like a huge tombstone, with a hook on the back.

"In case you decide to hang it on your living-room wall," explained one of the vice presidents.

I graciously accepted the ton of steel, pointing out only that U.S. Steel would have had it gift-wrapped, and the overhead crane eased it into the station wagon. Not wanting to sound ungrateful, I limited my remarks at the presentation ceremony. I only said that Mr. Steele's pledge to give me as large a chunk as my station wagon could carry had not been fulfilled. Everybody could see that my station wagon had room for two tons.

After the formal luncheon in a private dining room in the Fort Steuben Hotel, Wheeling's top management team invited me, as the guest of honor, to say a few words. I told the executives that I thought their steel mill was beautiful. I also told them that I found my wheeling and dealing with Wheeling very educational. "As a stockholder," I said, waving my stock for the first time, "I think I've learned why my company isn't making more money. I have evidence that the present management is giving away our assets—just because somebody asks for them. Gentlemen, I ask you, how long has this been going on? Would U.S. Steel give away a ton of steel to anybody who ordered one?" THE END

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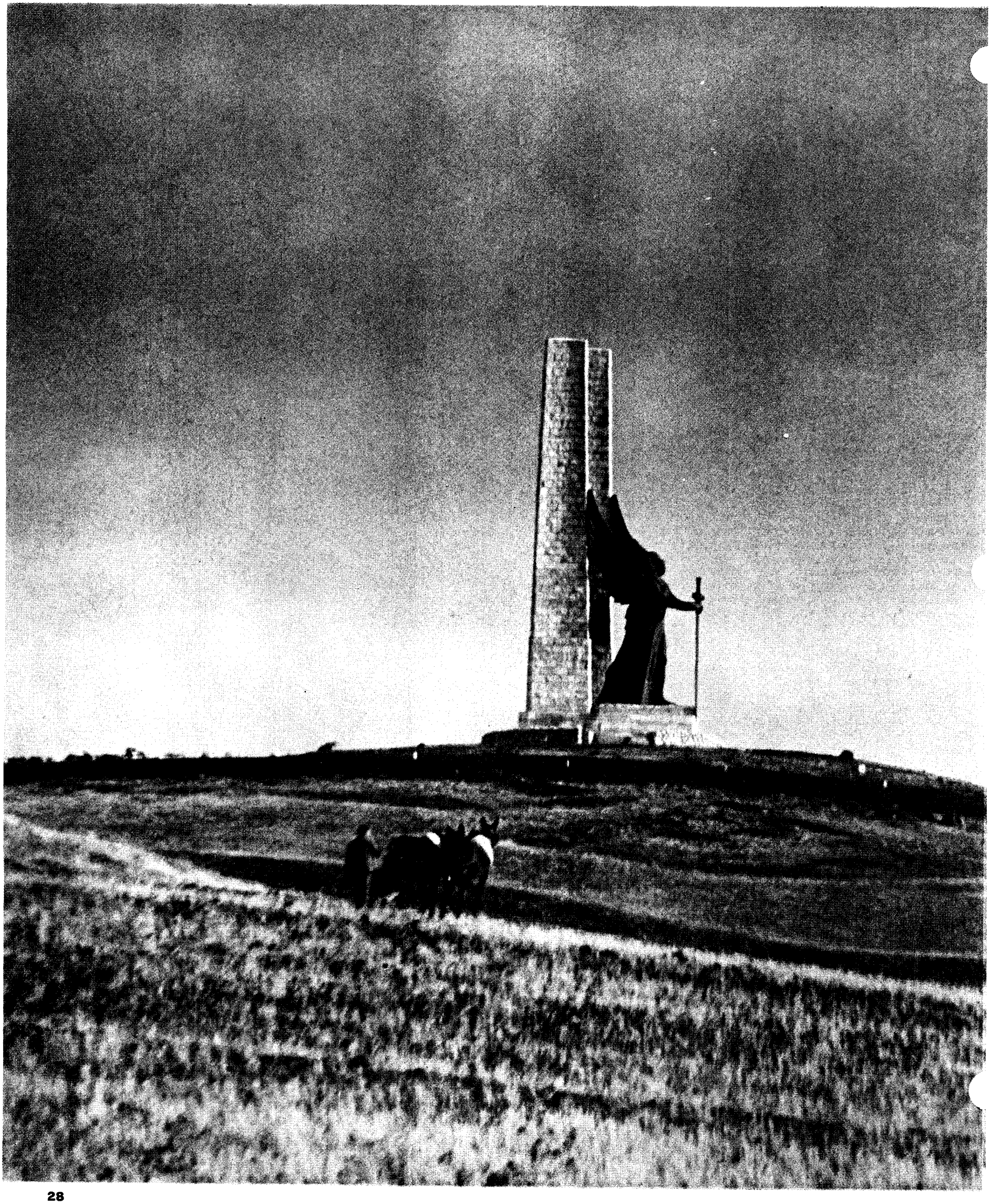

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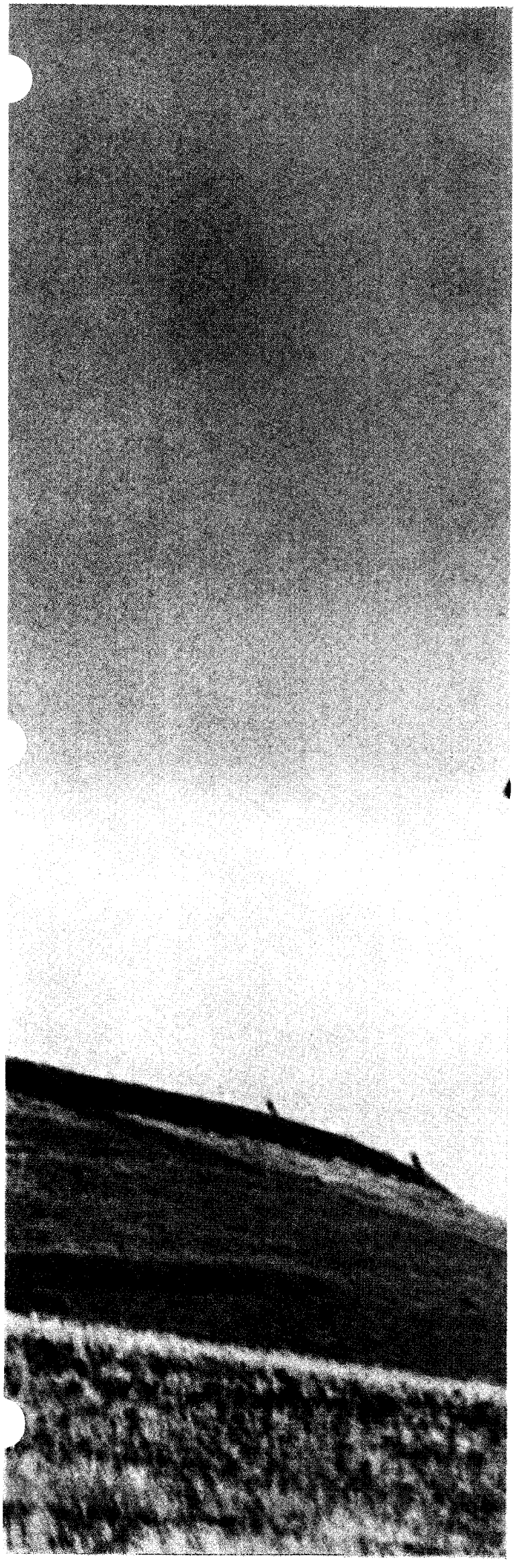
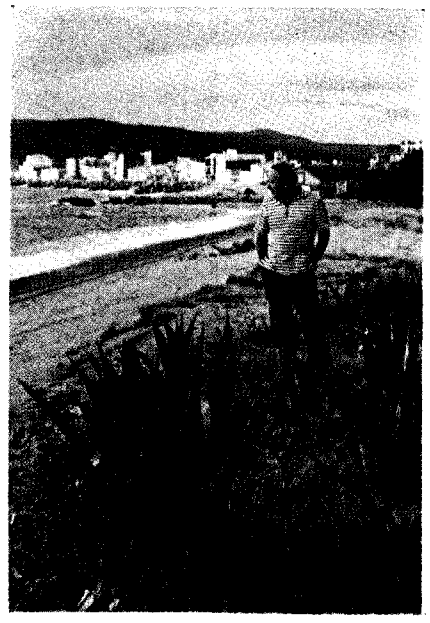


On the rolling slopes outside Valdepeñas, a plowman follows his team beneath a sword-bearing angel that commemorates the dead of the Spanish Civil War.

Ruark gazes at Mediterranean "yard."



By Robert Ruark

WHY SPAIN IS HOME

A CELEBRATED WRITER DECLARES HIS LOVE FOR A PROUD PEOPLE.

Photographs by John Bryson

It is difficult to answer a simple question about why I love Spain—why I have chosen to live for the last 10 years in what some liberals call a police state. I suppose I love Spain because I love the Spanish people, and among those I love best are Carmen and Cristina. Carmen is the lady who runs my house, and I suppose you could call her a maid of all work. Cristina is Carmen's aunt, and she is the cook. Cristina is vice president in charge of both her niece and me. They operate on a basis of what the Spanish call *pundonor*—point of honor, or pride of person. So does the local cop on the corner and the smuggler on the beach.

There is still pride of service in Spain, pride of hard work, pride of family, pride of shared ownership, but basically pride of person, the individual. This all comes under the heading of *pundonor*, and no Spaniard is so poor or downtrodden that he is bereft of *pundonor*. The bullfighter has it, and so does even the gypsy beggar with the rented baby. There is no such thing as pandering of mind or soul in Spain. Everybody is as good as you are, and maybe a little bit better.

Nobody has ever written very well of the actual face of Spain, its savagery and kindness, its tenderness and toughness, because the Spaniard is so many things in one package that he positively defies pat description. The Spaniard is a fantastic mixture of Greek and Roman, Carthaginian and Phoenician, invading Moor and Iberian aboriginal. Spain is Africa on one side of the mountains and France on the other. Castilian is spoken with a lisp because one princeling was a sissy; Madrid is the capital because a king had asthma and did not like the lowlands. El Cid, the classic hero, was an approximation of a hired gunman with a sense of fair play; the late Juan Belmonte invented modern bullfighting because he was a semicrippled weakling unable to run from the bulls. It is all attributable to *pundonor*.

I offer an example of *pundonor*. I must confess to a nice house in Spain—a happy, sprawling house, full of African trophies, fresh flowers, books and a functional bar which cost me about forty years and a near-miss cirrhosis to perfect. Fires burn brightly in my house; the grass is green in front, the sea blue beyond. But nobody actually envies me my house.

This house is called by the servants "our house." The books are "our books." It is "our dogs," and "our friends." And when unexpected affluence permitted me a really fine car, it became "our Rolls," just as the tiger on the wall is "our tiger." The typewriter from which all blessings flow is called "the *peseta* tree."

This is by way of preamble to the fact that Sam Spiegel, the producer, was sailing up and down in my front yard, which I call the Mediterranean, with Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher shanghaied, seeking a place to light while they finished a film called *Suddenly, Last Summer*. Suddenly it was this summer—1959, to be exact.

August is a tough month to find any sort of flea-free pad on the Costa Brava, even for Elizabeth Taylor, because it is the height of the season, and all the rich Catalans—and nine billion tourists—arrive to soak up the weather, which is generally glorious. Mr. Spiegel's production manager dropped by my hutch in search of housing aid.

I started to say "impossible," when all of a sudden I remembered that I was supposed

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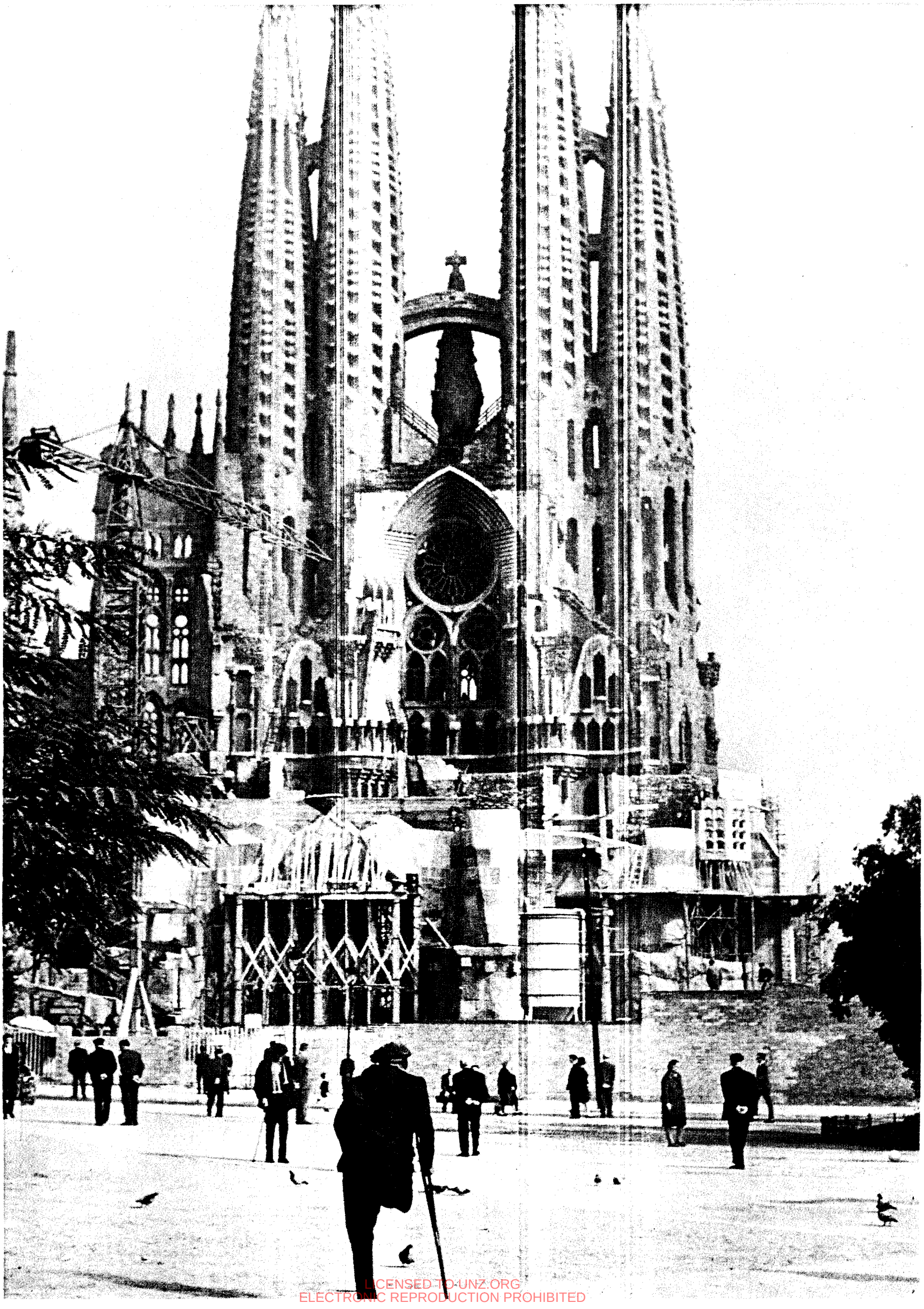

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THE TOURIST MONEY POURS IN FLOODS, BUT SPAIN ONLY PRETENDS TO CHANGE.

Spain

to be in New York August 1, and that the lady of the house had to be in England, and there was some mention of $10,000—count 'em, ten thousand dollars—for the use of my facilities for two or three weeks. This seemed like an approximation of the Brinks robbery, and I was happily counting the sum against possible breakage and damage when I happened to slide back to the kitchen. On a hunch.

Cristina, the cook, clouded up and rained all over the idea.

"I will not have that woman in our house," said Cristina. "She's been married too much. Anyhow, I don't like picture people. Remember all the trouble when the Señorita Gardner was running around with that bullfighter?"

Carmen, the niece-butler, chimed in. "I am a late-night girl," she said. "Picture people go to bed early and get up early. It will disarrange the schedule."

"But look." I was pleading now. "Think of the money we could make. Think of the tips. Think, maybe Carmen could be a movie star if she meets the right people. Maybe even play in this picture."

"I don't want to be a movie star," Carmen said—and when Carmen moves, you can hear the trumpets sound. "We don't need the money. We put a movie company in here and our house would develop into a house of crazies."

Cristina was more compassionate.

"We have money, señor," she said. "If you need money, we will give you money. But we are not for rent. And"—she paused—"if you would spend more time in the office, pruning the *peseta* tree, you would not need to ask money of strangers." Then she added brightly, making my day, "What's the matter? Are we having plot trouble again?"

If I had to list what I see most deeply manifest in the Spanish people, it would be that pride. The Spaniards have endured grinding poverty with undiminished pride. They endured possibly the bloodiest civil war ever recorded, with undiminished pride and courage. Brother fought brother for principle. Generalissimo Francisco Franco has been in power for a quarter century, and is still barely tolerated in Cataluña, Spain's richest sector. The Catalans spoke and wrote Catalan when it was forbidden by Madrid; José Plá, the country's foremost writer, writes only in Catalan, and persistently thumbs his literary nose at Madrid. And Madrid does not lay a glove on him.

There is a certain tolerance underlaid in this pride, a recognition of the other person's strength, and also a tolerance of personal weakness. The classic story of this trait is contained in a tale of Rafael El Gallo, brother of Joselito, who was killed at the pinnacle of his fame as a bullfighter. The brothers were *gitanos*—gypsies from the South—and like most gypsies, were subject to sudden changes of mood depending on the evil eye.

El Gallo was noted for his abrupt switches from craven fear to unbelievable bravery, according to the weather. They tell of the day when the old Rooster was making one of his innumerable final performances—he made more absolutely final appearances than Nellie Melba—and was dedicating his last, ultimate, absolutely final bull to everybody.

"I dedicate this bull," he said, "to you, Señor Presidente, who have awarded me so many ears and tails and hoofs in this ring. (*You blind old goat of many horns.*) I dedicate this bull to you, gentlemen of the press (*may you all drop dead for the bloodsucking blackmail you have squeezed from my veins for your lying noticias*), who have written so nobly of my craft. I dedicate this bull to you, Don José Munera of the *ganadería* which has given me so many magnificent animals to die nobly under my sword (*the last batch was goats which would shame a novillero in a country fiesta*), and I dedicate this bull to you, the Duquesa of This and the Marquesa of That, noble patrons all (*miserable old horrors that you are*). And finally I dedicate this bull to you, the people of the sun and the shade, the noble *aficionados* of a noble sport, who have followed me so faithfully. (*And I spit in the milk of all your ancestors, you hooting, jeering, pillow-throwing savages who don't know a bull from a cart horse.*)"

Rafael El Gallo then looked at the bull, his last, ultimate, final bull, and turned to his brother Joselito, who was fighting on the same card.

"Kill him for me, Pepe," El Gallo said. "I don't like the way he looked at me."

There is no bloodier, less attractive performance than the average bullfight, or one with smaller regard for animal feeling and human sensibility. Yet a good bull, on a good day, with a good matador, can evoke such torrents of emotion that even first-time tourists are overcome by the tender love of man for the fierce animal he murders, the fatal fascination of bull for the man he is trying to kill, with respect. I have heard a stout one, Victoriano Roger (Valencia), address a good bull as *enamorado*, "beloved." And I have seen a Mexican Indian named Silverio kick a dead bull in the face, and then collapse bleeding alongside the bull.

The Spaniard is notoriously unfeeling with animals, as he was with heretics in the Inquisition, as he was and is with all enemies. A man who will tether his police dog in the rain outside, or kick it in the belly as reproof for a prolonged bark, will still go hungry to dress his child in fine clothes for Sunday and feast days.

Although children are regularly taken to bullfights, and accustomed to blood almost before they teethe, there is no juvenile delinquency in Spain that I know of—no Teddy boys, no organized hoodlums. I have never seen a badly mannered Spanish child, a disrespectful Spanish child.

There is respect for all authority in Spain, and that authority is founded on the family. Papa is boss, and Mama is boss also, on her side of the family fence. It is not unusual to see a man in his 60's deferring to Papa, who controls the purse strings and bosses the business until he

Honeymooning in Córdoba, couple makes pilgrimage to grave of bullfighter Manolete.

In a flurry of capes, apprentice matadors try to distract bull from its fallen adversary.

Plodding the field their ancestors tilled, ▶ peasants harvest potatoes near La Granja.

Under construction since 1882, the Church of the Holy Family rises in Barcelona.

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"A GUEST SHOULD NOT QUARREL WITH HIS HOST ABOUT HOW THE HOUSE IS RUN."

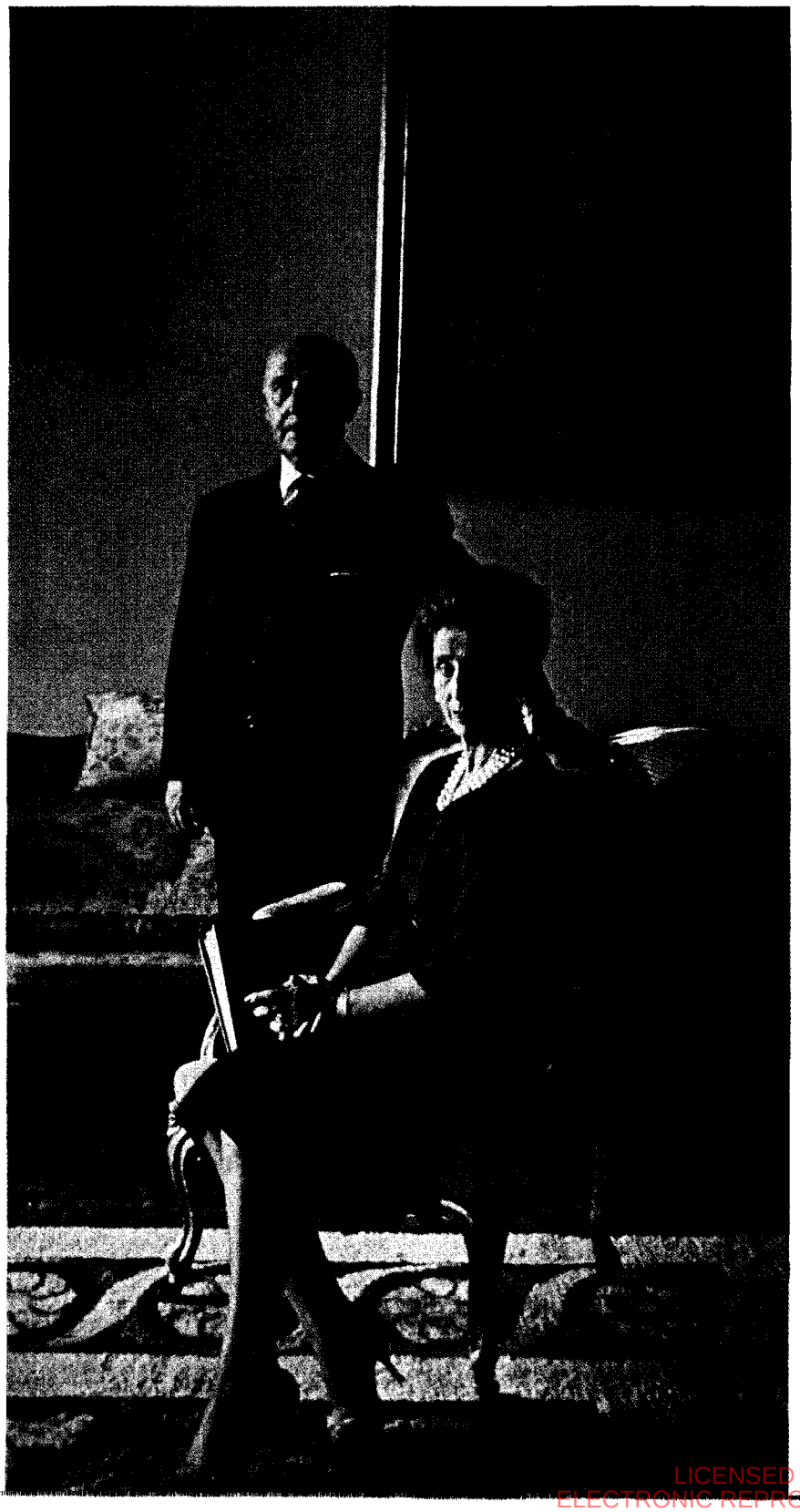
Spain

dies. The Spaniard runs a dead heat with the Chinese for being the most respected and possibly the wisest parent in the world. Any Sunday in any town in Spain presents a delightful pageant of parenthood, with the little girls enchanting in their pigtails and starched white dresses, the little boys grave and complete *caballeros* from the cradle, the papas and mamas proud and beaming, the grandpapas and grandmamas happily approving from the sidelines.

The family firmness is founded on rigid observance of decorum. When I first came to Spain 10 years ago, unmarried girls swam separately from unmarried men, with the *matrimonios* safely stashed in the middle. No lady wore slacks or shorts in our village; the local cop forbade it. Even the men were required to wear shirts with their bathing trunks. Now the bikini has arrived with the tourist dollars, and short shorts are seen in the *pueblo*, but they are not approved by the older Spaniards. The unmarried girl is still watched hawkishly by her mama when she goes to dances, and *paseos* are lined with keenly observant relatives. A Spaniard strolls with one hand on the shoulder of his fiancée or wife, and many a Spaniard will not allow his wife to dance with his best friend.

The old formal world has changed and is daily changing, for the fantastic inrush of tourists with their cars and money has fetched Spain into this century. The change covers fewer than 10 years, but it is starkly noticeable. In the old days there were four kinds of women—virgins, wives, widows and prostitutes—and the marking line was sharply defined. Now the definition has slipped, and there is a growing class of the working girl, entitled to respect, who may be living a life of her own. Outside the larger cities, however, the code is still strict. Lack of physical virginity can still annul a marriage, and many prostitutes are thrown-back wives.

In El Pardo palace, dictator Franco 71, stands rigidly erect beside his wife Carmen.



Although the country is now flooded by tourists in search of sun, it has not been really corrupted by the influx of foreign money. Spain, although much more expensive now than a decade ago, is still the best buy I know of for the tourist. Walk 500 yards away from the garish motels and "snak bar" signs, get a little off the beaten track of hardtop roads, and the old country is still there. In winter, when the Citröens and Volkswagens and Fords and Jaguars have departed, the same old horse plods the same old *carretera*, with the same old cross-bred coach dog running beneath the wagon. The older folk still wear corduroy and the beret and the rope-soled sandal. The same boats, called *vacas*, that the Phoenicians brought still plow the seas for *lubina* and *gamba*, *cap roig* and *sardina*, and the fishermen still mend their nets in the sun. It snows in the hills, and you cure the best hams in the snow. You stack the golden wheat and flood the rice. You stable the cow in the downstairs room of the farmhouse. The tourist is gone and thankfully forgotten until the next summer brings another visitation of locusts who pitch their tents, set fire to the pine forests and do the twist in the juke-box emporia called "Go-Go's." When the tourists leave, you could place a 1000-*peseta* note under a rock at the crossroads and find it a week later.

Spain is very possibly the most popular tourist trap in Europe; more than 500,000 Americans visited Spain last year. Tourist facilities have multiplied astonishingly. Considering that you were hard put to buy gasoline between Barcelona and Zaragoza 10 years ago, it comes as a shock to see modernistic filling stations studding the landscape, with restaurants and motels alongside, all seemingly named "California" and "Reno." Land values on the Costa Brava have increased more than a hundredfold, and where there was nothing, there are now hundreds of luxury hotels, elaborate *pensions*, spanking new apartments, gaudy villas, *paradores* (government-run tourist inns), guesthouses, chalets, boardinghouses, and camping sites, with restaurants, "snak bars" and motels coming out of your ears.

The roads in summer are a nightmare of foreign autos and huge trucks and buses; the airports are crowded with nationals of every country in Europe that allows its people passports. The signs are in English, French and German, as well as in Spanish and Catalan. It is sometimes possible in the more popular tourist resorts to spend the entire holiday season from June to October without seeing a single Spaniard, except in his capacity as waiter or conductor. This is the Spain that I do not love.

This, of course, is progress. It brings road repair and new housing and prosperity to a country which I loved in its original, rather dilapidated condition. I love it still; even progress does not affect me. We have no central heating, and there is a high wall around my house.

Since it is such a popular country, full of such lovable people, with such lovable tourists spending their lovable money, why do people who have not been to Spain always ask me the same question: How can you bear to live under a dictatorship, in a police state?

I have an easy answer for this one. I like living in a police state, if Spain is a police state. Nobody sent for me, any more than anybody sends for the millions of tourists who make the country uncomfortable—even if we are polite about it—for us Spaniards during the summer season. Nobody shoves a machine gun in your back and commands you to live in a police state. I would not know much about the "police state." Apart from the highway patrol—and we never needed them until the foreigners came with their hot rods—the only cops I see are apt to be found in my kitchen, pinching the cook and drinking a bottle of my beer when rain drives the *Guardia Civil* beach patrol (we smuggle, you know, in Spain) into my house for shelter. The only drawn gun I have ever seen in Spain I saw when the local cops lent me a pistol to put my best-beloved dog out of his ancient misery. The *Guardia Civil* agent and I had a drink to the dog's memory, and the *Guardia Civil* dropped a sincere tear for "a good dog who lived a good life in a good house."

I live in Spain because I like the people better than any other people I ever met. The climate agrees with me. I have been treated kindly by the forces of law and order. I am allowed to own property. I have not changed a servant during my 10 years here. Nobody gives a damn about who or what I am as long as I pay my bills and do not allow my guests to get drunk and run down the locals in an imported sports car. I have passed in easy stages from *El Autor Norteamericano* to Señor Ruark to Don Roberto.

I have no political ax to grind. I am not here to tell Franco how to run his country. In return the *Caudillo* does not tell me how to write. I do not meddle. This is not head-hiding. I simply believe that a guest should not quarrel with his host over the way he runs the house.

Spain is certainly a dictatorship. But Spain to me is also very nearly the last stronghold of individualism. The people of Spain have faces, and the faces are not mass-produced assembly-line replicas of a dictated trend. The people of Spain have style, and style is almost obsolete.

But mostly Spain has pride, and some of it has rubbed off on me. After 10 years of happy acceptance, I am proud to be a Spaniard in the mood in which I am accepted—as an American who lives quietly in a foreign country which makes no objection to my passport or my appalling accent. I am, I trust, a good guest, and so I hope to remain until they plant me under the pine trees in the backyard next to the dogs who lived a good life in a good house. THE END

Fascist emblem and memorial cross flank ▶ gate of ancient walled city of Córdoba.

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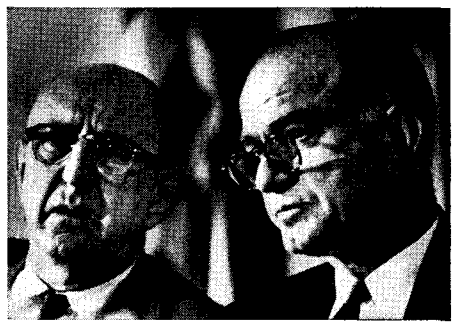
CAN JOHNSON GET CONGRESS MOVING?

By Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

Mike Mansfield

Richard B. Russell and J. William Fulbright



Everett M. Dirksen

After a year of legislative paralysis Congress is showing signs of coming to life. It finally passed the tax cut, and civil rights is through the House—but Lyndon Johnson wants more than that to show voters this fall. To succeed where John Kennedy failed, he needs active support from a dozen congressional grandees.

No Congress in recent history has failed more spectacularly as a legislative body than the present 88th Congress did during its first session. Dominated by a handful of willful men—most of them members of the President's own party—it consistently thwarted John Kennedy's legislative program. Time and again obstructionist tactics on the part of these congressional barons prevented action on Administration proposals which otherwise would almost certainly have passed. The result was that Kennedy went to his death last November with virtually none of his program enacted into law.

Now this same Congress faces another President, and political observers are watching to see whether Lyndon Baines Johnson will turn out to be the Daniel who can tame these irascible old lions of Congress. The first signs are auspicious. The $11.5 billion tax-cut bill, for example, finally was passed by both houses after nearly two years of delay.

There are three main reasons why Johnson may succeed where his immensely popular predecessor did not. First, this is an election year when most of the legislators will have to account to the voters for their actions or lack of action. Second, like many congressional leaders, Johnson is a Southerner—the first Southerner to occupy the White House since Woodrow Wilson. And third, Johnson is the only authentic congressional leader to have become President in this century.

Having been a leading lion of Congress himself, Johnson is an expert on the care and feeding of congressional lions. He has already wined and dined almost every single U.S. senator and representative in the elegant White House drawing rooms and danced their wives around the East Room. No one knows better than he how susceptible the grandees of Congress are to such simple flattery.

He also knows the art of practical politics as few Presidents ever have; his ability to play the legislative game made him the most effective majority leader in the history of the Senate. In 1957, for example, when he was building up a political arsenal to force President Eisenhower's civil-rights bill through the Senate, he surprised his staff aides with a most curious decision on an appropriation bill. Johnson cut each item in that bill by a systematic 20 percent—except for one comparatively small amount earmarked for the Passamaquoddy power project in eastern Maine. When the bill went to the Senate floor, it passed in routine fashion. Nothing was said about the special privilege accorded the Passamaquoddy project. Several months later, when the civil-rights bill came up for debate, Sen. Margaret Chase Smith, the Maine Republican, cast her vote with Johnson on several vital amendments. Loss of these amendments would have meant loss of the bill, and Mrs. Smith's vote was crucial. Of course, it is possible that the distinguished senator from Maine would have voted with Johnson anyway, but Johnson's assist on the politically potent Passamaquoddy project was no discouragement.

"President Johnson knows more about the uses of power than any man," says Sen. Richard B. Russell of Georgia, who is not given to exaggeration. "When he was majority leader of the Senate, he could get three votes when all he had to offer a senator was a new office or a committee assignment. Now he's President, with the greatest power in the world at his disposal."

Probably even more important to Johnson than his stored-up knowledge of congressional politics and personalities is his regional kinship with the men who really run Congress—most of them Southerners. These men, crafty with age, suspicious of presidential power and jealous of

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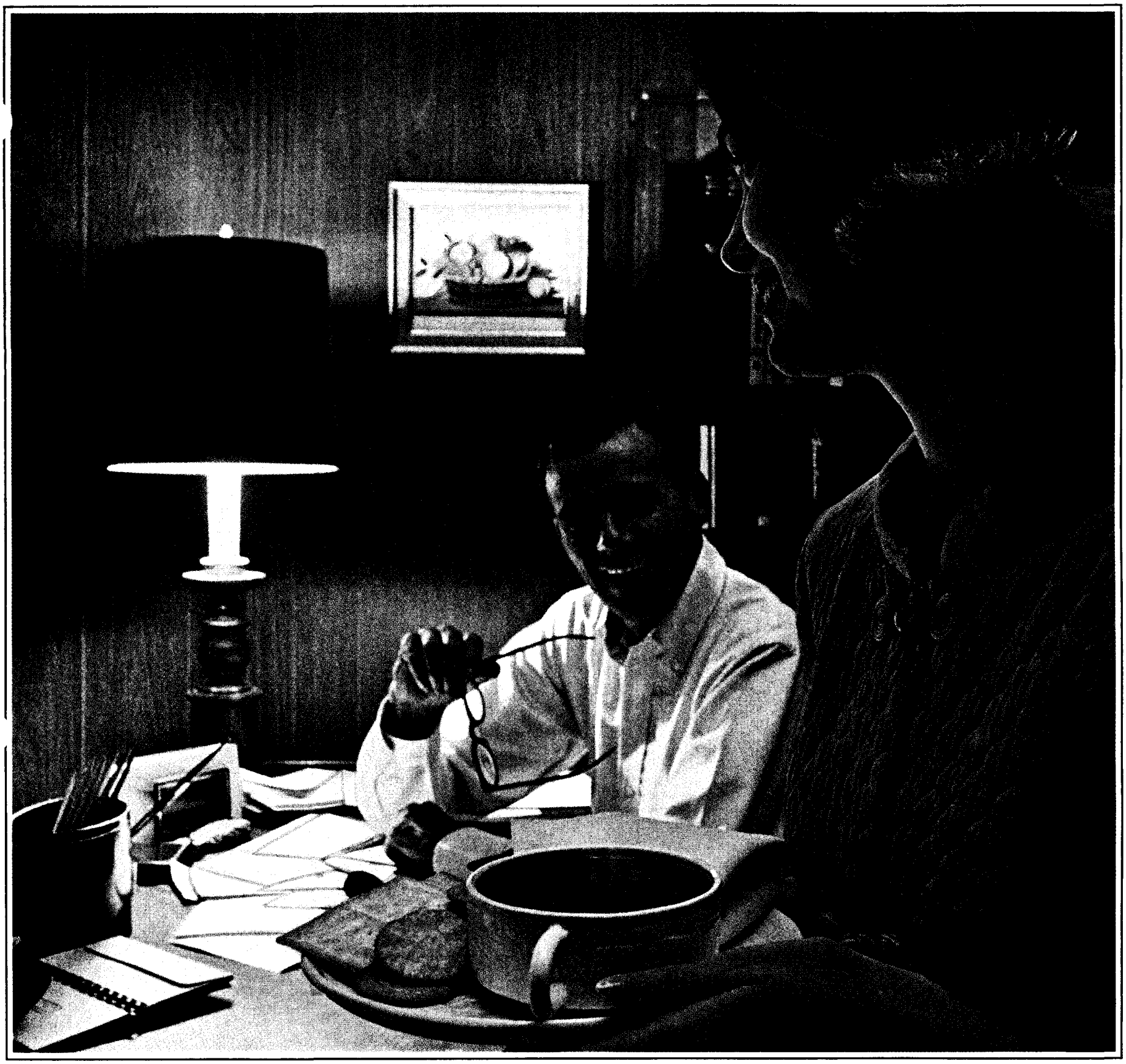
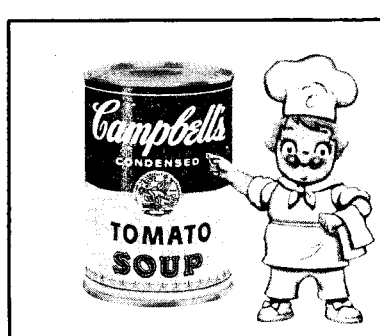


Next time he's frowning over family finances, see if he won't smile over 4¢ worth of soup

Nights when your husband checks the checks, give him Campbell's Tomato Soup when he begins to look done in. There's something wonderfully comforting about that good soup. Gives a man a lift while he's figuring, lets him sleep when he's through. Doubly cheering when you figure a serving costs only 4¢.

Soup this good just has to be *Campbell's*



More than 30 kinds (M'm! M'm! Good!)

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Stop in at 41 Orchard Road, Singapore

Or 5 Rue Defent
Or Schwarzwaldstrasse 45
Or Via Cigna 63

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Hubert H. Humphrey

John W. McCormack

Harry F. Byrd

Clarence Cannon

Charles A. Halleck

"Johnson knows more about power than any other man."

their own prerogatives, are expert in the legislative arts of delay and obstruction; but it is not impossible that they will try to be kind to their fellow Southerner and help to make him a great President.

"The Southerners who have controlled the Senate for so long," says a liberal Democrat from the North, "know now that their time is running out. They stand on the threshold of a revolutionary breakthrough in civil rights, and they know they can't block it much longer. At this very moment, when the pressure for civil rights is growing irresistible, a Southerner suddenly becomes President—a Southerner whose belief in civil-rights reform is beyond question."

As recent weeks of filibustering show, however, no civil-rights bill is going to pass without a fight. The congressional Southerners have two choices. They can oppose the new President on civil rights with all the force they used against Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower and John Kennedy. If they choose to do this, they could wreck Johnson's vaunted reputation, defeat much of his program and even endanger his election. Or, in a variety of subtle ways, they can imperceptibly ease his path so that he goes into the 1964 campaign fresh from a triumphant session. This course could greatly strengthen the southern voice not only in the Democratic Party but in the nation.

Whether, in fact, Congress gives Johnson the legislation he wants—civil rights, foreign aid, anti-poverty and the rest—depends on perhaps a dozen men, not just the official leaders but the unofficial ones who often hold the greatest power of all. In Johnson's own old club, the Senate, the most important of these is Dick Russell, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, patriarch of the southern Democrats and a crafty parliamentarian.

Shortly after Johnson was chosen as the Democratic leader in 1953, he went to Russell and asked the Georgian to change his old seat in the Senate and move to the seat directly behind his own.

Johnson insisted that he needed Russell within desk-to-desk whispering distance whenever the going got sticky. Russell moved. For the next seven years his advice to Johnson in the rough and tumble of debate was invaluable. Often Russell alone knew how to pick a path through the parliamentary jungles. And last November, when Johnson returned from Dallas as President, one of his first questions at the airport was, "Where's Dick?" In view of this intimate, almost avuncular relationship, it is certainly possible that Russell will act in a slightly more benign fashion toward his one-time protégé than he would, say, toward some big-city Democrat—even on civil rights. The importance of a subtle shift of attitude by Russell and other Southerners who fought for a Johnson presidential candidacy in 1960 can hardly be overstated.

Signs that such a shift may be coming were evident in the first days of the Johnson presidency. For example, Russell's statement on civil rights, soon after Johnson's State of the Union speech, was a flat prediction. "Under the existing circumstances," he said, "the odds in favor of this shortsighted and disastrous legislation are very great." A few days later, Russell told a reporter for the Atlanta *Constitution*, "We would have beaten President Kennedy, but now I won't predict. It will be three times harder."

If the Southerners do decide that Johnson must be judiciously helped—so that a southern President will have a chance to be a great President—they will go to elaborate lengths to conceal their aid. They will attack the civil-rights bill with even more passion than in the past. They will never admit that the substitution of a Southerner for a Northerner in the White House has made the slightest change in their will to resist.

A major concession

Another sign that the Southerners may be ready to make hidden concessions to Johnson came from conservative Sen. Harry F. Byrd, the apple-cheeked chairman of the tax-writing Finance Committee and perhaps the second-most-important Senate grandee after Russell. When Johnson followed through on his promise to trim the budget, Byrd ordered full-speed sessions on the tax bill the day Congress reconvened. And he did so even though he knew as well as anyone that the longer he held up the tax bill the greater was the chance to catch the civil-rights bill in a time squeeze this summer.

Johnson's relationship with other senatorial grandees differs from President Kennedy's less in loyalties to command than in mood and tone. His intimate knowledge of the ways of the Senate and of the men in the Senate—many of whom owe their present power to committee assignments he gave them 10 years ago—may make it somewhat easier for him than for his predecessors to solve long-standing controversies over foreign aid, welfare spending and other issues. Lyndon Johnson knows where all the bodies are buried on Capitol Hill—he buried some himself.

In trying to get his program through Congress, Johnson has already given far more weight to the opinions of such foreign-affairs specialists as Senators J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota, majority whip, than did Truman, Eisenhower or Kennedy. He also knows that one way to reduce congressional resistance is to avoid asking Congress for too much: He has reduced his request for new foreign-aid money by over one billion dollars.

As a result, he can probably expect at least as much support from leaders like Senator Fulbright as President Kennedy received. And from Senator Humphrey he will get even more. Humphrey will make superhuman efforts on Johnson's behalf in hopes that Johnson will pick him for the vice-presidential nomination.

From Sen. Mike Mansfield of Montana, the majority leader, who is somewhat less powerful than his title implies, Johnson will, of course, get all the help Mansfield can give him in lining up the senatorial Democrats. By the same token he can expect constant opposition from the Senate's leading Republican lion, Sen. Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois.

Although the Senate Republicans are outnumbered two to one by the Democrats, Dirksen will naturally be doing everything he can in the coming months to defeat Johnson in the November election. The G.O.P. leader has a good many conservative allies on the Democratic side, but he also has a half dozen liberal defectors in his own party who vote straight Democratic much of the time.

Moreover, he has very little in the way of reward and punishment to use in influencing votes, while the Democrats have a great deal. On one close issue last fall, for instance, Dirksen thought he had a bare majority lined up against a Kennedy-backed foreign-aid proposal. He was counting on the vote of one particular northern Democrat. But when the vote was taken, the Democrat sided with President Kennedy. Walking out of the chamber later, Dirksen met the man he had been counting on.

"You certainly gave me a clout on that one, Senator," he said reproachfully.

The Democrat looked sheepish. "Senator," he said, "what would you do if they offered your partner a district judgeship?"

"Say no more, say no more," Dirksen replied. In his repertoire, Dirksen has little more to attract votes than his wits and a fairly long collection of political I O U's. It is a weakness that plagued him when Kennedy was President, and it remains under Johnson.

But Dirksen and Johnson are intimate friends from their days of running the Senate together, and both are political moderates. Now that Johnson is President, their relationship may be more fragile because of the political pressures of an election year, but Dirksen will remain an essentially friendly antagonist. Even were he unfriendly, moreover, his power to affect the Johnson record is probably a good deal less than that of the southern Democrats.

Johnson's worst trouble with the Republicans will come not from Dirksen but from the House Republicans, led by Charley Halleck, second member of the famous "Ev and Charlie" team. Halleck is still smarting from Johnson's mailed-

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fist refusal to let the House recess over Christmas. In the battle about selling wheat to Russia, Johnson finally got the agreement he wanted, but it cost him precious goodwill among the Halleck Republicans. And Halleck's spirited opposition to the new President has refurbished his reputation with old-pro Republicans who had thought he was getting too chummy with the White House.

When Halleck told Kennedy last fall that he would support most of the Administration's civil-rights bill, one angry Republican put an umbrella, symbol of the appeasement of Hitler at Munich, on Halleck's desk in the House. But during the hectic Christmas week, Halleck made a remarkable recovery among his former detractors. He beat the President on the first two wheat votes and lost the third only after Administration leaders had spent 10 hours on the telephone, tracking down vacationing Democrats and ordering them back to Washington.

Halleck is feeling his oats and moving his cohorts into this final session of the 88th Congress more united than they have been in years. Johnson is quite aware of this. Early this year he gave Halleck a celebrated ride to the White House for a breakfast of "thick bacon"—as Halleck described it—and there undoubtedly will be more courting of this sort. But Halleck has never been overly receptive to courting by a Democratic President, and for the balance of this session, he will be even less so. "It takes more than a piece of thick bacon to buy me," he says.

If Republican opposition to Johnson is somewhat more potent in the House than in the Senate, however, the President can expect slightly more cordial relations with the barons of his own party there than President Kennedy enjoyed. For example, old Clarence Cannon of Missouri, whose smile is like cracked ice, is smiling more warmly this year. As chairman of the Appropriations Committee, whose timetable for action on money bills can make an Administration either run smoothly or almost not run at all, Cannon has been overdue for a thaw and his power to dictate to his committee was wearing thin.

He lost a good deal of respect from committee members when, in the fall of 1962, he refused to take a telephone call from President Kennedy. The spectacle of a Democratic congressman snubbing a popular Democratic President occurred at the climax of the annual foreign-aid fight, when Kennedy dispatched a White House aide to the Capitol to find Cannon.

Even more damaging to Cannon was his destructive feud with the Senate Appropriations Committee, a feud that brought the whole Congress into disrepute. Relations between Cannon and the Senate became so envenomed that for weeks in 1962 Cannon refused to meet with Senate Appropriations committeemen to compromise differing versions of money bills passed by the House and amended by the Senate. Cannon, in short, seemed to be heading for a fall. To avoid it he has become more of a team player, and this will naturally be a boon to the man who leads the team, Lyndon Johnson.

Two of the most powerful members of Cannon's Appropriations Committee, moreover, are Texans, and, like the 19 other Texas Democrats in the House, they are inclined to give a President from Texas the benefit of the doubt. These two—Albert Thomas and George Mahon—head subcommittees that vote well over half the total federal budget each year. Should Cannon prove uncooperative, the Thomas-Mahon combination could be an effective counterforce.

A second House baron of major importance to the President is Rep. Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, who, as head of the Ways and Means Committee, is the tax man of Congress. House passage of the Kennedy tax bill last fall was largely the work of Mills. But Mills never gave Kennedy one of his most cherished projects—the Medicare bill to provide hospital care for the aged under Social Security. Johnson is finding Mills no easier to deal with on this score than did the late President. To get the bill through Mills's committee, Johnson almost certainly will have to convert Mills himself, and there is nothing so far to indicate that he will have any more luck in this than Mr. Kennedy did. But with this one exception, Mills is basically an Administration type who is going to be with Johnson more often than against him.

A potent threat

The really potent threat to Johnson in the House, aside from the Republicans, is old Judge Howard W. Smith of Virginia. Smith has been giving Presidents sleepless nights ever since 1955, when he became chairman of the Rules Committee, which controls the flow of legislation between the standing committees and the floor of the House. His power to speed or balk presidential requests for legislation was dictatorial until 1961, when Kennedy supporters "packed" Smith's 12-member committee with three new members, two of whom were Administration supporters. Theoretically this gave the Administration eight votes, one more than the southern Democrats and their allies, the conservative Republicans. The new lineup helped, but Smith's personal power as chairman is still formidable. He can refuse to call hearings on bills approved by the standing committees, or he can spin them out for many weeks, as he did with hearings on the civil-rights bill. This power and Smith's position as the unofficial leader of all House conservatives—Republicans and Democrats—make him by all odds the No. 1 threat to Johnson's operations on Capitol Hill.

Helping the President in any battle with Judge Smith and the other unofficial rulers of the House will be Speaker John W. McCormack of Massachusetts and Majority Leader Carl Albert of Oklahoma. They are the draft horses of the President's party in the lower chamber. Everything they could do to pull Kennedy's wagon they did. For Johnson they will do no less. Furthermore, McCormack and Albert may now find it slightly easier to bring in the votes of some conservative Democrats who consistently voted against President Kennedy because of resentment over his civil-rights policies. The bitterness which these policies engendered in much of the South had spread to infect other issues having nothing to do with civil rights. As a consequence, some southern congressmen had taken to voting against everything with a Kennedy label. President Johnson, at least for the time being, has no such handicap.

In both houses of Congress, moreover, Johnson has two other factors working for him that President Kennedy did not have during the last congressional session. One is that Congress itself is beginning to worry about its reputation for wasting time and squandering its powers in useless investigations, globe-trotting and internal feuding. The resulting round of self-examination could even tighten up some time-wasting procedures. President Johnson's own words suggest the line he may take in the campaign next fall if Congress doesn't improve.

"If we fritter and fumble away our opportunity in needless, senseless quarrels between . . . Congress and the Administration," he said in his State of the Union speech, "then history will rightfully judge us harshly. . . . Here in the Congress you can demonstrate effective legislative leadership by discharging the public business with clarity and dispatch, voting each important proposal up or voting it down, but at least bringing it to a fair and final vote."

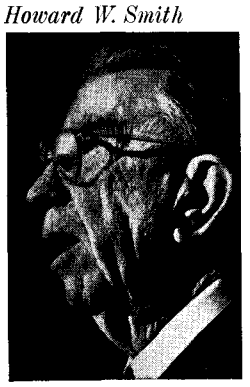
The second added factor is, of course, that 1964 is an election year. The barons of Congress know that the Democrats' chances of holding the White House will depend to a considerable extent on the legislative record Lyndon Johnson can show the voters. However divisive the normal interests of the northern liberals and the southern conservatives, Democrats of both persuasions are interested in retaining their power.

"The Democratic Party in an election year is one of the world's most curious phenomena," says Bryce Harlow, President Eisenhower's one-time chief congressional lobbyist. "It splits together. Mark my words, Johnson's Congress will legislate to beat the band this year."

THE END

Carl Albert

Howard W. Smith



Wilbur Mills

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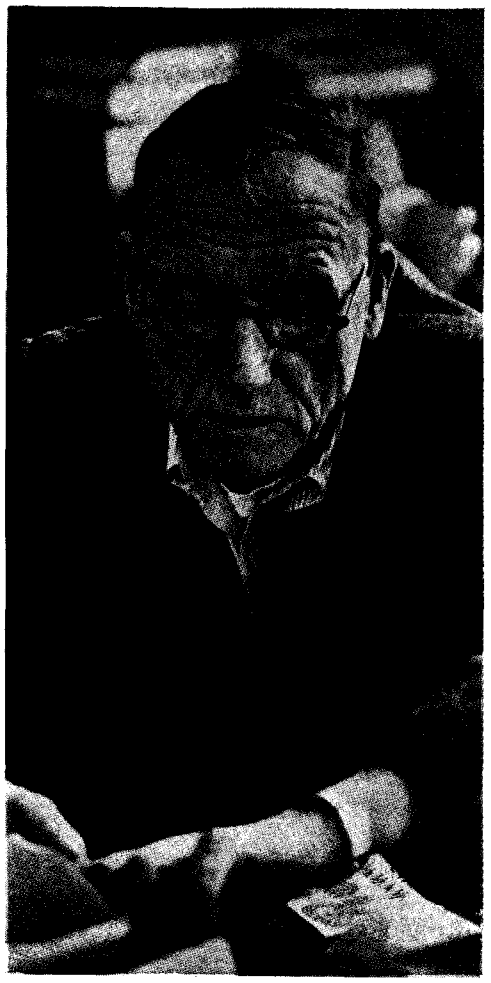

ROBERT PENN WARREN

Many critics believe that Robert Penn Warren is America's most distinguished living author. He has been successful in virtually every literary form. Warren has written eight novels (among them the spectacularly successful *All the King's Men*, which won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in 1947); several novellas and many short stories (collected in *The Circus in the Attic*); many volumes of poetry (including *Promises*, which won both the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1958); verse narrative (*Brother to Dragons*); biography (*John Brown*); essays (his *Selected Essays* appeared in 1958); and reportage (his book *Segregation* won the Sidney Hillman Award in 1957). He also has been an editor (of *The Southern Review*), an anthologist (with Albert Erskine he compiled *A Southern Harvest*), and a teacher, critic and scholar of literature. It is in this last role that he prepared, with the critic Cleanth Brooks, the college textbook *Understanding Poetry*, which, to quote *The Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature*, "has probably been the most influential single factor in shaping the teaching of English in America during the 20th century"—for it introduced into undergraduate courses the close textual examination of literature practiced by the so-called New Criticism, a movement with which Warren had been associated from its beginnings. He is, in short, a versatile man of letters in the old-fashioned, 19th-century sense, and as such he stands virtually alone in an age of increasing literary specialization.

It is remarkable how independent of groups and schisms his literary reputation is. He appears, for instance, almost uniquely between the generation of Fitzgerald, Faulkner, and Hemingway, and the "younger" generation of Saul Bellow, Irwin Shaw, William Styron, Norman Mailer and the other novelists who appeared after World War II.

The most purely American of writers, Warren has nevertheless had much experience in Europe. He was a Rhodes scholar and in 1930 was awarded the degree of Bachelor of Letters at Oxford. He wrote the first draft of *All the King's Men* in Rome, finding himself best able to focus on his Huey Long-like protagonist while watching Mussolini in action. His wife, Eleanor Clark, is the author of the classic travel study *Rome and a Villa*. And his forthcoming novel, *Flood*, was largely written in France, where American speech patterns seemed clearer to him. "Writing where the language around you is foreign," he said recently, "gives you a sense of inner privacy, of personal possession of the language you are writing in."

He bridges, in some curious way, too, the deep division between North and South in American writing. Born in Guthrie, Ky., in 1905, he now lives in Fairfield, Conn. As an undergraduate at Vanderbilt University he was one of the extraordinary group of creative people contributing to *The Fugitive*, a little magazine devoted to Southern poetry, and he was one of the contributors to *I'll Take My Stand*, the manifesto of Southern agrarianism. But he was one of the first of the important Southern writers to take a strong stand for Negroes on the matter of civil rights, as his book *Segregation* shows. He has taught at various Southern universities, but more recently he has been at the University of Minnesota, and he is now professor of English at Yale.

But perhaps the most important way in which Robert Penn Warren represents a bridge between divided worlds is that in a time when contemporary literature has tended to go one way and the American reading public another, he has the distinction of being a serious writer who nevertheless has a wide reading public—all of his eight novels have been best-sellers as well as major critical successes. Warren feels that his new novel, *Flood*, is one of his three best, putting it with *All the King's Men* and *World Enough and Time*. "Moths Against the Screen," which begins on the next page, is a narrative excerpted from that book. Random House will publish *Flood: A Romance of Our Time* later this month, and it has already been chosen as the May selection of the Literary Guild.

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Moths against the screen

An excerpt from a major new novel

By ROBERT PENN WARREN

Bradwell Tolliver, standing in the dark in the upstairs bedroom in the old house in Fiddlersburg, Tennessee, which he had occupied as a boy, leaned on the windowsill and stared down into the darkness of the garden. He saw the glow of the cigarette far off, down there near the darker darkness of the ruined gazebo that hung over the river. Then, a few feet away from it, he saw the flare of a match. So they were there. There were his sister Maggie Tolliver—Mrs. Calvin Fiddler—and her lover. Or was he her lover? Well, it was time, wasn't it? When for twenty years she had been waiting here, alone in this ruin of a house, waiting for her husband, up there in the prison on the hill behind Fiddlersburg, to answer a letter, to say yes, he would see her, just see her, speak to her, if nothing else.

Twenty years, Bradwell Tolliver thought. Twenty years since it had happened, since he himself had lived in this house and had tried to be a writer, and his wife Lettice, who had fled with him to this spot to be alone with him out of the world—where was she now?—had lived in this house with him, and they had loved each other. Or, he thought, had they?

How, after twenty years, could you know that you had loved somebody? Or even know what love was? How could you know anything after so much had happened? It had happened twenty years ago.

And it was happening now. It was happening between the covers of that thick black volume that lay on the table behind him, in the dark of the room. He knew how, in a minute, he would get the courage to turn and switch on the big pivot fluorescent work lamp and open the thick volume and stare at the page of yellowing typescript, stare at whichever page he happened to open first.

And it would all be happening again.

Prosecuting Attorney: Where were you on the afternoon of Saturday, October 5, 1940?
A: I was in my study—the room I work in—reading.
Q: At what time did you come down?
A: Around six-thirty.
Q: How come you know the time?
A: My wife called me at six. She called up from the garden and said it was six o'clock.
Q: Not what your wife told you—what you know of your own certain knowledge. Do you know what time it was?
A: I know what time my watch said—if that is good enough for you.
Q: Your Honor, may the witness be instructed to ——
Judge: The witness is instructed to answer the question without comment.
Q: What time was it when you come down?
A: When my wife called me, I had a few more pages to finish a book, so I did not go down right away. I finished the book, then I lay on the bed a few minutes, then I ——
Q: Answer the question, please.
A: I am trying to answer it.
Q: I don't see how you laying on the bed answers anything, or ——
Defense Attorney: Your Honor, I object. I object to this irrelevant heckling of the witness. And may I, Your Honor, remark that a level of common literacy might enhance the dignity of this ——

At one o'clock one Sunday afternoon in April, 1940, on the screened porch tacked on at the north end of the house, Bradwell Tolliver, sitting in a black robe of coarse silk, by Sulka, a gift the previous Christmas from his wife, laid his fork down beside the half-finished waffle and looked out, beyond the random jonquils, over the mud-red river.

"Darling," his wife said, "if your waffle is cold, I'd love to make another."

"It's not that," he said.

He decided that it must be the booze. In a poker session from eight P.M. to five A.M., a man could take on a little.

But he knew it was not.

"It must be because it's Sunday," he said.

He thought of Sunday, of the eternity of time it would take the sun to cross the sky to die. He thought of going fishing. But he could not stand the thought. He thought of all the books in the house, of the magazines yet in those brown wrappers, piled under the table in the hall. He could not bear the thought of reading. He thought of the unfinished

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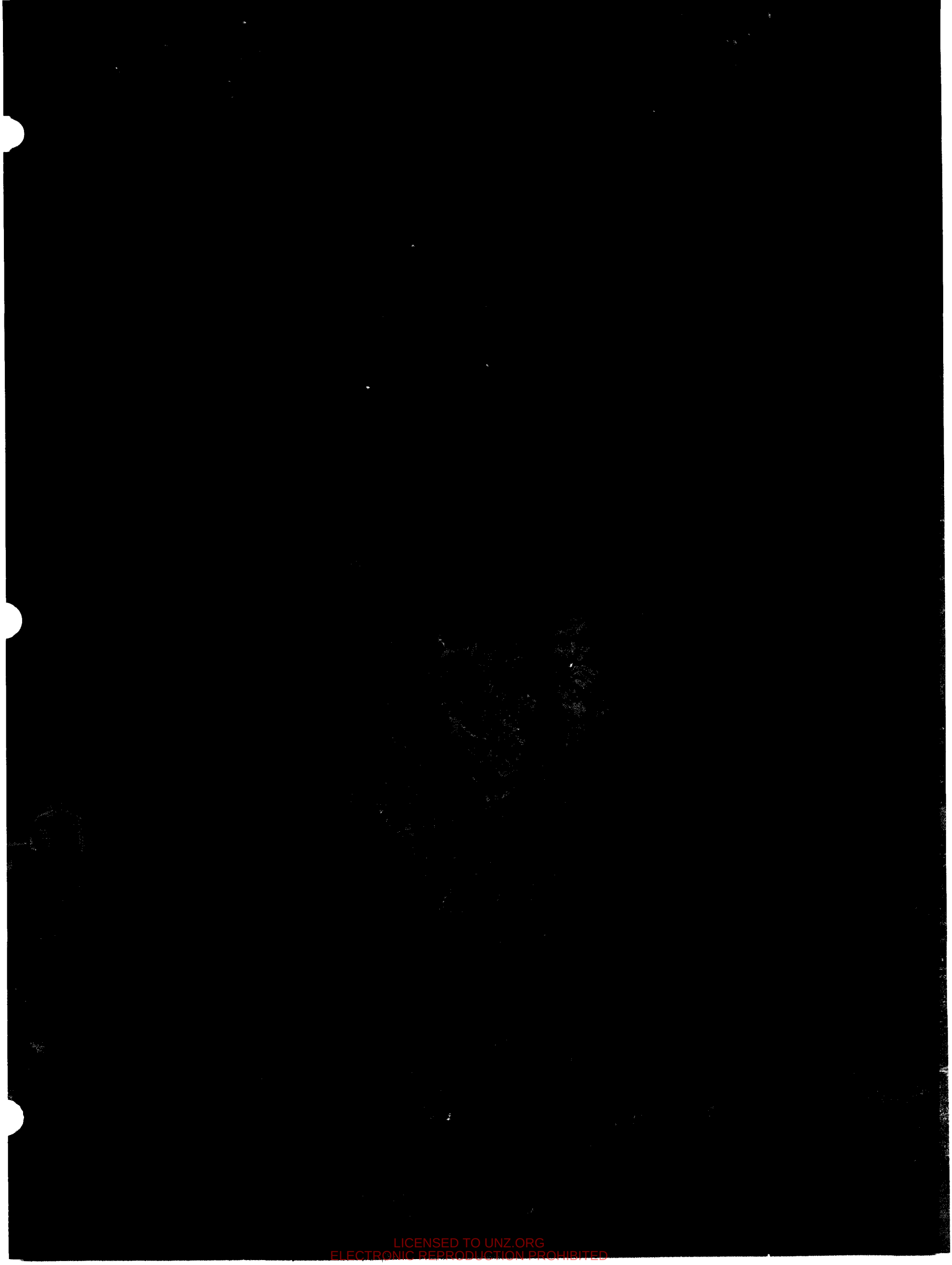

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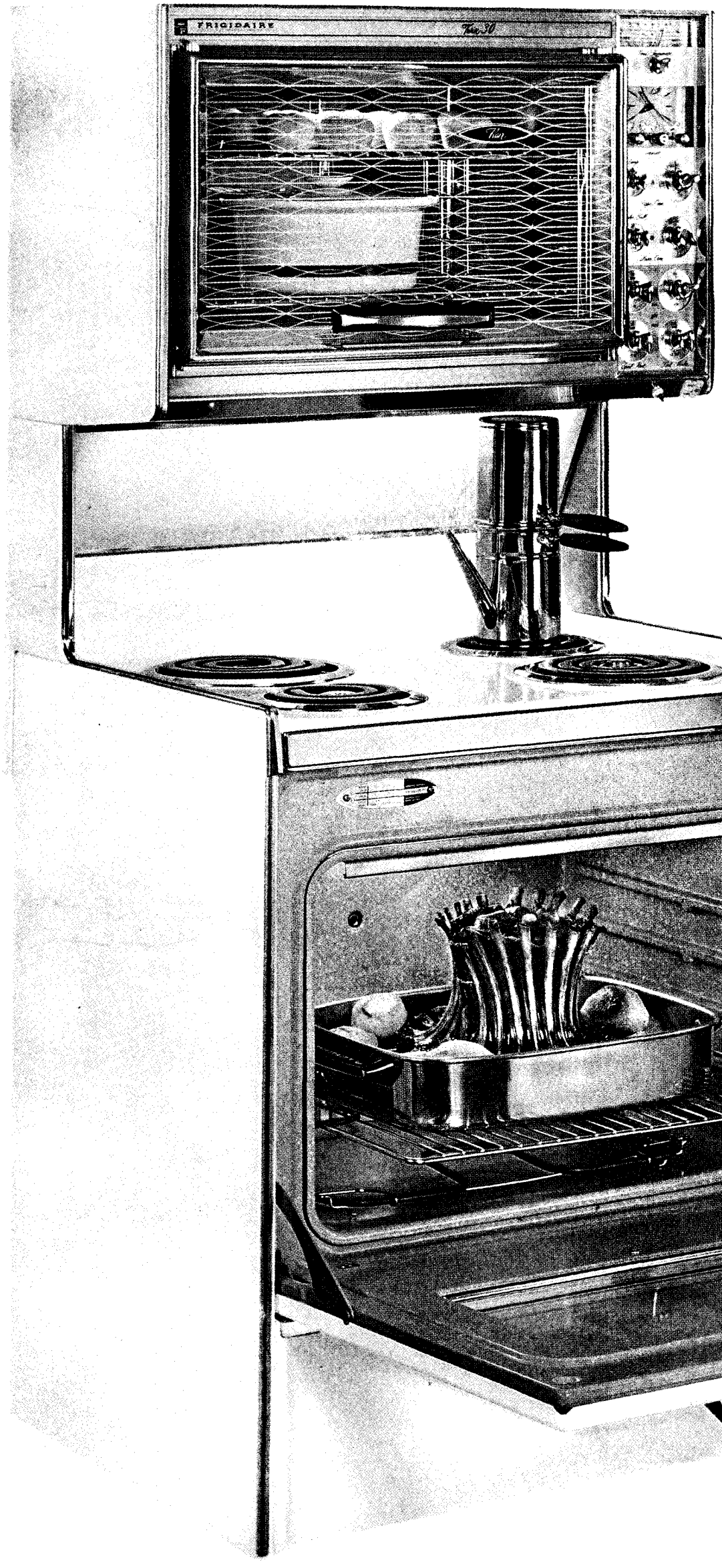

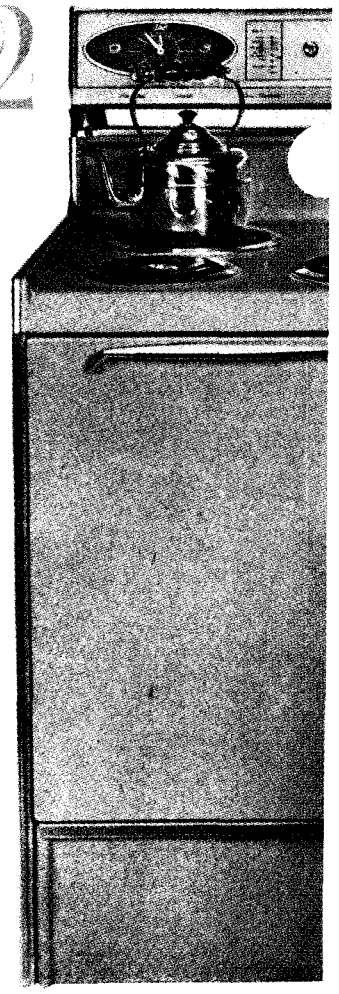

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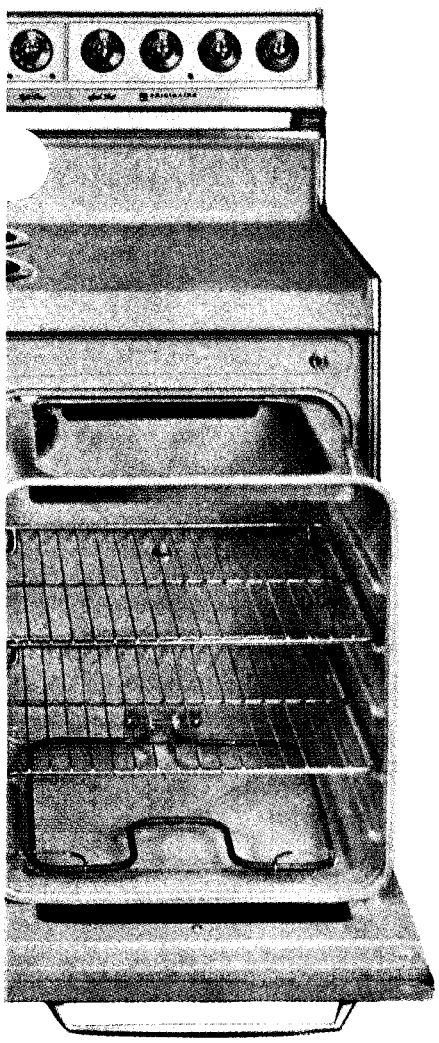

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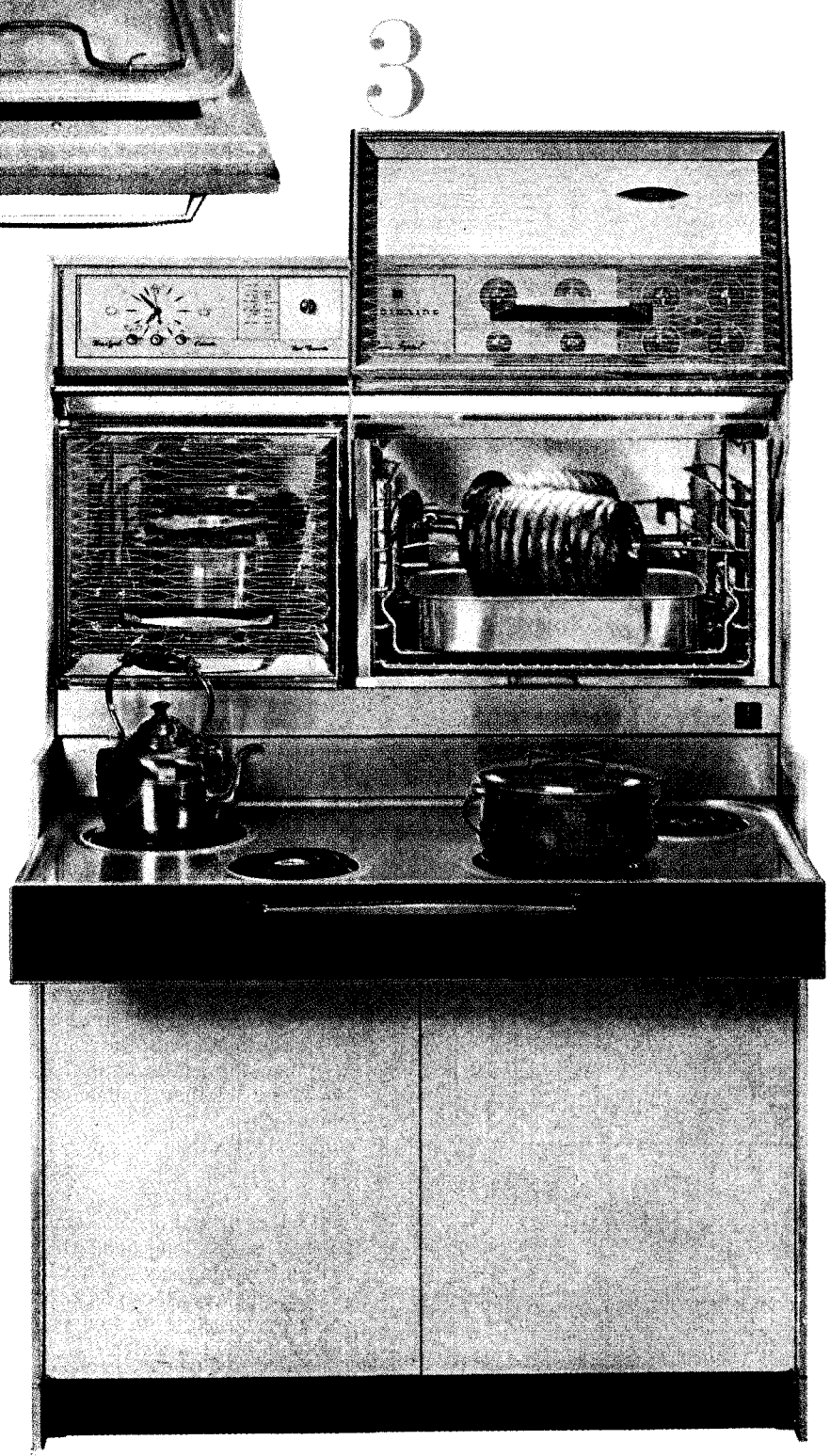

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Moths Against the Screen

sheet in his typewriter, upstairs. He could not bear that thought.

He could not bring himself to look across the table because he was thinking of the late Sunday afternoons when they had sat side by side in a bar in the Village, or hand in hand had walked among the dark, mist-wreathed warehouses on the Hudson, or had lain side by side on the bed in the room on MacDougal Street, while her muted voice told about herself, about her heart, about her body, about her life, in her aphrodisiac agony of expiation and surrender.

Now it was Sunday afternoon in Fiddlersburg, and all he now had was, in love and innocence, herself.

"Hell," he said, out loud.

"Hell what?" she said, and reached a thin, strong, tanned tennis-player's hand across the table to lay it on his hand.

He knew that when he turned toward her she would be smiling with the little wrinkles at the corners of her eyes; and the fox-brown eyes would be forgiving him everything, in total indulgence, because she loved him.

"Hell," he said, and looked at her, "let's go to Mexico!"

"Mexico?"

"Not," he said, "because I love Mexico, but because I need a change, and everywhere else in the world the damned crooks are fighting their wars. Besides, I might get careless in Mexico. We could call him Pepito. How would you like that?"

She would like it all right, she said. She didn't want to wait till she was ninety for her first pregnancy. It might be hard on the arthritis. She loved him, she added, as though irrelevantly.

They would go to Mexico in November, it was decided. That would let them enjoy Fiddlersburg, the speedboat and the guests they had invited this summer, and get his sister Maggie out of that little hotbox of an apartment in Nashville for a few weekends of fun. And it was great, she said, that in the fall, when Cal had finished interning, they could turn over the house to Cal and Maggie just by themselves, and that the pair of 'em could really start living after Nashville. She would love to help them get settled, she said in the tone of an old married lady.

While she talked, he sat there and looked over the river and thought of Mexico. He began to feel better. Nothing specific, merely a faint lift of spirit. He looked at her.

"How about giving a guy a cup of coffee?" he said and grinned. He was aware of the grin. It was broad, innocent, heavily boyish.

She grinned back. She rose, with a wide swoop of green silk sleeves, and poured the coffee. She leaned over and blew lightly into the crew cut, on the very top of his head.

He thought of being with her, in Mexico.

He thought how, long back when he had been getting nowhere with his writing in that hole on MacDougal Street, she had proposed that they go to Mexico, and he had refused because it would have to be on her money. Well, he could afford it now.

He thought of all the people in Fiddlersburg getting up from Sunday dinner and having to live through the afternoon, through the comics and the war news, through the cold supper, through the evening service. He thought of the last hymn, far off, drifting over the night of Fiddlersburg.

In that special light shed by the floating vision of Mexico, the summer swung past. The guests came for the weekends. There were the local drop-ins, and the young engineers from up in Kentucky. Maggie came almost every other weekend. Cal came three times, and the first time had trouble decently controlling his pleasure at the prospect of being alone with Maggie in the house for the coming year.

"Hell," Brad said, "think nothing of it. You and Maggie fill the house with kids. I'm thinking of building us a kind of lodge on the ridge back there, where the cold spring is. Something we can lock up and walk away from."

There was the aquaplane, the gin rickey, the poker, the bridge. There was the fishing and the swamp. There were the hours of simply staring at Fiddlersburg, in an avid ritual of good-bye.

There was, even, work. He was deep into a story that might turn into a novel, and she was doing sketches of the swamp and Frog-Eye. She was planning a portrait of Frog-Eye. "Yep," she would say, "and I'm going to call it *Guide, Philosopher and Friend.*"

"Don't smile when you say that," Brad threatened. "For that is exactly what Frog-Eye was to me. We fished every square foot of water and hunted every square foot of woods for three counties around, and there's some pretty wild counties. Frog-Eye taught me all I know. Including, I must confess, a few things I wasn't old enough to know. For there was the extra curricula and ——"

"Ugh," she said, with a histrionic shudder, "I bet it was revolting."

"Freely granted," he agreed, "but don't be a snob, a loathly Park Avenue snob. Just because Frog-Eye is a swamp rat."

"He is a swamp rat," she said gaily, "but he *is* beautiful. He *is* hideously beautiful."

So she made Frog-Eye come to the house and sit on the porch by the hour, squatting on his heels, motionless except when he would reach down to pick up a glass of whiskey and water. He would wipe the edge of the glass on his sleeve, in the unconscious gesture of wiping the nipple of a communal jug, and then take a low, fastidious sip, set the glass back down on the floor between his knees, and sink into his stillness, like a backwater in shadow unrippled by any wind.

Then in early September, the package came. And in the same mail, a letter from Telford Lott. This, Telford Lott wrote, was an advance copy of a novel to be published in October. It was going to create an international sensation, he predicted. And justly, for it was the masterwork of a master writer, who, in this, had at last discovered the deep truth of man's relation to other men, and had fused it with his own tragic sense of individual destiny. It was, he added, the book that, in his own way, Bradwell Tolliver might have written.

Bradwell Tolliver stood at the edge of the high curb in front of the post office, under the corrugated-iron awning, the letter in one hand, the unopened parcel in the other, and felt the world, the river, the flats beyond, the Confederate monument, the buildings of River Street, all heave and yaw in the ten-o'clock sunblaze of the season. A nausea was coldly clotting in him. His right groin hurt as it had, long back at Darthurst, when he had been kicked during a scrimmage. Fiddlersburg was rising and closing around him like a fog, like a trap. He could not breathe.

He stood there and hated Fiddlersburg and hated Telford Lott. He hated him because it was Telford Lott who had found him and published his book of stories, *I'm Telling You Now*. Because it was Telford Lott who had made him think he was a writer. Because it was Telford Lott who had tried, after he got back from fighting in Spain—fighting for what? he now savagely asked himself—to make him write a novel about that lousy killing in Spain. Because it was Telford Lott who had just now, in that letter, given him that last comfort, and last insult, of saying that this book, the book in the package in his hand, whatever the hell that book was, was the book he might have written.

The book was *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, by Ernest Hemingway.

During the next weeks, he must have picked up the parcel a hundred times, only to lay it down unopened. For a week it was on his work table, and he did not write a line. He put it on the mantelpiece, with other books and papers. It stared at him from the mantelpiece. He dropped it on the closet floor among old sneakers, waders, hunting boots, a cigar box of discarded tackle; and shut the door.

Work was out of the question. He could not read. He became short and sardonic with people. He walked much at night.

One night when he came in about two-thirty and began to undress in the dark, Lettice spoke from the shadow of the bed.

"Darling, tell me what's the matter."

"Not a damned thing," he said.

"You know," her voice said, "we don't have to go to Mexico."

"The hell we don't," he said, standing naked in the dark.

The hell they didn't.

On the morning of October 4 a long envelope came from Telford Lott. There had been a leak, Telford Lott briefly wrote, in a major review, and he was enclosing a copy, confidential. He knew how much Brad would be interested. Admiration, confidence, regards, he added.

Brad put the letter and the unread review in the wastebasket. He held out until two P.M., just after lunch. Then he opened the original parcel.

It is a long book, 471 pages. By dinner, at seven o'clock, Brad had read 185 pages. Wordlessly he poked at his dinner, then said he had to work that night, maybe an idea was coming on. He started to the door, then halted. He could not bear the thought of going to kiss her. Or even pat her shoulder. She was, somehow, the cause of everything. He did not know how. But everything was the cause of everything, and she was part of everything.

She was, in fact, a tall auburn-haired girl, some twenty-seven years old, sitting in a green-checked gingham dress, at a large table of damaged rosewood, offering him, beyond the candlelight, a smile of puzzled humility. He went to kiss her. There was nothing else to do.

He read until three-thirty in the morning; flung himself down on the cot in his workroom, clothes on, light on; slept till eight-thirty. When he came down for coffee, Lettice had already gone to her studio. He sat at the rosewood table while Irene the Negro cook served him, and felt as he had one morning on MacDougal Street, long ago, when he had waked late, poisoned by the likker, the politics, the assertions and certainties of the evening before, to find that note in her flamboyant scrawl:

Dear Old Mess—
gone to work—got sudden notion—
see you at 4:30—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I thought I'd better mention that somebody's foot is sticking through our ceiling."

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I loved last night
I am going to love tonight
I love YOU
L
P.S. write me something BEAUTIFUL

He saw the note, clear in his head.

That had been the day when he enlisted for Spain. Yes, that had been that day, and this was this day, and there was some appalling logic afoot in the world. He bowed his head over the coffee cup, not yet touched, and did not know what the logic was. But he knew that after the coffee, he would have to go upstairs and pick up that book.

He came down at two-thirty to eat something, standing in front of the refrigerator, alone in the kitchen. The house was silent. He went back upstairs. On the way up, he remarked to himself how hot it was. It was like summer.

Late in the afternoon he heard a car, then Maggie's voice below. Later Lettice called him. Then he finished the last page and lay on the cot and stared at the ceiling. He hoped that Lettice had finished that damned picture of Frog-Eye and Frog-Eye had cleared out. He thought of the drinks to come, the supper on the screened porch with Maggie and that engineer—hell, which one was it?—the bridge game, the badinage, the last insects of the season plopping with remorseless softness against the screen, trying to come in where the light was, like thoughts that made that insane plopping but could not get through to you. He thought of the men who had been killed in Spain. They had not had to find how everything turned out.

He got up. He washed himself in cold water, from the waist up. He pulled on a fresh white T-shirt, brushed his hair, and went downstairs.

Q: Who was on the porch when you came down?
A: There was Tut, and ——
Q: Who?
A: Al Tuttle—they called him Tut.
Q: Is this Tut—or Al Tuttle—the person legally known as Alfred O. Tuttle?
A: I reckon.
Q: What are you reckoning for? Haven't you seen his legal signature?
A: Not that I recollect.
Q: Well, here it is on a check. Look at it. Do you recognize that signature?
A: Well, er ——
Q: Turn the check over. Is that your endorsement?
A: I'd forgotten.
Q: What was that check for?
A: Cards.
Q: You mean gambling?
A: Yes.
Q: How many times did Alfred Tuttle come to your house? Before the last time?
A: Maybe eight or nine.
Q: Did he gamble every time?
A: I reckon.
Q: Were you accustomed to win?
A: I didn't keep books on poker. But I did on bridge, because ——
Q: Were you accustomed to win?
A: I didn't keep books on poker. But I did on bridge, because ——
Q: Were you accustomed to win?
A: I just told you. I don't know about poker. I was trying to improve my bridge, so ——
Q: So your poker didn't need improving, is that it?
A: That's not it, just I was more interested in ——
Q: How much is that check for in your hand?
Defense Attorney: Objection, Your Honor! That paper is not in evidence.
Judge: Sustained.
Q: Now, Mr. Tolliver, did you win a sum of money at cards the night you received this check—Exhibit M?
A: I guess so.
Q: Was it paid by this check?
A: I reckon.
Q: How much is that check for in your hand?
A: One hundred and thirty-five dollars and sixty cents.
Q: Well, I consider that a good night's work. Was that the only time you ever won money from Alfred O. Tuttle?
A: Look here, this is made out to me, but that doesn't mean I won it. I was banking, so all the settlement was made through me.
Q: Your Honor, I'd like to come back later to this piece of business. Now I'd like ——

He put the thick black volume on the table and thought of Alfred O. Tuttle, a big, uncomplicated, scrubbed-looking lad, with long legs and excessively big hands, hands clearly made to quiet a horse or scratch a bird-dog's ears, raised on a poverty ranch in Colorado, by a widowed mother to whom he wrote a letter of confession and apology when he lost $135.60, knowing how much she needed what money he could send, saying he would try to stay away from temptation, using the word he remembered from the white church under the shadow of the Rockies; but he hadn't stayed away from it, and had come back once more, then once more and got shot. He had probably never figured how he had managed to get himself shot. He had not had much time to devote to the job, and was probably not a fast figurer anyway.

Tuttle's mother had sat in the witness stand. That s.o.b. of a prosecutor had brought her, in a black dress and with red, work-raw knuckles, all the way from Colorado to cry on the stand when the letter was read and she identified it.

Q: What is your name?
A: Frog-Eye.
Q: I mean what is your legal name?
A: Gomp.
Q: Gomp? Gomp ain't a name.
A: Hit's mine.
Judge: If there is any further laughter I will clear the court.
Q: Gomp what?
A: Gomp Drumm. Lak my pappy. He was Willy-by Drumm. Now Pap——
Q: Stick to the question, please. Mr. Drumm, where were you on the afternoon of October fifth?
A: The Fiddler place.
Q: Why were you there?
A: Gitten my pitcher painted. 'Cause I'm so purty.
Judge: Order! Order!
Q: Who was painting your picture?
A: Let-tuce.
Q: Who is it you call Let-tuce?
A: Brad's woman—right thar she sets.
Q: You mean Mrs. Tolliver?
A: I mean that 'un setten right thar with all that shiny red ha'r on her haid, and them long limber legs.
Q: Well, tell me, Gomp, how long it takes to paint a pitcher. How long?
A: Wal, we was foolen 'round, it looked nigh all summer.
Defense Attorney: Your Honor, I object. I move the first part of the answer be stricken as not responsive.
Judge: Strike it. The jury will disregard the reference to "foolen 'round." Proceed.
Q: Well, Gomp, how long did it take to paint that picture of you?
A: Lak I said, nigh all summer.
Q: How come, Gomp?
A: Lak I said, we was foolen 'round.
Q: Foolen 'round? What do you mean by foolen 'round?
Defense Attorney: Object! Object! Your Honor, I object that ——

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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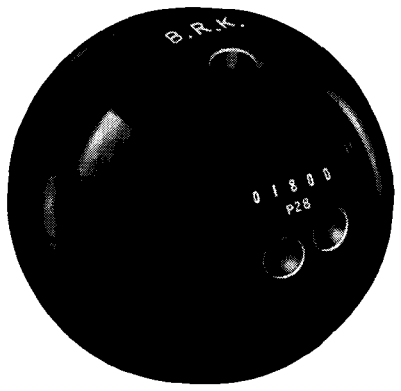

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Moths Against the Screen

Bradwell Tolliver, twenty years later, with the thick black volume in his hands, thought: that s.o.b. Melton Spire, he had made his career out of the case—Congress and all. Brad rose, laid the volume on the table, stood there working his fingers.

He went and looked out the window. The cigarette still showed. So he found a flashlight. No use in making Maggie come boiling in here. He did not want to see Maggie. He did not want to see anybody.

He found his way downstairs, not having to use the flashlight, went down the hall, into the library, beyond the library into the room of his boyhood—the room where among the pasted-up maps from the *National Geographic* and the Erector set and discarded tackle and rusting guns and examples of taxidermy, mangy or molting, the portrait had been left. He turned on the flashlight.

The stuffed coon leaned mournfully over a nonexistent riffle. The owl—an enormous barred owl—stared with hauteur into the darkness beyond the beam of the flashlight. The shrike had long since lost confidence in its own ferocity and seemed ashamed. The beam found the portrait.

The head of Frog-Eye came out of the darkness, forward thrusting, the color of red clay, the nose flat, the wide under-lip pendulous and aggressive, with no chin below, only a bulging muscularity of throat, the left eye near shut, the other glaring wide. It was the head of a frog, not green but red, set on the torso of a Greek god shirted in bold tatters of blue-checked gingham. Frog-Eye crouched there in the black skiff, paddle across knees, eye glaring out, that eye the center of a world of green leaf and shadow and mottled gleam on black water, all the items that, one by one, seemed to rise from and then lose identity in the unmoving swirl around that angry center of animal omniscience, the eye.

Brad stood a long time before the portrait. The ray of the flashlight seemed to be dimming. Then he remembered.

The prosecutor had asked, "Did you see Bradwell Tolliver turn on the phonograph?"

And Frog-Eye had answered, "Yes."

And the prosecutor, "After he turned on the phonograph what did he do?"

And Frog-Eye had blinked, grinned, and said, "I had done drunk me a gallon of likker. I had done et me them san-iches they give me. So I laid on the floor and I went to sleep. I ain't seen a thing."

He hadn't seen a thing.

Standing there in the middle of the night, in front of that eye that had seen nothing, Bradwell Tolliver felt a great gush of gratitude. He cut off the light. He stood in the dark and loved Frog-Eye, who had seen nothing.

But he knew that, after a while, he would have to grope his way upstairs, where the thick black volume was.

Q: At what time did the dancing start?
A: About eight o'clock.
Q: Did you start the dancing?
A: To the best of my recollection.
Q: Answer yes or no.
A: Well, yes.
Q: Who was it you started dancing with?
A: My wife, Lettice.
Q: What was she wearing?
Defense Attorney: Your Honor, I object. Of what possible relevancy ——
Judge: Mr. Spire, what is the purpose of that question?
Prosecuting Attorney: I intend to connect it up. I aim to show that when a grown woman is dancing around with tight pants and a little short jacket and a naked middle ——
Defense Attorney: Your Honor, I object.
Judge: Objection sustained.
Q: Well, Mr. Tolliver, was it you made Alfred O. Tuttle dance?
A: Yes.
Q: Who with?
A: My wife.
Q: Anybody else?
A: Yes, with my sister Maggie.
Q: Yes, with your own sister, the wife of Dr. Calvin Fiddler and ——
Defense Attorney: Your Honor, I object.
Judge: Objection sustained.
Q: Did you make them keep on dancing?
A: I don't remember.
Q: So, you don't remember?
A: No.
Q: Did they dance several dances in a row?
A: I don't remember.
Q: So, you don't remember that, either. Were they dancing what folks called "intimate"?
A: I'm damned sure they weren't, if by "intimate" you mean ——
Defense Attorney: Your Honor, I object.
Judge: Objection sustained.
Q: You said you didn't know whether you made them keep on dancing. Is that right?
A: I just don't remember.
Q: You mean you were drunk?
A: I had some drinks ——
Q: Do you mean you were drunk? Is that it? So drunk you can't remember?
Defense Attorney: I object, Your Honor, I object. . . .

Bradwell Tolliver cut off the big pivot light, swung it to one side, and went to the window. He leaned on the ledge, thrust his face close to the screen and looked out.

No, he had not been able to remember. He could not remember now. All he could remember was what they had said in court. But he couldn't remember.

He stared into the night. It was a summer night, no moon, but the sky throbbing with stars. The pervasive crepitation of insects filled the night, like the ringing of the ears in fever. If you shut your eyes, the air brushed against your cheek as sweet as flesh.

He opened his eyes and thought how that night, long ago, had been like this, but then the air had been heavy with the desperate sweetness of the death of the season. He wondered how he could now remember what that night had been like, when he could not remember what had happened. He thought of the people on that porch that night while the phonograph played and their bodies moved in shadow. They had been dancing with the pathos of dolls—he had that vision suddenly in his mind—and he had not known, and did not now know, what was happening to them. He had not known what was happening to himself.

Now he looked down. There, far off at the end of the garden, were the cigarettes glowing in the dark. He tried to hear the sound of voices. Maggie would be saying something to that man—he wondered if they were lovers. She would be trying to tell him. After twenty years she would be trying to tell him what happened. But how could anybody, any time, ever know what really happened? About anything?

". . . made the Tuttle boy get up and dance with Lettice, and then grabbed me. As we danced past, he switched off one of the floor lamps on the porch and Lettice said, no, we were going to play bridge, but Brad laughed, the way he laughed sometimes when he was drinking, and said the hell we were, and danced to cut off the other lamp. That still left a good deal of light from the living room, so he danced me in there and cut off most of that light, leaving the porch very dim. Then he danced back out and got faster and faster, flinging me around and making me dizzy, now and then giving that grinding kind of laugh. In between the laugh and the music I could hear, now and then, how heavy his breath was.

"As soon as the record was over he put on something else, I forget what, and danced me over to Lettice and the Tuttle boy, who were just standing now, and he grabbed her with one hand and with the other shoved me right against the Tuttle boy—I was sort of dizzy, I guess—and said, 'Shake this wench up, Tut,' and danced off with Lettice. The boy began dancing with me slowly and carefully, as though he were afraid to touch me. He was tall and awkward, and had awfully big hands. My hand was lost in his, and I remember when he first put his right hand on my back, carefully as though he might break something, it almost scared me, for just a split second, it was so big.

"Brad had Lettice off in the shadows dancing slow with her, and I heard her whisper something, then louder, 'Oh, you idiot!' but half laughing then, and they danced across what light there was from the living-room door, Brad with his face down, and I could see his mouth against her shoulder, bare, where he had pushed back the jacket she was wearing. They danced past the drink table, and even in the shadow I could see him grab a glass and take a great gulp, and hear Lettice say, 'Oh, Brad, you've had enough, you old pig!' But then he danced her off into the shadows, where they danced quiet and slow, sometimes not even moving, till there was a sort of quick scuffle, and the record stopped.

"He didn't let her go then, just hung on to her wrist like a policeman and dragged her to fix the phonograph, then jerked her into a whirling dance. Then they were in the shadows again, swaying there, and when they danced across the light from the door again I saw what made me embarrassed, what I hoped the Tuttle boy did not see, it would have made me so ashamed. I saw that Brad had got his hand down on the bareness of her back. Oh, I forgot to tell you what she was wearing. It was a hot night, like summer, and she wore slacks, cotton, purple with a gold stripe down the seam, and a gold and green sort of jacket, short enough to show some of her gold-colored middle.

"But the Tuttle boy must have seen Brad's hand. Anyway, I was feeling, suddenly, the bigness of that Tuttle boy's hand on my own back, and the fact that it was so terribly still and rigid made me sure he had seen what Brad's hand was doing.

"Once Lettice jerked away from Brad and went and sat down in the swing. He started for her, but the record finished. He put on a new one, took a big gulp at the drink table, and headed back for her. I could see his face.

"It was a really hot night and his face was sweating, and the white T-shirt was sticking to his big shoulders—back yonder, twenty years ago, Brad had a wonderful build—and the sweat on the hair tips of his crew cut caught the light behind him from the living room and made a haze of furry prickles of brightness round his head. He was staring at her and he moved toward her with a motion that made you think of a heavy stone, a boulder, that had just begun to slide downhill, and was slowly grinding things under it but was going faster and faster. There was a grin on his face, a kind of grin that you might say was not directed at anything, a kind of blank willfulness. I remember thinking for a second, the grin was like a baby grinning when it reaches out for something and is bound to have it, if the baby weighed one hundred and ninety pounds.

"You hate my guts, don't you?"

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"Then all at once I thought of stone grinning, if there were a kind of life in stone that could grin and didn't recognize any other kind of life than stone life, or recognize anything that might happen except what it was going to make happen. There was that blankness, and that stubbornness, that inevitableness on his face, if you know what I mean. I saw it just a second really, the light from behind and one side, and in that second I was sort of frightened by it. At the same time I knew why Lettice got crazy about him, just the blankness, something like a stone sliding down, that might slide over you, a sense that something had to happen in a certain way and it had to be that way.

"No, that's not right. Now that I think about it, I'm sure that's not what made Lettice crazy about him, something else very different, maybe the opposite. Anyway, I saw him moving at her, his face like that.

"Then his face was blacked out, all of a sudden. He had leaned over her, into the shadow of the swing. He had jerked her up and was whirling her around and around, and her hair was flying. For a second or two, it was as though she had given in, in some way, her hair fallen back with the whirling, her eyes closed and her hair whipping back like wind. Then I saw her eyes open, and though she was smiling, I saw a sort of bright tenseness under the smile. I guess she had decided to ride through with it, whatever the messy, awful 'it' was, and keep control that way, the way, once or twice, I had seen her put on the green eyeshade at the poker table and take a cigar, clowning to keep control of something. But she wasn't clowning now, just riding it through.

"Back some time before that there had been a movie with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, who were wonderful dancers. Anyway, they danced a dance called *The Continental*, and Brad and Lettice had the old record and used to dance it by the hour. About as well as Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, it seemed to me, with some tricks of their own. By this time, that night, Brad had put on *The Continental*, and he had never changed it, just flipped the needle back up near the beginning, and took a gulp of a drink, even out of the bottle now, and grabbed Lettice, or sometimes me, to whirl me.

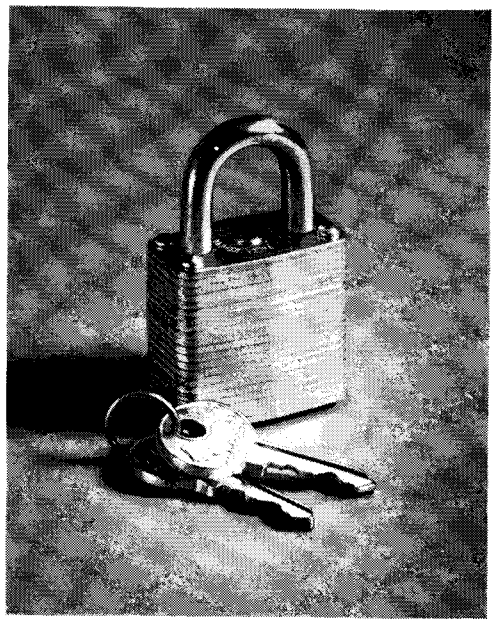
"It seemed that all this was going to go on forever. Or rather, it seemed that it didn't have anything to do with time passing, for there was nothing but that same record, over and over, saying, 'the Continental . . . the Continental,' just that one crazy word, like when you take ether, and you were being whirled and flung, but your feet somehow always with the music as though you were tied to the music with a million invisible cobwebs and could never get away, just more and more wrapped and tangled to the music and always in time with it. When he was dancing with Lettice I might see them moving furiously in the light; but in the shadow they might get so quiet that, once or twice, I got sort of lightheaded and sick.

"Now and then, in a blur, I'd see her face dance by. There was still the control. That smile was still there but it was pale and flickering. You could see the sweat on her temples, it was such a hot night, that last night of Indian summer, and a strand of her hair, looking black from damp and that bad light, was plastered across the left cheek. I saw her lips parted and how she was breathing through them, and suddenly I thought how she was involved, too, how all that struggling with Brad to make him behave, the shadows and that record with the one crazy word over and over, had got her involved, too, caught in the very thing she was trying to keep control of. By this time she had broken the heel of one of her sandals, and had kicked them both off, and was dancing barefoot. That made everything seem worse. It made her seem small somehow, even if she was a tall girl, and defenseless. Defenseless and involved.

"Just then Brad shoved her at the Tuttle boy and grabbed me, and just as Brad grabbed me, I saw in a flash how carefully the Tuttle boy tried not to let that big hand of his touch the bare skin at the small of Lettice's back, and how she looked even smaller now and more defenseless, dancing with him who was so tall and had such big hands, and I noticed how grim and suffering his face looked above her, not like his face at all.

"In that flash I thought, or felt, how it must be for him to have a big, beautiful girl like that, all agitated and breathing and damp and confused and struggling inside herself, and angry, too, just shoved into his arms, and the moths batting the screen to get in and the last big pale hydrangeas pressing against the screen out of the dark, and that Frog-Eye lying over there asleep on the floor in the shadow, now and then making some soft blubbery, breathy sound, like mud settling, and that insane record going on and on. I felt my clothes sticking to me with sweat.

"I was, all at once, afraid. Of what, I don't know. So, even while Brad was



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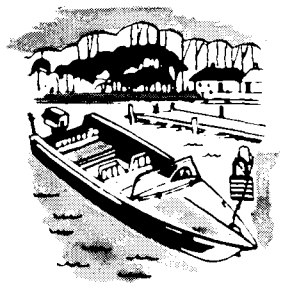

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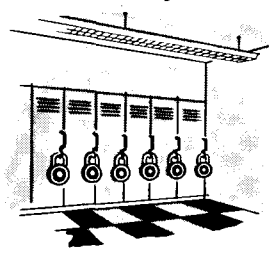

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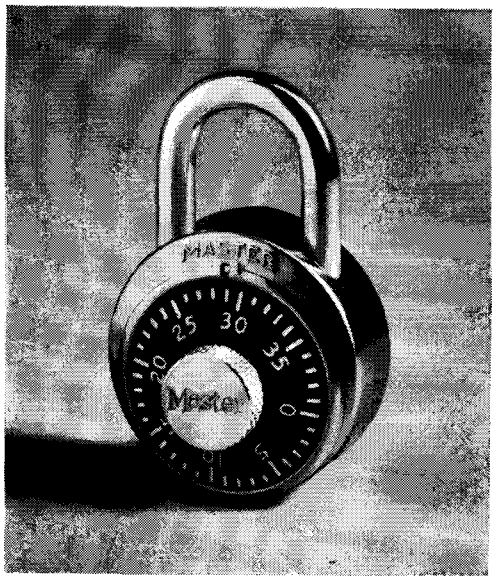

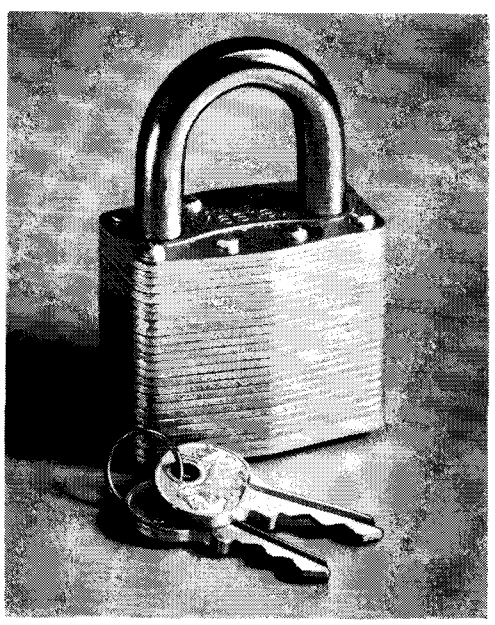

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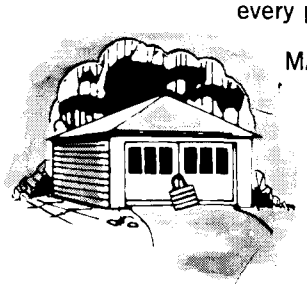

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flinging me around, I jerked my hand free from his and began to beat him on the chest and tell him to stop, he had to stop.

"For a minute he paid no attention to me, just grabbed me tighter and flung me around, with that blank, willful grin on his face, like stone grinning, and his breath heavy and short, but I jerked my hand loose and began hitting him again. Suddenly he stopped, stared right into my face, gave a throaty short laugh, swung around, and still dragging me, grabbed Lettice and pushed me to the Tuttle boy. The Tuttle boy began to dance with me, in that stiff way, and for a second I thought that that was all Brad wanted, just to switch partners because I had been hitting him.

"But no, he was dragging Lettice toward the living-room door. She was holding back, for a second leaning back and looking over her shoulder at me, then lifting her right arm, the back of her hand wiping back the hair that had got plastered to her cheek and forehead, then shaking her head in a way to shake the hair loose and at the same time say, no, no. I saw the light from the living room—what little light there was—fall across her face. Her face looked white in that light.

"Then Brad had pulled her arm, twisting it a little, in that blank, stone-grinning playfulness, not saying anything, just staring at her with that grin that never changed. As the Tuttle boy danced me past, I could see her being drawn across the living room, her left arm straight ahead of her as though it were a rope Brad was pulling her by, her bare feet moving on the rug. I saw him draw her up into the darkness of the stairs.

"The Tuttle boy and I were turning and moving in that crazy music that wouldn't stop. But it would stop in just a minute, I told myself, and I wouldn't have to dance anymore, and I could say good-night somehow, and run upstairs, and shut the door and lock it, against what, God knows, and fling myself on my bed alone in the dark and try to forget all that had happened, and try to go to sleep and forget that I had ever been born.

"But then it happened. Brad must have scraped it—the record, that is—the last time he shifted the needle back to the start. The record, all at once, was stuck. Stuck in the groove and going on and on with just that one word: 'the Continental . . . the Continental . . .'

"The Tuttle boy had stopped dancing. He stood there and held me in that careful, rigid, distant way. I heard him breathing, like a sick man. I heard the moths batting with that awful softness at the screen, out of the dark. The stuck record was yammering it over and over, that crazy word: 'Continental . . . Continental . . . Continental . . .' That was all it was saying, and I stood there absolutely stiff, as if I were afraid to move, and I felt how he was holding his body back from me so it wouldn't touch me anywhere, except for that big hand laid stiff, and so careful, at the small of my back, and I felt the sweat collecting under my hair, and two or three big drops ran cold down the nape of my neck. My breath would not come, and I thought I was going to faint, with my head full of an enormous reeling blackness. I thought I was going to die if I couldn't get a breath.

"Then that Tuttle boy made a sound like a painful, breathed-out groan. It was as though something had given way. He was sort of slumped in his height. I knew this, even if I did not dare look up. Then, in a sort of grinding whisper, he was saying, 'That damned record—if the record hadn't got stuck—if it hadn't got stuck . . .'"

So, twenty years later, Bradwell Tolliver was leaning on the windowsill of his old room in that house and was staring down into the dark. He saw two tiny glowing points that were cigarettes, down by the black dark of the gazebo. He leaned into the dark and did not know what had happened to anybody.

Late Sunday afternoon—October 6, 1940—he woke up with a dog killer of a head. Under the twisted sheet, he was naked except for the sweat-stiff T-shirt. His clothes were in a heap in the middle of the floor. He shut his eyes against the sunlight.

He had not managed to get up before Lettice came in. She was wearing a dark blue linen dress, and against that color her arms looked long, small and golden. Her face was streaked white under the suntan.

"Hello," he said.

"Listen," she said, "you've been lying up here all day like a swine in his mire. And I'll just say it once and for all, if ever you again even begin to behave the way you did last night, I am going to mix you a very big double and offer it to you in a very wifely fashion, and when you throw open your filthy maw to gulp it, I am going to cool-cock you, as Frog-Eye would say, with an empty bourbon bottle laid against the side of that thick skull."

He managed a rueful grin.

"And just wipe off that boyishly charming grin," she said, standing in the middle of the floor, shaking. "I mean every word I say, and poor Maggie, she's ghastly sick—no, it's not a hangover, drinking doesn't run in the family, thank God—she's just sick and shivering. Wouldn't let me call Cal. I've finally knocked her out with a Veronal."

She looked at him as though freshly discovering him.

"And you," she said, "get up and get dressed, and do try to stay out of my sight the rest of the day."

She wheeled and marched, heels clicking, to the door, opened it, and with hand on knob looked back at him. "You wouldn't tell me," she said, suddenly mournful in distance, "you wouldn't even tell me what brought it all on, what was chewing on you."

Then, before he could say that nothing was chewing on him, damn it, she was gone.

For the next three days, while he moved in the shadow of the unrecollected, which was always there but would always slip back with invincible adroitness just out of eye range no matter how quickly he turned his head, he scarcely saw Lettice and Maggie. He was left alone to hate the sights and sounds of Fiddlersburg, while Lettice sat by Maggie in a darkened room. Maggie wasn't much better, but all she would permit was a call to tell Cal that she had had a little upset and would stay the week, and would expect him the next Sunday, when he was supposed anyway to bring a load of stuff in the car. She hated to make him do that packing, but she'd go back, sure, on Monday and finish dismantling the apartment on Grand Avenue.

On Thursday afternoon, late, Lettice came into Brad's workroom. She shut the door and moved toward him. She adjusted a straight chair near his table, sat down, lighted a cigarette, and with the V-shaped mark sharpening between her brows, as though she were straining to read in a bad light, looked directly at him.

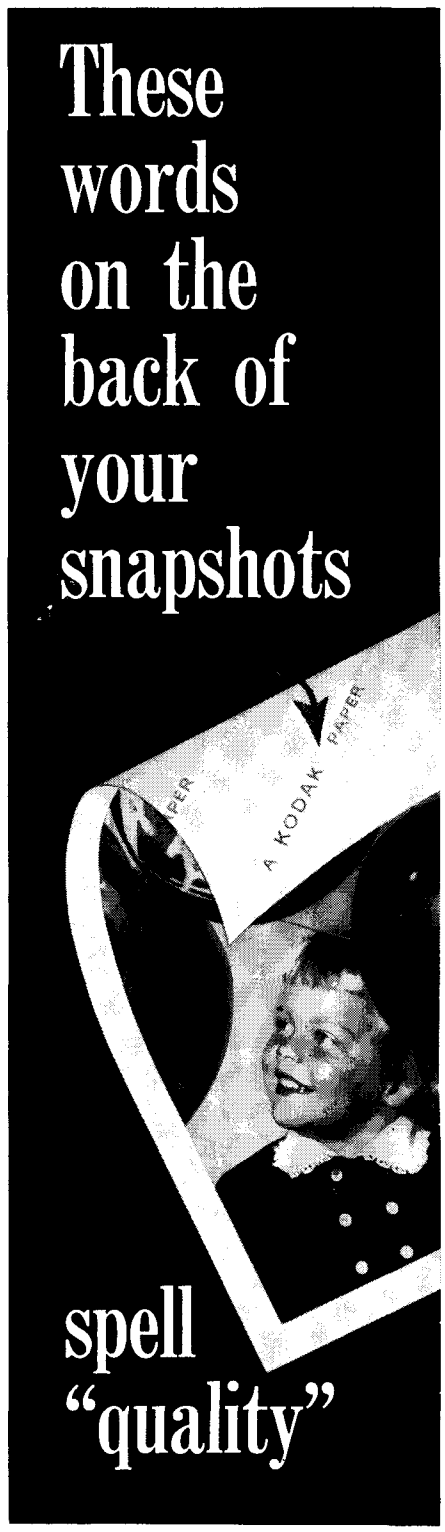
"We played hell," she said.

He looked out the window. It was raining. Then he turned back to her.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I suppose you think my tipping after every course is a sign of insecurity."



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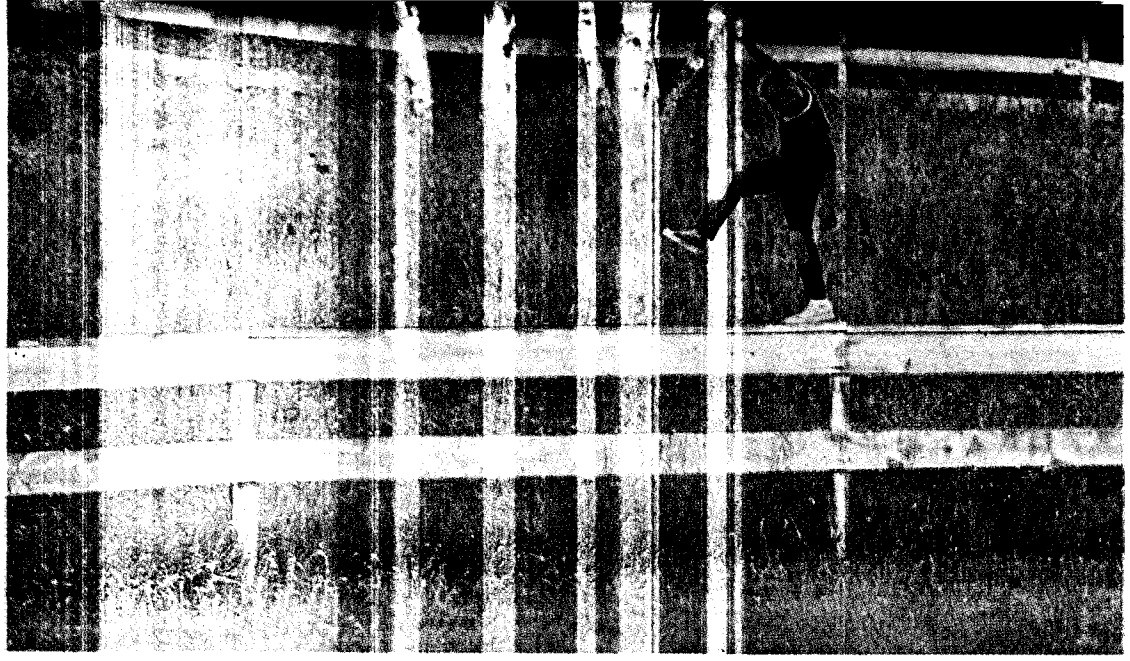

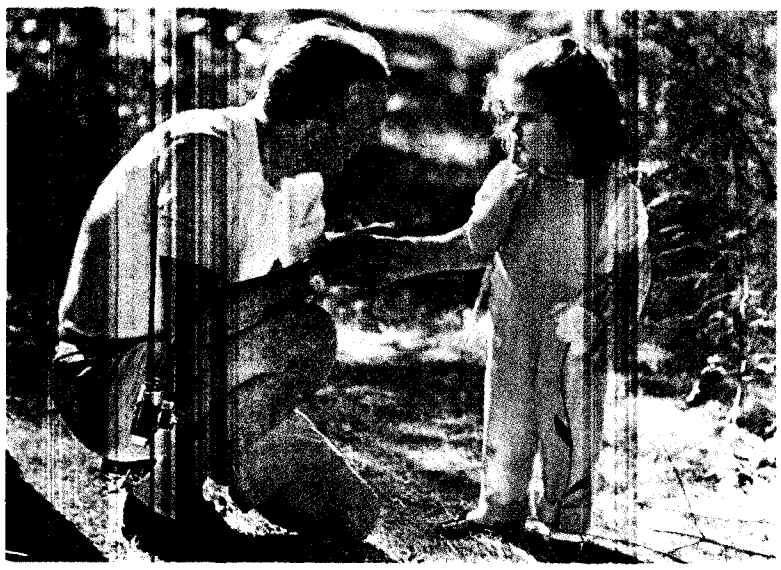

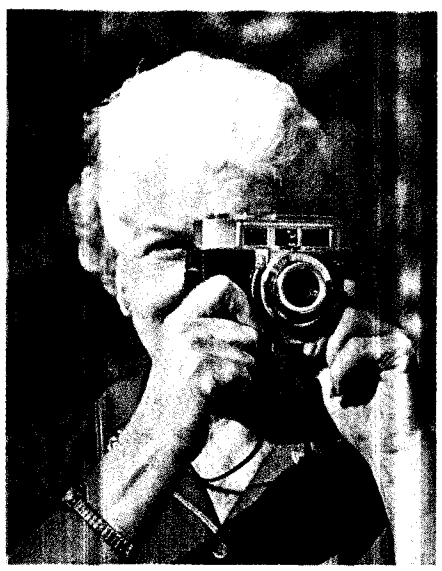

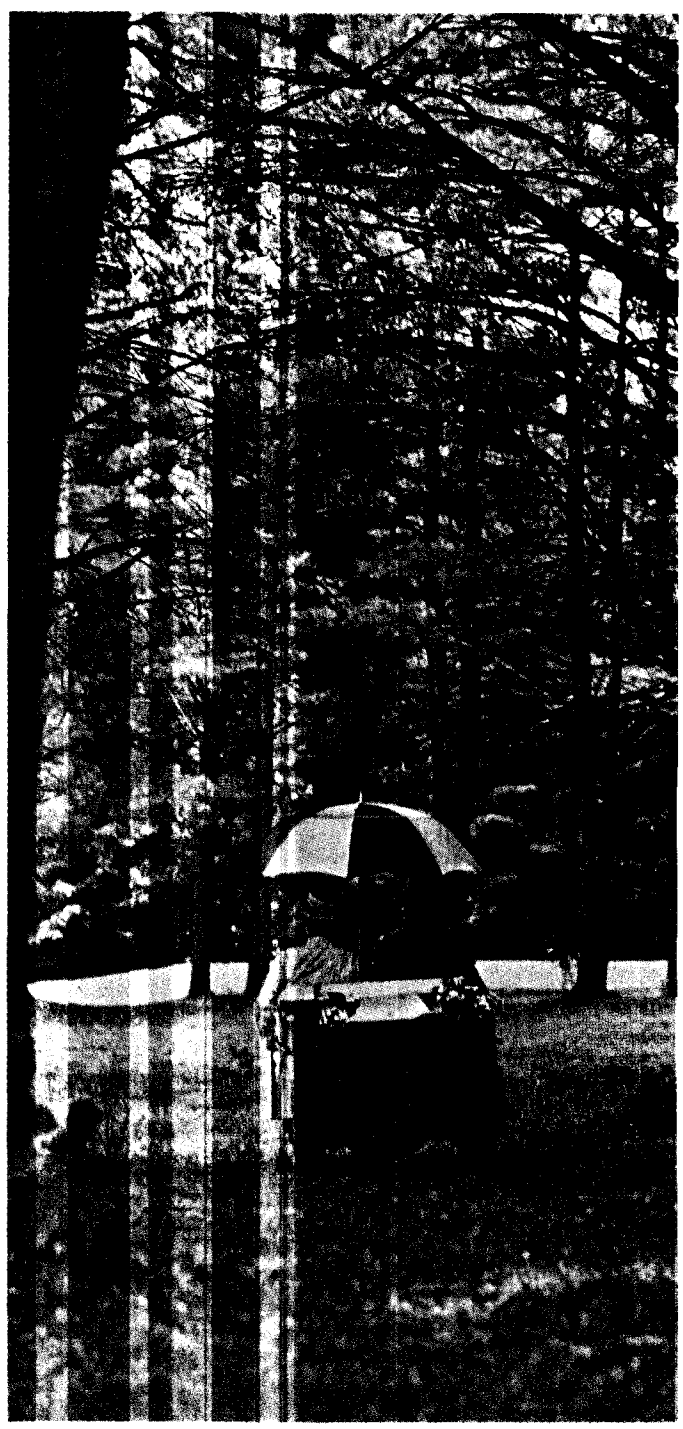

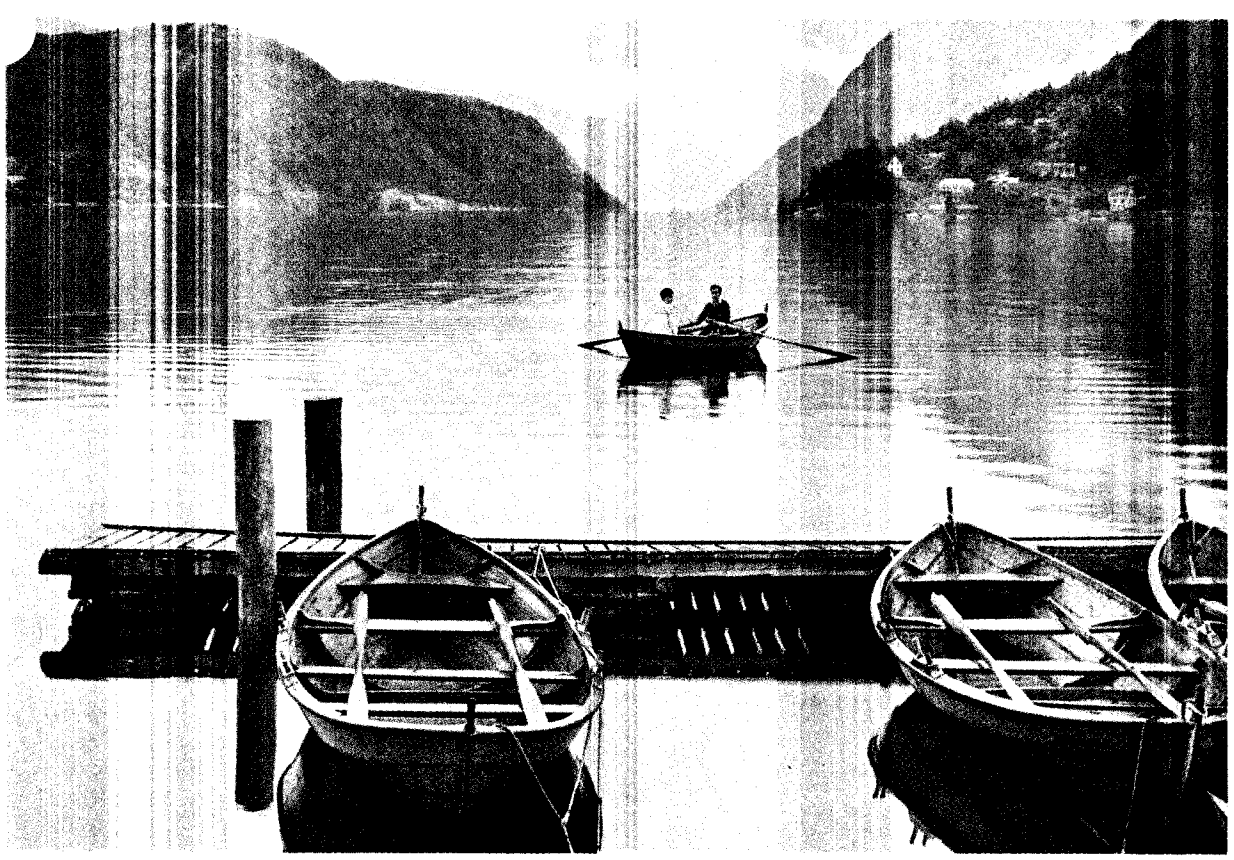

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Moths Against the Screen

"The less you remember, the happier you will be," she said. "Our little Dionysiac, goat-footed revels of last Saturday night—we really fixed it, we put Maggie and that Tuttle boy right on the grass under the hydrangeas."

She let her body sag forward, her head bowed, her knees tight together, her bare arms stretched straight beyond her knees, the hands loose, the smoke uncoiling slowly from the dangling cigarette. "I could cry," she said.

He looked out the window, where it was raining. The rain, pervasively and ceaselessly treading and shuffling the surface of the river, made it a dark, misty gray. The rain itself seemed to be a steady falling of the very grayness of the sky, as though that grayness that filled all space westward were an unending deliquescence of the very substance of the sky, of the nature of things.

He looked out the window and did not know what he felt. He felt angry. He felt deprived and outraged. He felt full of pity. And, strangely, he felt, too, a sudden crazy, abstract lust. In that moment, he thought of Mexico. It would not be raining in Mexico. He looked at her.

She was leaning forward, with her head bowed, her hair falling heavily on one side.

"She's just a little girl full of ideals," Lettice was saying. "And according to her, the Tuttle boy was about as shaken up as she was. He hadn't meant to get into something with a nice married girl."

She looked down at the smoke uncoiling from her cigarette.

"You know," she said, "after he'd done it, it seems she was just stunned and he sort of tried to fix her clothes, wipe off her face with his handkerchief, brush her off—you know, like fixing up a kid that's had a tumble—and him all the time saying over and over, 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'll never see you again.'"

She took a drag from the cigarette and ejected from her mouth a sudden, ragged cloud.

"Lord," she said, "think of her there stunned as a doll and those great big beautiful hands of his trying to brush her off."

She smashed the cigarette butt in the tray.

"I could cry," she said.

She lighted another cigarette.

"You know," she said, "I heard that damned record."

"What record?"

"*The Continental*—it was the only thing you, in your drunken frenzy, would play. I was lying up in bed and I suddenly heard that record and knew it was stuck—had been stuck some time. And I just knew something was wrong. I should have got up right away then and gone down. I knew I should, damn it—I knew it deep inside—but ——"

She stopped.

"But what?" he demanded.

She looked at him in a quick, probing way, and then turned to smash out the cigarette she had just lighted.

"Forget it," she said, studying the cigarette.

She swung back toward him and fixed him in the eye.

"Well, I didn't get up, and so it happened," she said, "so I had to do something to try to pick up the pieces, didn't I?"

"Sure," he said.

"So I did," she said. "I told her about us."

He heard the words, but they seemed to have no meaning. He knew, suddenly, what they meant; but their meaning was in a vacuum of no relation, and therefore had no meaning. He looked into the distance of rain. He had, fleetingly, the image of himself, far off, yonder on the flat earth, crouched naked and alone, under the unending grayness of rain.

"I had to do something," Lettice was saying, "to keep her from feeling so alone. She was on the verge of writing a letter to Cal and just running off. I told her I wasn't going to advise her about telling Cal or anything else. She knew what things might do to him, and she had to decide what she had to do. But I told her about that Basque major, exactly why it happened. And I told her ——"

And now, looking at her, he remembered how, after it had happened, she had told him, had confessed to him, *He was wounded, and still limped from the wound, and he was so small and fierce, and his black hair stood up so fiercely and his big head, a big head and shoulders on a body not much bigger than a boy's, and here he was in this country limping about trying to raise money to fight those Fascists, but you knew nobody cared, even those who gave the most money, and he looked so small up there on the platform, and even smaller at the party afterward with all those normal-sized people around him, in their expensive dinner clothes—oh, yes, those well-dressed money givers . . .*

And he remembered how she had said, *But nothing is a reason, but oh, leave me, or hit me, or kill me if you can't believe I'm telling you the truth. If you can't love me. I'd rather die than have done it, but oh, don't forgive me. I don't want to be forgiven, what I want is . . .*

So he had forgiven her. And now, for a moment, he was filled with the sweetness, the sick sweetness, of that recollected forgiveness. He raised his eyes to her.

She was looking at him with a strange, enveloping look.

"Told her what?" he demanded harshly.

She leaned to lay a hand on his, on the table. "I told her," she said, "how happy we have been."

She got up suddenly. She said, matter-of-factly, she had told Maggie that she, or Brad, would talk to Cal. After, of course, she had had her own session. They had a nasty responsibility, she said, and couldn't dodge it. Maybe, too, it would draw some heat off Maggie.

She stood in the middle of the floor, pensively. "You're Cal's best friend," she finally said, "but maybe I ought to talk to him. It might be more of a shock to him, being the kind of Southern gent he is, to hear a lady tell it—have her just lay the turkey on the table and ladle out the cold stuffing."

She went to the door.

Hand on the knob, she said, "You know, he's an M.D. and all that, but I don't think he knows much about . . ."

She made a wide gesture that took in the world outside, where the rain was, and the room, where the man's heavy-lidded gaze was fixed on her.

". . . about the way things are," she concluded.

As she closed the door, she was, all at once, smiling back at him, with that look of enveloping softness, like misty light.

He looked at the closed door and felt experienced and competent. He knew how things were, he told himself.

And now, twenty years after, he stared through the screen into the summer dark where the two cigarettes glowed, and thought that he did not know how things were.

". . . for when you have all at once done something you had no reason to think you were capable of, it is like finding out that the *you* you thought you were isn't you at all. If the thing is something you think is terrible, that is bad enough, and at that time I thought the terribleness was just in the thing I had done. But I've had a good many years since then to think things over, and I have decided that the worse terribleness under that terribleness is that you don't know any center of *you* anymore, you don't feel *you* anymore, and you are sick because everything is sliding out of focus, out of equilibrium, as when those canals go wrong in your ears.

"I remember the first day this thought ever came to me, that there was this deeper terribleness. It was long after the Tuttle boy was dead and Cal was in the pen for good. All the time I had been hanging on to the thought of the thing I had done, for it seemed that the terribleness of this was all I had to live for, and you have to live for something. But when I discovered the deeper thing under the specific terribleness of what I had done, it seemed that I couldn't live at all. For how can you live if there is no *you* to do the living?

"But to go back, in that week before Cal came, when I was first beginning to live in the specific terribleness of the specific thing I had done, Lettice came and told me about herself—about her and that little Basque major or whatever he was. She just wanted to make me feel not so alone. But the effect on me was something else too, for I had felt that she and Brad—their being in love, was so solid—the dream come true, the promise to me—and all at once here she was telling me that the very night when Brad took me out from Ward-Belmont and I was dancing with him, thinking of him and her, she was in bed with that little Spaniard.

"Now I've told you how that happened, and you seem to understand it, but I don't mean to imply that Lettice was letting herself off easy. She was trying to say to me, even if she had to suffer everything over again to say it, that you have to make your *you* out of all that sliding and brokenness of things. I suppose something of that came over to me then, but at that time the main effect was to make me feel that there wasn't anything except that sickening sliding without any center. So when I went out Saturday afternoon, to go downtown for the first time that week, all of Fiddlersburg, people and things, actually seemed to float and slide.

"But I felt I had to get out and try to pull things together to get ready to face Cal the next day. I drank a lemon Coke at the Rexall Store, and I remember staring over the top of my glass into the mirror back of the soda fountain—oh, you know that kind of fly-specked, smeary, cracked mirror, with a big wooden ceiling fan barely stirring the air above you—and I was seeing my face in the mirror and wondering if that was me. In a funny way it made me feel worse to find out that what I had done didn't make any difference in the way I looked. In a way that makes you feel that nothing in the world is real anyway. Then I bought a movie magazine, just like a little Ward-Belmont girl, which was what I looked like, for Ward-Belmont was the nice little finishing school I had gone to in Nashville. I went out the door, into the street. It was just after three-thirty. It had turned off clear again, and the sun was blazing, and after that damp dark of the Rexall Store, I blinked my eyes.

"In a town like Fiddlersburg, there used to be, and still is, a sort of Saturday-afternoon gang of loafers, maybe a truck driver who fancied himself as a dude and had got himself a Saturday shave and haircut and put brilliantine on his hair, and sported a white shirt, a couple of no-good farmers squatting on their heels while their wives scrimped at Piggly Wiggly then waited after dark in an old pickup truck with the children asleep on

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How about equal time for the Democrats?"

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the boards on an old quilt, and one of those awful old men with blear eyes and purple wattles like tumors hanging off their jaws, the kind of old men who hang around half drunk and tell dirty stories to little boys, and two or three grown boys with those knives you call frogstickers in their pockets, the kind with snap blades. You know, just awful and sad.

"In the old days on Saturday afternoon they'd start out in the barbershop, drinking and shooting dice. Then they'd all squat against the wall outside, spitting and talking and annoying people. After dark they'd wind up in the back of the poolroom. Now that there's no barbershop or poolroom in Fiddlersburg, that sort of gang, what's left of it, hangs around the restaurant drinking, then winds up in an alley shooting dice under a streetlight, or they get into some abandoned store and play cards by two or three of those big square flashlights—what they call frog-gigging lights, or jack-hunting lights, for it's the kind used to take deer at night, illegally.

"Anyway, when I came out of the Rexall Store that Saturday afternoon a thousand years ago, I didn't actually see those men squatting against the poolroom wall. They were there, like rocks or trees, part of Fiddlersburg. For a second I stood there blinking in the light. The street was empty. I blinked again. Then it wasn't empty.

"The car—it was an old black convertible with the top down—was just suddenly there, dead stopped, in the middle of River Street, as though it had been called up out of nothing when I blinked my eyes. In the seat of the car, sort of humped over the wheel the way a tall man sometimes does, with both the big hands gripping the wheel and about hiding it, was the Tuttle boy. He did not have a hat on, he was wearing a khaki shirt open at the throat, and he was staring at me. At that distance I could see how blue his eyes were in the brown face. I could see the expression in them. It was blankness and surprise, and you knew that in just a second it was going to be something like pain. I saw him swallow. His tongue came out and touched his lips. You knew his lips were dry, like windburn.

"Then I was moving, very slowly, in the blazing sun, setting my feet down on the ground, moving straight toward that car that seemed to hang there and shimmer in the blazing light that filled the empty street. . . ."

Cal, with the load of plunder from the apartment in Nashville, was expected early Sunday afternoon. Maggie was in her room. Brad and Lettice were waiting in their little upstairs sitting room, reading the Nashville *Banner* and the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*. They heard a car drive up; there was a movement downstairs in the hall, then in the library; there was the sound of the front screen; then the car again started up. Brad went to the window.

"It's Cal," he said, "he's dashing back downtown, load and all. Must have forgotten something."

He came back, propped himself on the couch, and studied the paper. After a moment, he remarked that it looked like the R.A.F. was really knocking the *Luftwaffe* out of the air. "Now," he said, "maybe we won't have to get mixed up with any of the crooks."

Lettice, making no reply, rose and came to kneel on the floor by the couch. She let her head sink against his chest. She slipped a thumb and forefinger into the top of his white T-shirt and began to twist the hair. He said for her to stop, it hurt. She said that he had hurt her, he had been a drunk beast that Saturday night a week ago, she still had a bruise to prove same. He said he was sorry; and really felt sorry—or rather, felt a flicker of terror that the unrecollected had, again, adroitly slipped out of range and was waiting. He said again that he was sorry.

There was plenty to be sorry for, she rejoined, with the way the world was and with Maggie hiding out today worse than before, waiting for Cal; but there was one thing not to be sorry for.

He asked what.

"Pepito," she said, giving the twist of hair on his chest a sudden yank.

"Hey," he protested, feeling the yank, not really hearing the word, snapping to a sitting position.

"It seems," she said, looking up at him, "that Pepito has come to our house to stay."

"Huh?" he demanded, staring at her, and got his bare feet to the floor.

"And oh!" she said, laying her arms loose across his knees and looking up, glitteringly, into his face, "Oh, I do hope he likes it at our house."

"Well, I'll be damned," he breathed. Then, slowly, as the notion dawned, he looked straight at her. "If . . ." he began, paused and resumed ". . . if it's last Saturday night you're talking about, and this is Sunday, how do you know? I thought ——"

"I don't care what you or any old doctor says," she sang gaily. "I just know it

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in my bones. And don't gape," she said in mock severity, "for there was just one possible time, and you—you old dear darling sodden pudding-headed wreck—you have nobody to blame but yourself. I told you as soon as you dragged me upstairs. I struggled with you. You were so difficult. You about ruined that new outfit of mine. You tore it off. You hurt me, you bruised me, and you know how I bruise. You ——"

She stopped. The mock severity had become something else. The flesh of her face, all at once, seemed drawn tight on the bone. She wasn't looking at him.

"Listen," she said, "a lot of things have happened in this world and not one of them is Pepito's fault. There are plenty of things I'm sorry about, but I'm just going to be so glad about Pepito I could die, and I can't wait for him to come busting into Mexico yelling for his breakfast, for we are going right on to Mexico, otherwise he wouldn't be Pepito, and I am going to love him all my life and be happy. And . . ."

She smiled up at him with that glitter, and reached up to pat his cheek, like making a promise to a child. ". . . Brad, oh Brad!" she demanded. "Aren't you happy?"

He was thinking, yes, a man could be happy, there was a secret and he was about to know the secret. A sudden energy filled him. He felt like a man who has just recovered from sickness. Hell, he couldn't wait to get at that typewriter tomorrow.

"Oh, Lettice!" he cried out.

Just then the telephone rang.

Bradwell Tolliver sat under the big fluorescent light at his worktable and remembered the voice of Sheriff Purtle, long ago, on the telephone. All that voice had said, in its flat way, was to come down to his office, please, there had been some trouble.

Bradwell Tolliver looked down at the big black volume in his lap.

Q: Now I'll put it thisaway, Doctor Fiddler. You say Sam Gudger and Albutt Sullins teased you and funned you about seeing your wife get in that car with Alfred O. Tuttle. Is that right?
A: Yes.
Q: Yes, and they funned you about that car going off up the ridge, and her in it. Is that right?
A: Yes.
Q: And Jack Kelly saying he had seen that car parked off the ridge road, back in some blackberry bushes, and ast had you give your little girl written permission for recess time. Is that right?
A: Yes.
Q: Now you being a doctor, did you recognize that all those persons had been drinking?
A: Yes.
Q: Now listen here, Doctor Fiddler, here's what I'm getting at. If you hadn't known pretty durn well in your bones what was happening and transpiring all summer up there at the old Fiddler place, you wouldn't of cared what those drunks said. You never would have got worked up except they teased you in public. You didn't care much what you sort of knowed so long as it was private-like. Ain't that right, Doctor Fiddler?
A: What are you driving at? What in God's name are ——
Defense Attorney: Your Honor, I object! I resent any implication of any previous infidelity. Unless the prosecution can tie that up with direct affirmative evidence, this is merely a device to inflame the jury.
Judge: Objection sustained. That is a double question, Mr. Spire. Break it up. You may proceed.
Q: Well, I'll put it thisaway, Doctor Fiddler, you went up to the Fiddler house on the afternoon of October thirteenth, and got a gun you knew was there and did not even speak to your wife, to ask her had she been up to something? Was this because either you knowed something in your bones or suspicioned things—things going on with your wife and them folks up there at the old Fiddler place when you were off in Nashville doctoring? Is that why you went out in cold blood and shot a man to death on drunk hearsay?
A: God damn it!—I—
Defense Attorney: I object, I object!
A: God damn it, I killed him! Isn't that enough for you? Isn't that enough?

". . . and in the middle of my guiltiness, right at the trial, there was something else mixed up, too. I was bitter because Cal had simply taken the word of those men, and not even confronted me, and had just rushed off to do it. It was only later on I began to get the feeling that everybody was caught in some sort of web, you might say.

"Back at Ward Belmont when I first went there, there was a saying the girls used. They would say some girl was a gone gosling, meaning she had fallen in love, or flunked out, which was hard to do at Ward Belmont, or let some boy push her over the line, or almost anything drastic that could happen to you. It was a country saying, and I suppose it was sort of funny to hear those little girls with all their carefully citified airs using that expression without seeing in my mind the picture of a little fluffy white gosling on a pond in the sunshine, and a snapping turtle under the black water just grabbing a little foot and pulling it down. It always made me shiver.

"Well, that Saturday afternoon when I was moving toward that car in the empty street, in the bright sun—just setting my feet one after the other on the ground and moving toward all that was going to happen to me—I heard, way off, a voice saying, 'If you touch a finger to the door of that car you are a gone gosling,' and I had that same shivery picture in my head, even as I kept on moving, like in a trance, feeling as though I were floating on the water in the sunshine like the gosling, and waiting for those jaws to clamp and pull me down to the dark.

"And the Tuttle boy, he was just back in Fiddlersburg on a fishing trip with two other engineers, camping downriver, and never even knew I was in town. And just for some reason, some reason he couldn't do anything about, like a spool on a string he got drawn back up River Street, and just stopped, and he was a gone gosling. And Cal—oh, poor Cal—he was a gone gosling, for something those awful drunks said just pushed a button he probably didn't even know was there in his head, waiting.

"I had been living with and loving—if that is what I was capable of—a man I didn't even know and certainly didn't know what he needed and wanted in order to live. To find out, all of a sudden, that I had never known the man I was supposed to know best—that was just another thing that gave that sickening sliding feeling of the world with no center. And then I had to think, too, that he didn't know me either. I wondered what kind of picture of me must have been in his head for him to do what he did without bothering to find out, to ask me, what I had really done. That picture in his head—was that all of me, the real me?

"Then quite a time later, after the trial, after Lettice was gone—and even Brad, off to the war, or rather, to the training camp, I discovered some of the stuff Cal had brought down in the car that Sunday from the apartment in Nashville. Brad and Lettice had just stacked it away in a closet. There, in the bottom of a red tin ten-cent-store wastebasket, wrapped carefully in some dustrags, with a mop head on top, was the marriage manual I had got sent to me in the plain wrapper. There was, too, that stupid book of Fanny Hill.

"I sat there on the floor with those two books on my lap, in the big empty house in the middle of Fiddlersburg, where I felt like a stranger now, and wanted to cry. But it was too crazy and funny and pitiful to cry—Cal, that Sunday morning finding those books under the kitchen sink in that apartment in Nashville, and knowing they were mine, and wrapping them up in his careful way, and wrapping up in his head some picture of me—and of himself, too, I guess—and driving on to Fiddlersburg to have some drunk loafer push that button and make him do what he did.

"Well, that was part of it too. Those books.

"I sat there and thought that there was something worse even than being that gosling on the pond and feeling that first sudden illogical grab of that snapping turtle under the black water. The thing worse was to feel what I felt sitting there on the floor—not the blankness, the illogicality, no—the crazy tied-togetherness of things. . . ."

The trial, which packed the house for three weeks, despite bad weather, and drew reporters from big towns like Louisville and Nashville and Memphis, ended in early March. Three days after the sentence, while Blanding Cottshill was preparing the appeal, Lettice had the miscarriage. She had stayed by Maggie night and day. Now it was Maggie's turn.

Brad would go into the room where Lettice lay, looking like an old woman, with a smile that struggled to come up to him as though wavering up through murky water; and he would feel that there was no place for him in that room. He felt as though he himself were standing to receive a sentence. He would go back downstairs and read the war news, or turn on the radio and wait for the next newscast.

For now the war news was all that interested him. Several nights he dreamed of Spain. What it had felt like. Now and then he would go into town on some necessary errand. He conducted his business in flat monosyllables. If he met an eye he stared it down. One Saturday afternoon the loafers were on the street, squatting in front of the barbershop. He walked close, so that some of them had to draw back toward the wall, or pull in a leg. He hoped one might speak to him. Or try to trip him, pretending an accident. How he hoped that!

He would kick a face in.

Lettice got up, still weak. In the afternoons the three of them would drive out for air, to see spring coming on, not through town, out south. At night they sat around the damaged rosewood table and put food into their mouths. Now and then they spoke words. One night Brad said that they should all get the hell out of Fiddlersburg, forever. Maggie burst into tears. They knew that she got no answers to her letters to Calvin Fiddler, now behind the cold steel bars on the hill.

That night Lettice told Brad he did not understand that Maggie had to do things her own way. She said that she herself was going to stay with Maggie as long as she needed her. He made no reply, walked to the radio and turned it on and waited for the war news.

He spent more and more time in his workroom, reading detective stories, or on the river with Frog-Eye, or in the swamp. Frog-Eye was the only person he saw. Sometimes they would quit fishing and tie the skiff up in the shade of some backwater and wordlessly pass the jug of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm voting for Khrushchev. This is the Russian Embassy."

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rotgut. One evening Brad came home, went to the bathroom of his workroom, vomited, and went to lie on the cot. He did not come down for dinner.

But he had had only a couple of shots of rotgut the July afternoon when, bored with the river and with Frog-Eye, he came home earlier than usual, to find Lettice on the floor in the hall, by the table, a great stack of still-wrapped copies of *The New York Sunday Times*, a mass of magazine wrappers, and two piles of magazines around her.

"What are you doing with that damn junk?" he asked.

"I couldn't stand it any longer," she said. "I'm sorting it out."

"Is that why you've been crying?" he asked, and leaned over and picked up the magazine open on her lap.

The magazine was almost a year old. The little article his eye found was headed *Liquidation Sale*. The article, based on the testimony of Loyalist refugees, reported the executions in Spain, by Stalinists, of various types of dissidents in the Republican army—"POUM, anarchists, Catholic liberals, *et al.*" The last victim named was "an eminent medievalist, a Catholic, a major of infantry twice decorated for valor, Major Ramon Echegaray."

He looked down at her.

"So that's it?" he said.

"Oh, Brad," she said, "don't be like that. You know how I feel. It's just that things are so pitiful."

He held the magazine and stared down at her. Some powerful feeling was swelling and dawning in him. He did not know what the feeling was. He would have to wait.

"Don't look at me that way," she said, beseeching.

He said nothing.

"It's just so pitiful," she said. "If you just knew how small and sick and angry he was, and his brown legs just dry tendons on bone, the skin so dry, almost like the scales on a chicken's leg, and the red scars on his right side just barely healed, and you knew he was going to die, you smelled it, and how weak and fierce he was, just struggling for one second of life. Oh, don't you see? I would rather have died than do what I did, but since it happened, oh, let me be sorry—let me be glad, even, that maybe for a second he. . . ."

He leaned and carefully dropped the magazine, open, on her lap. He lighted a cigarette.

She looked up at him, watching him inhale the smoke, then hold back his head and exhale it toward the ceiling.

"Maybe," she said bleakly, "maybe we shouldn't ever have come to Fiddlersburg. Maybe it was just a dream I had of being with you in the dark, out of the world."

He took another deep drag of smoke. He exhaled it toward the ceiling, waiting.

"We have played hell in Fiddlersburg," she said.

Her long fingers began to smooth, very meticulously, the pages of the magazine on her lap.

"If you had only kissed me," she said.

"Hell," he said, "I've kissed you a million times."

"Just now," she said, "when you came in the door and found me crying."

She began crying again.

"What are you crying about now?" he wanted to know.

"All right," she said through her tears, touching the open magazine on her lap, "I am crying about him. And about Maggie and Cal and Alfred Tuttle, and you and me—and oh, my Pepito!"

He stood there frozen, with a rageful bliss blindly swelling in him. He was discovering the great and terrible secret of the world, and discovering that he had the strength to bear it.

That night Lettice offered to let him go to Reno, and she could stay with Maggie as long as needed. Brad insisted that she go, he would be staying in Fiddlersburg, he had work to do. So it was agreed, and for three days they lived in a strange, delicate peace, like the beauty of age, while she packed or sat with Maggie. On the drive to put her on the train in Nashville, Lettice asked him to stop on the way and make love just once more so she could remember how things had been before the bad began. In a sardonic trance, he got a blanket out of the trunk and went back into a grassy glade by a stream, under a cedar bluff. It was very confused and numb and strange, but in the end like plunging into the black center of things, where nothing equaled nothing.

Whether the episode was a victory, or a defeat, he was not quite sure.

He stayed on with Maggie, trying now and then to persuade her to leave Fiddlersburg, to get a divorce. They would quarrel. When, just after a Sunday dinner, the news of Pearl Harbor broke, he paced the house in excitement and elation. On Monday he drove to Nashville and enlisted in the Marine Corps.

Eight months later he was in the hospital with a broken knee. At Camp Pendleton, in California, waiting to be shipped out, he was standing one morning behind a truck, stowing his platoon aboard for the range. Some idiot already on the truck dropped a rifle. The butt caught Lieutenant Tolliver just above the right kneecap. After five months of hospital treatment, he was back in Fiddlersburg.

Fiddlersburg was, he found, as it had been long back. The war had, as it were, washed the slate clean. The trial seemed forgotten. But he had not forgotten it. He was, in fact, writing a novel about it. When he had done some 150 pages, Maggie stumbled upon the manuscript, on his table. She was badly shaken. She told him she could not bear his writing about all they had been through and selling it for money.

By this time he had reached a point in the novel where he could not bear to think about it. But he could think of nothing else. As the novel got better and better—and he knew it was getting better—some blank fear was growing in him. At the same time, he could not stop the thing, he had hold of the tail of the tiger.

Now, as he stood there, with the manuscript on the table beside them, and stared down into Maggie's anguished face, he realized that, if he was caught in the cleft stick of the novel, he was also caught in the cleft stick of Fiddlersburg. He could not bear to think of leaving Fiddlersburg, but at the same time he could not bear to be here and see Maggie doing what she was doing, the blank trips to the penitentiary, the erect carriage of the head, like victory, when she walked down the street. All that did something dark and uncomfortable to him. Fiddlersburg was another tiger and he had hold of that tail, too.

Staring down at her, he was now feeling how mysteriously appropriate it was for her to stumble on the manuscript this very morning, to speak to him in that sad, bitter way.

For at this very moment he had in his pocket a telegram from his agent saying that there was a firm movie offer of $60,000 for the title story of *I'm Telling You Now*, plus, if he wanted it, a contract of $1,750 per week, minimum guarantee of thirteen weeks, for work on the script. Yesterday afternoon he had wired back confirming the sale, but after a sleepless night he was now no closer to a decision about his going to the Coast—which he knew, somehow, meant leaving Fiddlersburg forever.

Suddenly, with a sense of breaking out of bonds, he said, OK, OK, to hell with the novel if that was the way she wanted it. She began to weep, and clung to him. She thanked him, over and over. He kept patting her on the shoulder, saying, OK, it was OK.

He had not told her about the telegram. And now he did not. Not telling her was a reprisal, undefined, for the dark accusation which her life had become for him. When he left Fiddlersburg a week later, he told her only that he had sold the story.

". . . all those years, waiting and not knowing what I was waiting for, going up the hill all those times—whatever it was, it wasn't trying to make up for something. How could I ever make up for anything? And believe me—you've got to believe me—I wasn't feeling grand or proud about giving up anything, for I guess I know as well as anybody that renouncing—to use that horrid word for giving up—can have the smell of something left too long in the icebox, not something that is just honestly spoiled in the fresh air. And I know enough to know that the way I lived all those years wasn't what they call normal. Maybe it all was crazy.

"But maybe that craziness was the only kind of normal for me. Maybe it was just what I had to do in order to be, in the end, myself. No, not to *be* me—to *become* me, if I could. *Me*, in Fiddlersburg.

"I have read about the people in the city of Pompeii when Vesuvius blew up and the ash fell, how some of them were caught just as they were, like that soldier on guard. And how, though after nearly two thousand years the bodies weren't there anymore, you could pour plaster into the space where the body had been and then get an exact statue of that person at that very moment when the ash fell.

"I used to feel that I was in Fiddlersburg like that, that if the ash fell—or maybe it had fallen already—somebody a thousand years later could pour in the plaster and get, you might say, the shape of my life. There wouldn't be any me in that hole, just the emptiness—maybe there had never been any real *me*. But there would at least be the shape of a life. At least you could live, I used to think, so that the world around you would hold, if nothing else, the shape of your emptiness. I might try to be that much of a *me*.

"No—don't touch me.

"Don't touch me, I might be awful, like a starved cat smelling fish, and I don't want to be awful like that. Or maybe worse, just blank. Like a rag doll, nothing but old rags inside. Old rags and lies, and I couldn't bear that, oh ——

"—oh, hold my hand.

"Oh, darling, darling, please hold my hand."

Bradwell Tolliver thought of that yellowing typescript of that novel he had begun long ago, now lying in a trunk in California, and he shivered as though with cold. He thought of the things that he knew had happened in Fiddlersburg. He thought of the things that must have happened in Fiddlersburg but that he did not know about, for they always slid out of his range of vision as soon as he turned his head.

He wondered why he was here, in Fiddlersburg, in the middle of the night.

He cut off the fluorescent light on his table and again leaned on the ledge of his window staring into the dark. Now he could see no glow of cigarettes down there. Mist was rising among the river growth on the flats beyond. Loneliness enveloped him, like mist. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Say! This is going to be easier than I thought."

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"Caruso had a double-clutched head when it came to trucks. They meant freedom and power to him..."

CARUSO THE TRUCK DRIVER

By HERBERT GOLD

A MEMOIR

Caruso the truck driver used to toss me up, up, up toward the ceiling of our house or the starry, impenetrable sky of Lakewood, Ohio, and that's how it was before bedtime on Friday or Saturday in 1934. On those Friday and Saturday nights when I was three to eleven years old (earlier I don't remember, afterward it meant something different), my mother kept an improvised boardinghouse for the odd crew that worked nearly around the clock in my father's store on weekends. Girls and men, they shelled Lima beans on the back porch; they flirted with each other while dropping beans and pods in baskets and pots; they bedded down in all corners of the house after my mother's grand meals of chicken or fried liver and all the odorous leftover vegetables and salad brought home in the Chevy truck left parked in the yard. Like explorers they dropped to sleep wherever they found a congenial moment.

Caruso, furious, knobbed with truck driver's muscle, flirted with no one, or perhaps only with my father. His sport with me was mostly to spend the strength not taken by work and song. Caruso, who was called Caruso because he was Italian and sang all the time, bellowed an aria from *Don Giovanni* or *The Pearl Fishers* and flung me high and higher until I begged for merciful relief from such excess of bliss and went to bed with dizzy dreams of flying. I might have become insomniac, but failed to learn this disease because I was busy straining my ears to make sense of the slurpings of lovemaking, the screams of laughter and the drone of all-night talk which transformed my own home into a dense new society two nights a week.

Work began at three in the morning during the spring and summer months; Caruso and my father and a boy rolled through the predawn streets toward the market to load up the truck with the earliest, choicest produce; by the time they rolled back from downtown Cleveland, top-heavy with crates of crisp greens, bursting reds, juice dripping from corners of crates, Caruso singing, my father planning, the others had got the store in order, the displays ready, the doors cleared for the onrush of depression bargain hunters. Then Caruso cleaned the truck and chopped away with his lettuce knife, his celery knife, his arsenal of flashing blades. And sang. And split squash and melons. And sang.

Caruso was an orphan who adopted my father as his father, myself as his younger brother, my mother as his mother; but the relationship was altered by the fact that he had been dropped on his head and preferred singing to thinking, that he was an employee of my father, and that he was not blood son or blood brother to our family. There is a limit to what nonrelatives can be forgiven. He first tested and then passed that limit. In that well-oiled head of wavy hair over a peculiarly round, dented skull, with the full nose and lips of a happy man of song, Caruso blinked his pretty, heavily lashed eyes. A doll. When he was at rest, the eyes were pretty and girlish; most of the time, since his teeth were bared to music or amazed enthusiasm, the eyes seemed to be squeezed shut. He often brought news to astonish my father, and when not astonishing him with recent events of the world, he sang out the eternal news of lost, lost, O lost love, of the sun of Venice, or of the glories of country and land far across the sea, including hills and field, dark-eyed women, and my mother mine (his mother his).

During one July evening the usual guild was gathered on the back porch, shelling Lima beans, gossiping, eating strawberries, drinking beer, which was recently made legal, and incidentally passing the late hours before bed, as usual, in the secret adult intrigues of bedtime. I was sleepy, lingering on an orange crate, having been ordered to bed three times but not yet yelled or slapped to it. The adult world was worth a slap, maybe two. I would bear up. Anyway, neither my mother nor my father much minded violating the rules about bedtime. Their slaps did not maim. The porch was screened, protecting the housebred flies from their menacing outdoor enemies; the flies buzzed and, like me, were slapped at, sometimes wounded; fireflies glittered beyond; a bare bulb hung above us; creak of swing and giggle of girl and sighs about the facts of life. The real stuff was openly available. That was an essential fact of life. It had bearing. Also Father Coughlin was a friend to the workingman. The screaming eagle of the NRA was a friend to the workingman. Roosevelt was a friend to the workingman. But if he had so many friends, why was the workingman in such bad shape?

"Well, I'll tell you," said my father, forgetting that he was the boss, "the working boy has got to put his foot down and not work so many hours. He robs other boys. Like that no jobs for everybody."

The help listening and nodding to this insight had come to work at six that morning and, after closing the door at nine, were now spending a few additional hours shelling Lima beans. They would be back on the job at dawn.

"Father Coughlin," said Ethel, popping a pod, "will drive the money changers from the temple."

"Dot's a good idea," my father said in his guttural Yiddish accent. Personally he preferred the synagogue for driving out the money changers, though he didn't attend services, not personally. But those who believed could certainly attend, with all his good wishes and respect. Likewise Caruso should sing.

At this moment a panting noise came up behind my father, and Caruso stood there, swaying with emotion, his eyes afrighted and the pretty lashes fluttering. "What happened?" demanded my father.

"Oh! Oh! terrible!" gasped Caruso, exceptionally out of voice.

"What?"

"The truck!"

"What the truck?"

Caruso swallowed lumps and gobbles, fought for voice, fought for words, and finally explained, "Oh the truck, Boss! Was just smoking a cigarette in the cab, Oh my God, was smoking a little and singing a little, and the cigarette fell down in the cushions ——"

"The truck burned down?" my father asked.

But now Caruso could not be stopped. "You know, in the upholstery? The pillows in the cab? Well, so I just opened my mouth for the *Là ci darem la mano* piece from *Don Giovanni*, you know, Boss, that sad part. . . ." And he went off into song until my father hit him hard in the belly with his elbow. "Oo, oh, oof," said Caruso.

"Tell me what happened to the truck!"

"Oh. Well, the cigarette fell down, and if I hadn't been able to find it in the cushions there, the truck would

THE AUTHOR

Herbert Gold, 39, is the author of six novels, among them, "The Man Who Was Not With It," "Therefore Be Bold" and, most recently, "Salt." He also has written over forty short stories, fourteen of which appeared in the collection titled "Love and Like." As editor he has gathered some of the best contemporary American writing into two anthologies, the latest, a volume titled "First Person Singular: Essays for the Sixties." His stories are published regularly in such magazines as "The New Yorker," "Harper's" and "The Atlantic." "Caruso the Truck Driver" is his first story for the Post. *The recipient of many important literary awards, including Guggenheim and "Hudson Review" fellowships, Mr. Gold now lives and writes in San Francisco, where he is currently at work on a new novel.*

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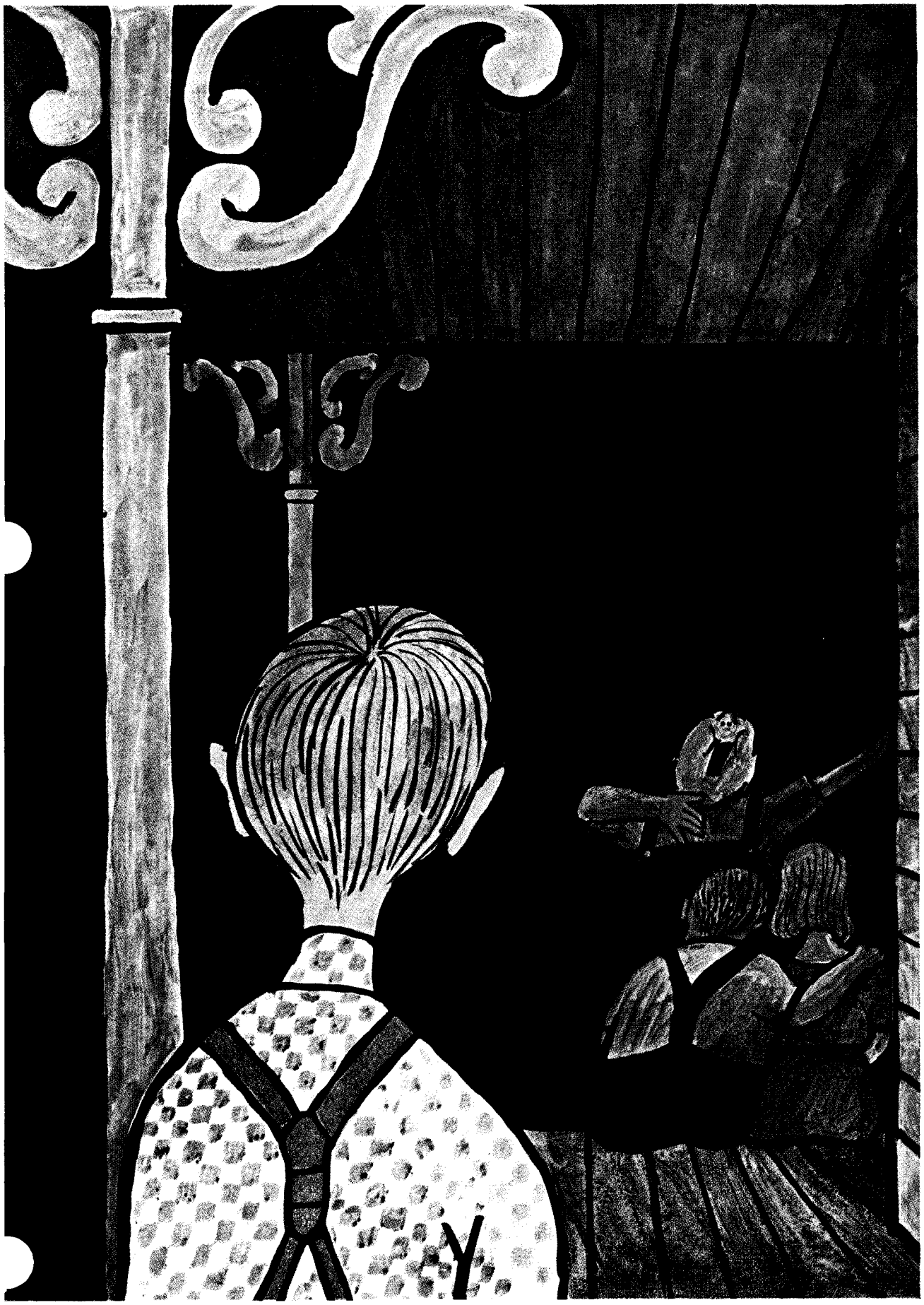

ILLUSTRATION BY TOMI UNGERER

have burned down, Boss. It was terrible. Awful. My heart hurts me right here." He seized my father's hand and put it across his chest to feel the pounding.

There was a considerable yelling and pounding of feet among the lima-bean shellers. Ethel shrieked with laughter. My father, chief of this gang, bore the responsibility to preserve order. He kept his head. "OK, Caruso, so don't worry. Anyway, the truck is insured. I am insured for fire. So don't worry, you know it now?"

Everyone settled down to catch up with the lima beans after this interruption. *Pop, pop, pop.* Beans in pots, pods in hampers. The lima beans loved to be made slippery and nude.

A few minutes later Caruso, who had been more silent than silence, got up and tiptoed away. His silence should have been interpreted for the event it was—responsive meditation.

Five minutes later he returned with a delighted grin on his face. "Boss?" he said. Caruso winked at my father. He would do anything for him. "Oh, Boss? Hey, the truck's burning."

There was a red glow and pop of rivets in the vacant lot next door. The heated vacuum sucked itself through canvas. There was a whoosh of pause, and then the gas tank went, celebrating the twenty-first of July, 1934, and Caruso's homage to my father.

I believe it would be a mistake to call Caruso a psychopath. The implication of the word is that the person bearing that label is separated from reality, failing in sympathy and the gift of communicating with others. But Caruso, while he ignored the usual standards, was devoted to my father, devoted to me ("Up! Up! Up!"), and devoted to Italian opera and music with Italian words. The matter of the truck was explained to him with precision; he learned his lesson and promised never again to burn it down deliberately. And also never to interpret my father's words, but simply to listen to what he said, and follow only the commands which had the specific grammatical form of an order. ("Clean the lettuce. Hose the back room. Deliver the onions to the Chinaman.") He would leave implications to others.

However, trucks still weighed heavily upon his mind. Caruso had a double-clutched head when it came to trucks. They meant freedom and

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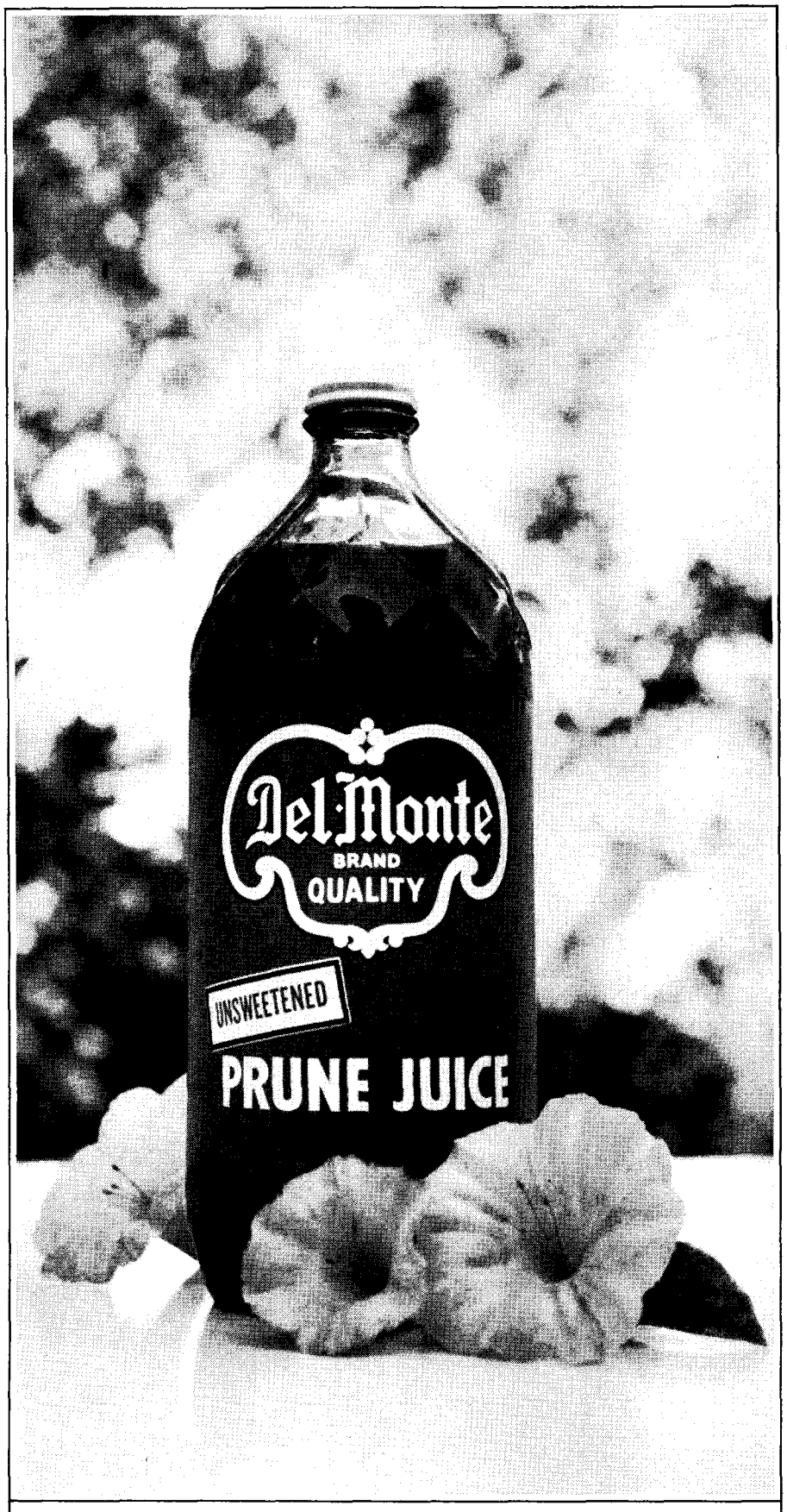

MORNING GLORIOUS!

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DEL MONTE
the prune juice with fruit juice appeal

Caruso

power to him; his ideas raced noisily up inclines. Finally a man cannot live without implications. The new truck, a White Motors product, manufactured in Cleveland and purchased by my father out of patriotic loyalty to his adopted city in those troubled depression days, smelled new and shiny, with a sexy freshness of paint, rubber, and various adhering oils and preservatives. The springs were stiff, proud, Calvinist, but they would settle down under vegetables. There's nothing like a few tons of asparagus, radishes, worms, weevils, cabbage and other edibles to teach a truck a more liberal theology.

Caruso lifted me into the cab and proudly conducted me around the block. He drove the truck to the produce market empty, and then returned heaped high with crisp lettuce, damp beets, carrots, tomatoes, artichokes in season. He also delivered orders to the lonely and telephoning rich in their Great Lakes Antique mansions with the captain's turrets along Lake Avenue. They gave him dimes; gloomy butlers gave him dimes. And he transported the group of boarders who slept under my mother's wing on Friday nights.

You'd think that all this useful labor would satisfy the most ardent and tuneful lover of trucks.

It almost did, but almost has never sufficed for the sensitive psychopath, the sociopath in good contact, or the man bursting with love of the universe. Useful labor is one thing; adventure and risk are another. Dimes do not compensate.

One morning, instead of driving the truck to the market to pick up new-crop lettuce, Caruso just kept on driving, across the High Level Bridge and east, going eastward out through night-shrouded Cleveland. He never showed up, My father was left at dawn with crates of produce on the pavements of the West Side Terminal; he smoked from the ears, and from the eyes he looked every which way for Caruso. Caruso had taken off. He had flown. He loved my father, but he stole his truck, as a son might steal pennies from the pockets of his father. Maybe his love was mixed with baser elements.

Dad waited a day before deciding what to do. No Caruso.

Silence in the cooler, silence in the back room, no Caruso singing on the toilet in the basement. Still no Caruso.

On the third day, reluctantly, my father went to the police. He had earlier inquired about accidents: none. Now he reported Caruso lost, the truck lost with him. It would be hard to hide a shiny, new, red-cabbed White Motors truck with SAM'S MARKET, FREE DELIVERY stenciled on the door by Caruso's loving hands. (He was also an artist with a stencil set.) "I don't understand it," my father said, "can't understand," scratching his scalp before the sergeant's desk, unhappy at being there, since of course he knew that the police are the natural enemies of law and order and so what was he doing confiding his problems about the singing driver to them, to a cop? Their job was to receive turkeys at Christmas, occasionally a five-dollar bill if the sidewalk was littered; they had nothing to do with Caruso and him. Littering and loitering were the things that made a cop wake up.

"It's hard," said the pleasant, broad-hammed sergeant, "for a red truck to get lost."

"Yes," said my father.

"Real hard to hide. No place to sell."

"Yes."

"Lost," said the cop, beaming. He was tickled by my father.

And it came to pass, due to the efficiency of the police and the visibility the truck, that Caruso and the truck we found within twelve hours. Maybe Caruso simply ran out of gas. Maybe he wasn't really hiding. Why anyway did he roll into Erie, Pennsylvania? That is no resort to visit for a lover of music. It's just a red-brick mill town on the road from Cleveland to Buffalo; it's just a spot on the map. Did he have a girl there? Did his singing soul lead him onto Route 20? No matter, it seemed. Caruso was in jail and the truck was in the pound. My father took the train to recognize one and claim the other.

He says that he came out of the train station, stood confused a moment, and then heard distinct reverberations of joyous, burgeoning song. With half the train ticket clutched in his fist, he followed tenor song through a block and a half of Erie, Pennsylvania. Men were selling apples in the street; there were still milk wagons drawn by horses; the bakery drivers had the look of men who ate what they did not sell. (Since my father sold lettuce and radishes, we ate more of them. What luck that we didn't have to worry about letting yesterday's bread go to waste!)

Caruso's song increased in volume as my father trudged down the cobblestones leading to jail. Don Giovanni heard out Elvira's pleading; and yet he was defiant, he challenged the Commander to do his worst; and Caruso, too, found delight in both suffering and love.

My father found him from the street. He stood in a basement cell, with a barre half-window to the street. He was sere nading the passing ankles of the women of Erie, Pennsylvania, who happened to find themselves passing the jail; there was a bruise above one of his eyes and a scalp cut; he managed to grin and lift himself to the bars in an athletic gesture of greeting.

"Hiya, Boss!"

"Hello, Caruso! Where's the truck?"

"They put it in the pound, Boss. Hey, howsabout you get me out of here?"

"Why should I, Caruso? I lost a couple days at the market, I lost the price of the ticket, I lost time which is money. Who needs a train ride these days? Also the aggravation. So?"

"*Là ci darem la mano . . .*" sang out the tenor. "I fell in love with Erie, Pennsylvania."

In the language of the time, Caruso was crazy. He was loco and buggy. He was a casualty of no particular disaster of the great depression or the rise of Hitler or the mechanization of the West. He was just nuts, and after my father bailed him out, he just disappeared.

That was thirty years ago. He was no more than twenty-five when he used to toss me up, up, up toward the sky, singing. Which means that he is now merely fifty-five years old, "a young man in the prime," as my father would describe him. Did he marry? Does he drive trucks? My nightmare is that he might be a bald short-order cook in a steamy diner in Erie, Pennsylvania, which once obscurely drew him with its magic. Is he burne out? Is he still singing? Caruso, you ma have been below-average for intelligence and social adjustment, but you get a superior rating for insistence upon music. You entered life like the rest of us. If there is no place for you, there is no place for many of the most worthy. THE END

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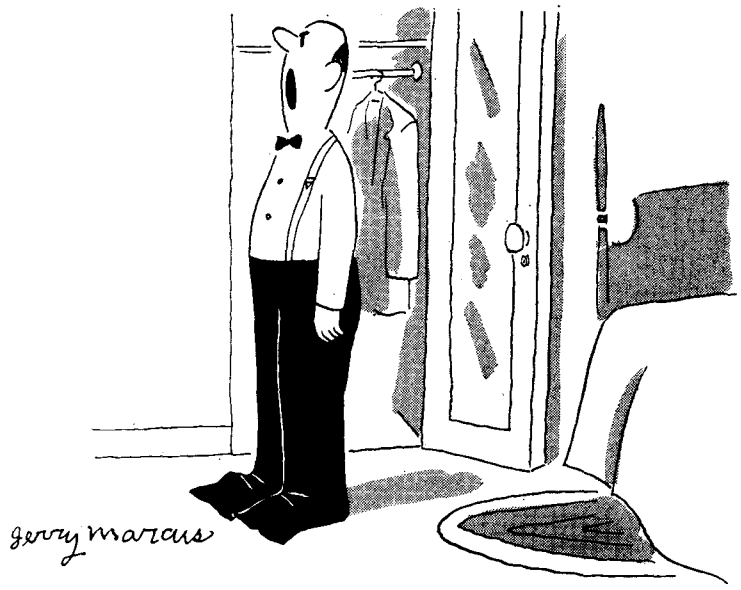
post scripts

"Admit it—you married me for my money!"

"Madam, may I?"

"I've been wanting to tell you this for a long time, sir. . . ."



"Edna! Where are my Elevator shoes?"

"But what if it isn't some kind of advertising stunt?"

"Trouble was, Sitting Bull was no Martin Luther King."

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By Lewis H. Lapham

THE ILLUSIVE, ELUSIVE MISS TAMMY GRIMES

As a whimsical ghost in a new Broadway musical, she proves unsettling as well as slightly perplexing. But offstage she is sly, mercurial, positively baffling.

"Life is far too fleeting a thing," says Tammy Grimes, "to be serious for too long."

In the spring of 1962, while touring the United States and Canada with the road company of *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*, Tammy Grimes kept a diary. One entry, a recollection of her experience set forth under the rubric, "What To Take on the Road," reads as follows:

At the Beginning:
Eight new Chanel suits, gold jewelry, plain black dresses, 20 pairs of shoes, large cashmere sweaters. Be humble, naïve, friendly, shy, smiling.
Middle of Tour:
Change shy smile to broad grin and laugh at practically anything. Buy Italian slacks, two mink coats, lots of pearls. Charge everything. Evade lawyers. Think spring.
Almost End of Tour:
Don't smile at all. Carry a Colt .44 and shoot at anyone. Buy 10 bikinis; arrange for blood transfusions, oxygen tanks, wigs, fast cars to make fast getaways, a leading man who can charter planes and fly in blizzards. Assume Garbo-type privacy. Look worn out but brave. Think seriously of becoming the last of the big-time spenders.

Now safely returned from the road, her nerves restored and her wardrobe considerably enlarged, Miss Grimes reappears this week on Broadway in *High Spirits*, a musical adaptation of Noel Coward's comedy, *Blithe Spirit*. She plays the part of Elvira, a whimsical ghost who drifts through drawing-room windows and unsettles the lives of suburban people accustomed to orderly flower arrangements and five-o'clock tea.

Her arrival onstage, by means of a wire trapeze, moves the appalled leading man to inquire, in a thin and strangled voice, "You are here, aren't you? You are not an illusion?" To which Elvira replies, "I may be an illusion, but I am most definitely here."

As the random observations in her diary suggest, that answer may be a partial key to the elusive Miss Grimes. Her friends and colleagues, all baffled by her attitudes, agree only on words like "unique," "contradictory," "original."

Her house on East 51st Street in New York reveals a distaste for anything somber or dull. The front door is painted pea green, in loud contrast to the lackluster doors of the other houses on the block. The wide and high-ceilinged room that occupies the entire second floor glitters with mirrors and old chandeliers. A pumpkin-colored sofa backs against a wall decorated with a painting of blue parakeets twittering in a tropical forest. The polished floors are covered with white fur rugs—"sheep or goat or something," Miss Grimes said, "it was all explained to me once."

On the mantelpiece stand photographs, in gilded or velvet frames, of Christopher Plummer, her ex-husband; Noel Coward, who launched her on Broadway; and her daughter, Amanda, who is six and paints pictures of green flowers.

In this room, over a recent period of three weeks, usually after nine P.M. and always with music playing on the phonograph, Miss Grimes talked of her life and times. Her voice, which a trembling critic once compared to the sound of a key hurrying in a boudoir lock, is low and breathy, but with a hardness that prevents it from seeming childish. She speaks with exaggerated gestures, in an accent of her own creation that is part Scots, part Cockney English and part New York finishing school.

Her clothes, like her conversation, incline toward elegance. One evening she wore a peignoir of white silk, an emerald ring and wool athletic socks. On other occasions she appeared in an old sweater over a Pucci dress, a Chanel suit and something made mostly of marabou. Her offers of food and drink, equally miscellaneous, included caviar sandwiches, a butterscotch sundae, champagne, pastrami on rye, oysters, hot milk, dry toast and beef bouillon.

Listening one night to a record of a mournful cowboy singing a tune called *Abilene*, she pointed her cigarette holder at the loudspeaker in the bookcase while her other hand strayed through her blond hair. "Every man ought to be like that," she said. "He ought to have a song and a guitar, and he ought to be very romantic and philosophical."

But then, after a brief pause, speaking in a lower register and with a sly look in her green eyes, she said, "He also ought to have a million dollars."

A mercurial young woman, given to sudden changes of mood, Miss Grimes sometimes seemed frail and wistful, like a little girl lost in the park. "I spend a lot of time looking at beautiful things," she said, "especially at the faces of old men or young faces running out of school; they both have a secret; they know something I don't know."

At other times she could be sardonic. "You can be a star," she said, "and you can go out in a white mink coat, and your entrance can still be a bomb."

Most often, however, she was gay. In the midst of a long soliloquy on the color blue, she remarked, "Life is far too fleeting a thing to be too serious for too long."

She knew she was an actress by the time she was 12, the year her classmates voted her "the most picturesque young lady ever to enroll" at the Beaver Country Day School in Chestnut Hill, Mass. Already her face was slightly too narrow, her chin too long, her voice too low. When she appeared on the school stage as a lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria in *Victoria Regina*, the audience laughed.

"If you're born an overstatement," she said, "and the world sees you as one, you might as well play it that way. . . . I've always seen myself through other people's eyes, a mirror for the audience."

She was the second of three children born to Luther Grimes at Lynn, Mass. Her father managed The Country Club at Brookline. Her older sister, Nancy, now married and living in Marblehead, Mass., said that even as a child "Tammy never looked like anybody else, never talked like anybody else, never thought like anybody else."

After boarding school Miss Grimes went to Stephens Junior College in Columbia, Mo., a college known for its repertory theater. She acted in a new play every three weeks and learned the rudiments of her profession.

She next played summer stock. Once, while serving as an apprentice in the box office at the Westport Playhouse in Connecticut, she gave away tickets worth $500 and was forthwith assigned to paint scenery. In 1955 she came to the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York.

She first rented an apartment on East 61st Street, in a brownstone house adjoining the house in which Roddy McDowall then lived. If Miss Grimes baked gingerbread, as she occasionally did on Sunday afternoon, she would pass half of it across to McDowall, lifting it between their windows on the end of a broom. McDowall, who addresses her as "Tam Pot" or "Grimes," says, "She lives on the tilt, half on the earth and half somewhere between the earth and the sky." Not wishing to leave the impression that Miss Grimes is a vague sort of person, however, McDowall added, "She can be very practical—I mean, nobody takes advantage of her."

He remembered that once in the company of other actors at a restaurant,

The spectral Tammy drifts into drawing rooms and plays pranks in "High Spirits." ▶

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

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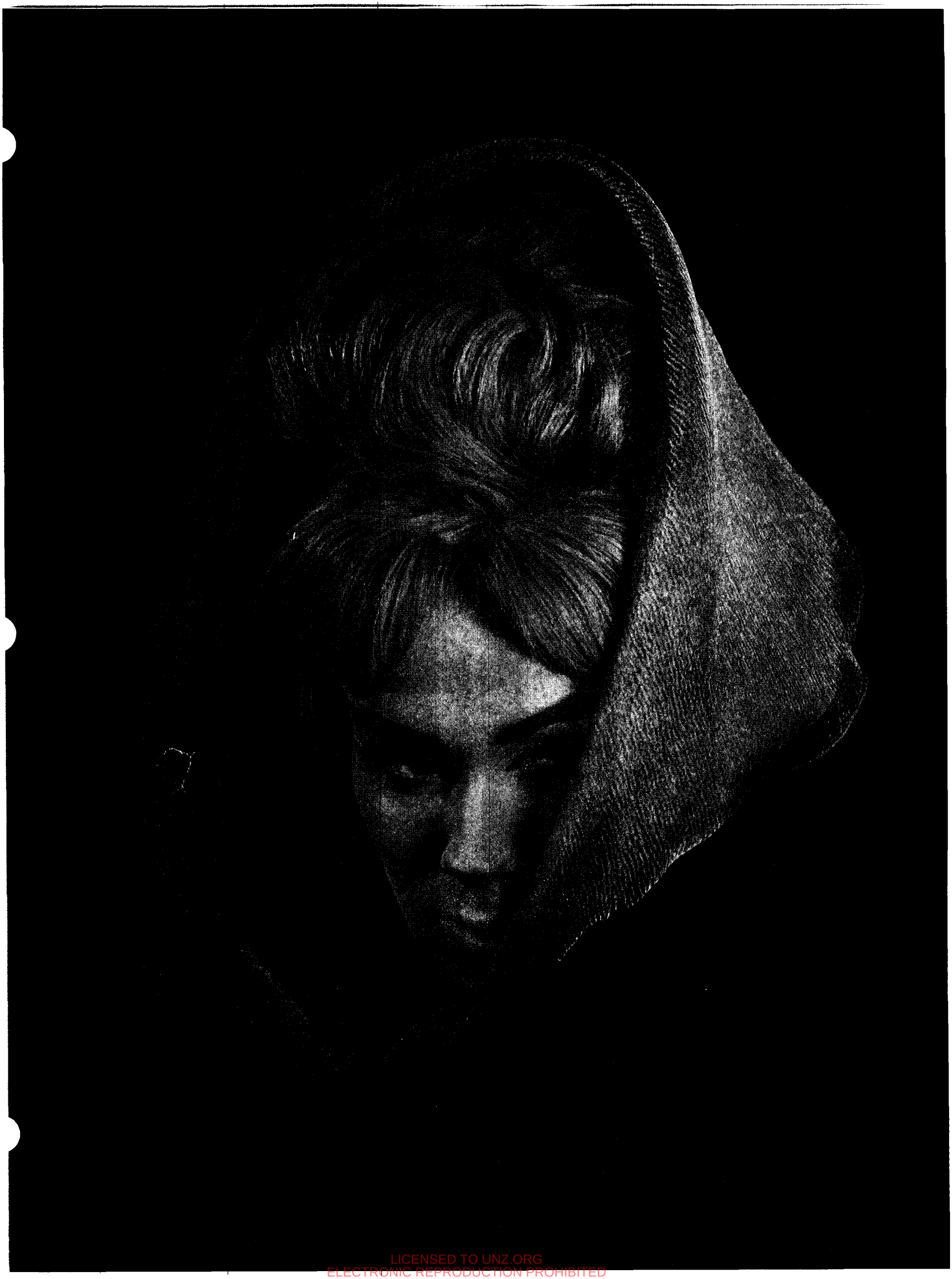

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Beatrice Lillie (center) and Tammy Grimes in "High Spirits," meets with Tammy

Tammy Grimes has séance with dressing-room mirror during tryouts in Boston.

SHE ENDED HER MARRIAGE WITH A PHONE CALL.

Miss Grimes, in an exuberant mood, tossed a glass over her shoulder. A man sitting at the next table took it upon himself to admonish her. "You actresses," he said, "always think you can do what you please, carrying on like riffraff." Miss Grimes apologized. On his way out of the restaurant, the man came over again and started to repeat his lecture. Miss Grimes stood up and slapped him in the face.

Among the other people that Miss Grimes met that first year in New York were the Burtons, Richard and Sybil. Richard was impressed by her talent. "There was—and is—no one like her," he said. "I long to act with her." Sybil was struck by Miss Grimes's childlike admiration for people who could do something well. "Tammy worships talent," she said, "almost like a teen-age girl eating an ice-cream sandwich and listening to her favorite records."

One of the talents Tammy idolized was Marlon Brando—as an impressionable girl, she sat through Brando's *Viva Zapata* 13 times during a weekend in Missouri. Like all serious young actresses in the middle 1950's, Miss Grimes went out with Brando.

On a Wednesday afternoon in March, 1955, Brando, who had been driving her around town on the back of his motorcycle, dropped her off at a Broadway theater to see a play called *The Dark Is Light Enough*. By the end of the first act she had fallen in love with one of the performers, Christopher Plummer.

Miss Grimes married him the following summer and divorced him four years later. After the first few months of marriage they hardly spoke, nodding politely to each other if they happened to pass on the stairs of their apartment in Greenwich Village. "An F. Scott Fitzgerald sort of thing," Miss Grimes now says.

She ended the marriage with a telephone call late one night to the studio where Plummer was filming a TV play. She instructed the stage manager to inform her husband that his clothes had been forwarded to the Algonquin Hotel, where she had reserved a suite for him, complete with flowers and champagne.

Her own rise to fame began shortly thereafter. She acted in off-Broadway plays, appeared in several TV shows and played the part of Moll in the late Marc Blitzstein's opera, *The Cradle Will Rock*. Eventually Noel Coward found her singing in a cabaret and thought her a "naughty girl . . . with such a wicked face." He offered her the lead in his adaptation of a French farce called *Look After Lulu*. She welcomed the chance to escape from nightclubs. "It's like standing naked in a group of strangers," she said. "You can see them in a club, see them light a cigarette or take a drink. But on stage, you're safe, because of the distance. The proscenium arch is like a great downy quilt in the cold."

Although *Look After Lulu* closed within five weeks, Miss Grimes had arrived on Broadway. Her subsequent performance in the musical *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* established her as a star. The drama critics called her "enchanting" and "irresistible." "Success," said Miss Grimes, "is like air, like something you breathe, like champagne, like a compliment from someone you don't know very well."

Dore Schary, the producer of *Molly Brown*, called—and still calls—Miss Grimes *schmatah*, a Yiddish word meaning rag. ("You know," he said, "like a mop.") Although he was awed by her talent, he remembers that he was horrified by her extravagance. "She used to come to rehearsal," he said, "wearing some little suit that you suddenly found out cost $900."

Which also is characteristic of Miss Grimes. She likes to buy things. On dreary afternoons, in hopes of improving her mood, she drives to shops in a hired limousine, ordering paintings, picture frames, velvet pillows, white damask chairs, crystal glasses and, most particularly, clothes. As yet she has managed to resist her temptation toward a sable coat. "If I buy a sable coat," she points out, "then what could I look forward to? The only thing left would be to buy another sable coat."

When department stores cease to divert her, and if she finds herself unoccupied with a play or a television show, she travels. When she is out of town, she sends postcards signed with any name that comes into her head; for example, "honey bunch," "antique" (she was feeling old one day in Rome) or "Paul Revere." From Paris, having seen the new collections of clothes, she dispatched the following bulletin to her press agent: "There is a lot of marabou."

Whenever possible Miss Grimes travels with her daughter. Last summer she and Amanda went to Disneyland and then to the beach at Malibu for two months. Amanda collected seashells, and her mother tried to paint a landscape of the sand, sea and sky. "I wanted to get the feeling of primary colors," she said, "but it turned out like an Australian flag."

But despite the seeming disorder of her affairs, despite her irregular hours and unorthodox point of view, Miss Grimes's life remains wonderfully uncomplicated. Her purpose is clear: The theater and her own ambition take precedence over anything else. Although that is the stuff that fine actresses are made of, even blithe spirits give way to occasional doubts.

In a mood of vague melancholy, at about two o'clock one cold morning, Miss Grimes, looking small and fragile, said, "People say to me, 'You are like my first Christmas tree,' which is nice, but maybe not enough.

"You can be a star, somebody that everybody adores, but maybe only for a moment and not to live with. It gets a bit lonely at times, and perhaps all you have left in the end is a scrapbook filled with old newspaper clippings."

But then, with that sly look again coming into her green eyes, and with a raspy music in her voice like pan pipes in an old play, she added, "All anybody has is once around the track, and if things get too bad, well, there are always far-off cities and cowboys with guitars, new clothes, music boxes and large funds of traveler's checks." THE END

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"If you're born an overstatement and the world sees you as one," proclaims Miss Grimes, "you might as well play it that way. I've always seen myself through other people's eyes."

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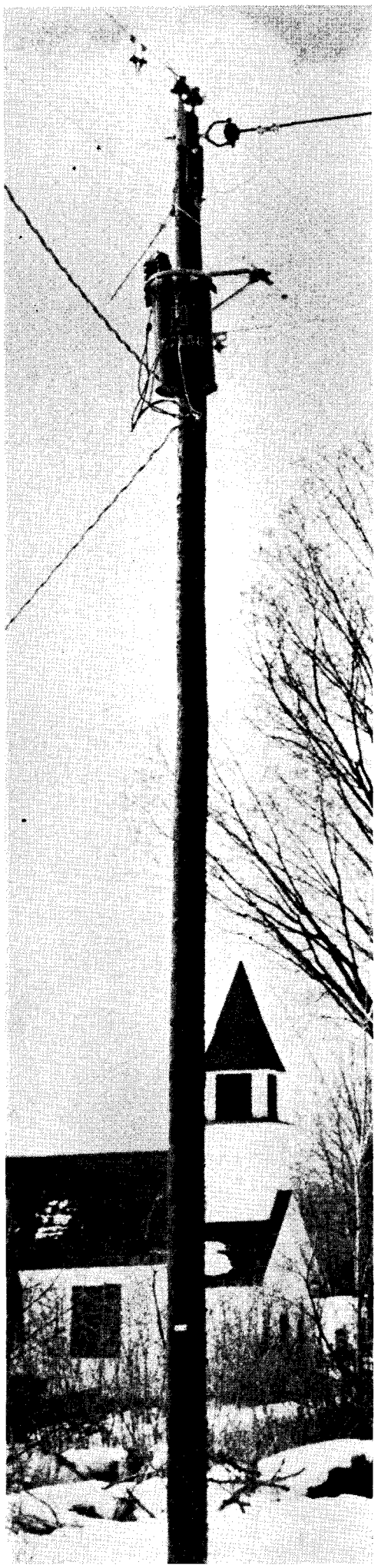
By Evan Hill

LOOK OUT, AMERICA, HERE COMES GRANBY

While the rest of the nation is agog u wonders, these doughty, antiqu discovered a strange, newfangle



Power pole rises outside Granby church, but inside candles still provide lighting.

It was dusk now, but Mildred Brown still waited. Standing beside her at the window, five-year-old Shirley looked up and tugged at her cotton dress, but Mildred Brown shook her head and smiled. It was not yet dark enough.

She heard her three sons shouting as they scurried across the dusty road to hide behind the granite millstones in front of the old town hall. Then they trooped through the front door to warm themselves at the kitchen wood stove. They elbowed each other in the darkness, for the kerosene lamp which they had known all their lives was not lighted this evening. That afternoon they had helped the electrician run wires through the walls of their house, and they had moved the huge pile of stove wood in the cellar so he could drill holes in the floor.

Now it was dark. Because Irving Jr. at 12 was the oldest, he decided. He nodded to little Shirley. She reached up to flick the electric switch, and a 60-watt bulb burst into brightness. Eight-year-old Stephen blinked as he stared at it. "Boy!" he gasped. "That could blind you!"

Mildred Brown left her children there for a minute. As she went out toward the road, they took turns switching the kitchen light on and off.

She stood in the middle of the street in the silent town to see how changed it was this night. Up the hill toward the Nobles' she could see the glow from other houses in the village. The concealed bulb in the steeple of the 118-year-old Congregational Church cast latticed shadows on the road and on the tombstones in the cemetery. Pete Hodgdon's house up on the hill was brighter than she'd ever seen it, and the one-room schoolhouse across the road seemed strange to her. Yesterday it had been illuminated with gas and kerosene lamps, and from where she stood, she could see the old cast-iron, four-lamp chandelier hanging from the ceiling. But tonight its wicks were cold; tonight, as Mrs. Sandra Morehouse graded papers, banks of fluorescent tubes burned brightly over the desks.

This was last November 15, the day electricity finally came to 200-year-old Granby, Vt., the last town in New England to get electric power. Granby is a Yankee town, wood-pegged and hand-hewn out of the white pine forests of the northeasternmost county in Vermont. Across the Connecticut River to the east, Granbyites can see the White Mountains of New Hampshire; 30 miles to the north is the French Canadian province of Quebec. Granby is in a section Vermonters call the Northeast Kingdom because it is so isolated, independent and so forgotten.

It was not always so. Today Granby's population is 56, but in 1890 it was almost seven times as large. The adjacent town of Victory—which got its first electric power a few days before Granby—today has 46 inhabitants, one-twelfth of what it once had. In the old days 13 sawmills crouched on the banks of the Moose River, and a now-abandoned railroad ran to Victory. Each town had three schools. But the two towns died a little as each tall pine was cut, and soon the forests and the sawmills and the loggers were gone. Only a few stubborn farmers—the Hodgdons, the Dunns, the Shores—clung to the rocky soil. They elected each other to town offices, attended town meetings in March, and minded their own business. While modern conveniences came to nearby towns, the people of Granby and Victory only became more isolated, sinking back into the 19th century.

Granby supports a Congregational Church but has no minister. It has a town hall and a one-room school for 11 pupils. All these buildings are white clapboard. There is also a post office located in a private home. Victory's old schoolhouse has no pupils and is used as the town hall. Neither town boasts a store, gas station, restaurant, firehouse, sidewalk or street light. They don't have a police force, but there isn't any crime. While sickness occasionally comes to the region, the people remain remarkably healthy; some still treat chest colds with hen's oil and an onion bag hung around the neck.

Among their eccentric ways is their belief in a turn-of-the-century economic theory. Unlike most Americans, these New Englanders think that installment debt, municipal bonding and home mortgages are sinful. In Granby and Victory it's cash on the line, and the price of an automobile is rated in the same manner as the price of a horse or cow—by how much it costs a pound.

Something missing

In the 1950's, after the world had lived through the invention of the radio, television and the automatic dishwasher, these Vermonters vaguely began thinking about what they might be missing. A few had purchased home generating plants, but they proved costly and capricious, and occasionally they blew up. Several times they petitioned power companies, inquiring about the installation of electricity. But each time officials pointed out that profit-making organizations could not invest $75,000 to get returns from 30 or 40 electric outlets. New Englanders can see logic in this kind of economic reasoning, so they stayed on kerosene.

In 1957 telephone lines were strung through the towns to a new Air Force station—now abandoned—on a nearby mountain. Villagers asked, "Why not power lines on those same poles?" But the answer was too much expense for too few people. The same answer was given to the proposal for a municipal power plant. Granby and Victory simply would not go into debt to raise the money.

There seemed to be only one solution. To get electricity they needed more money. To get the money the towns needed more people. Says Rodney Noble, who is 23 and studying to become a teacher, "We couldn't wait to breed 'em, so we decided to import 'em."

And import them they did. Making capital of their primitive living conditions, they staged an autumn festival hopefully named Holiday in the Hills. The high points included a lumberjack supper, singing at the church, and a kerosene-lighted dance in the town hall. The press services spread the word about the quaint Vermont towns without electricity. For five years the festivals continued, and strangers by the thousands came to gawk and gape. But the populations of Granby and Victory remained about the same. They wanted new people, but nobody in either town wanted to sell *his* land, to spoil *his* fields and woodlands.

In June, 1963, a Rural Electrification Administration cooperative offered to bring in power if the townspeople would float municipal bonds or mortgage their homes to finance the project. The stunned residents rejected the proposal. Then Vermont's Gov. Philip Hoff threatened to request state funds to electrify the towns if something was not done soon.

The first real hope that there would be light came at a meeting last September in the governor's office. Among those attending was the Victory-Granby Electric Power Committee, a citizens' group. Also present were Governor Hoff, representatives of the R.E.A. co-op and the Central Vermont Public Service Corporation, a privately owned utility which for years had been seeking a feasible way to bring power to Granby and Victory.

The pressure on the Public Service Corp. had been great. Every newspaper story about the kerosene-lighted towns had made the company's officers look like so many Scrooges. Board chairman Albert A. Cree found himself reading letters from other power companies suggesting that Central Vermont's failure to provide electricity was bruising the public image of private utilities throughout the nation.

Before dusk that day Cree offered to run lines into the towns if the residents would pay minimum charges of three dollars monthly, plus five dollars a month for five years. Their kilowatt-hour rates would be half a cent higher than in nearby towns. The villagers, when they heard the news, were elated. The company worked seven days a week installing cables. Nine weeks later power surged into the towns.

For 80-year-old craggy-faced Ceylor Shores, who lives on a farm and delivers the mail in a Volkswagen sedan, the coming of electricity was an awesome experience. Before he makes his daily mail trips, Ceylon gets up at four in the morn-

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xctronic marvels and space

ıroper Vermonters have just

levice—known as electricity.

ing to feed his mares and cows. For the first time he switched on lights outside his house and in the barn. His son-in-law, who had been awakened by the brightness, asked Ceylon Shores why he had turned on all the lights.

"I've been tumblin' around in the dark for eighty years," he declared, "with nothin' but a kerosene lantern in that barn. This is the first time I really saw the inside of it at night. First thing I'm goin' do today is smash that lantern against a rock. I'm goin' to enjoy that electricity. By the roary-eyed, jumped-up whiffle tree now I'm goin' to *see*."

So modern times finally came to Granby and Victory. Some, like blacksmith Orien Dunn, resisted. "The damned electricity is a curse," he warned. "You'll live to regret it." Eventually he gave in and wired his own home, planning for the time when his grown children come to visit him. Louis Cahoon, a 71-year-old retired farmer, wasn't opposed to electricity. He simply didn't bother to get it. "At my age," he says, "I guess I can get along without it."

Others regard the new wonder with mixed feelings. Gray-haired Solon Partridge and his wife Bertha live on a 700-acre farm. They used to import propane gas to refrigerate their food, heat their water, run their cookstove. Now they have an electric freezer, iron, clock and even an electric corn popper. But the new TV set has brought a problem. "We watch it all night," Solon Partridge says ruefully. "We've gone crazy about it. If it doesn't shut off of its own accord, we'll become strangers and have to get acquainted again."

This ambivalent feeling is echoed by Mrs. Morehouse, the schoolteacher. "I think electricity is good for the people who live here," she says. "The kids think it's great, and it might bring in more people. We'd learn a little more about the world and be less isolated." Then with foreboding, she adds, "But more than that, I just don't know. You could get juvenile delinquency and drinking."

The towns really haven't changed so much, however. The residents plan to continue Holiday in the Hills. But with electricity, the communities lose their unique attraction. Several months ago Granby and Victory formed a joint committee to list land for sale. The committee has yet to meet. No real-estate agents have been called in, no advertisements have been placed. Few are giving up their land to strangers.

Perhaps the attitude of the towns was best summed up by a traveling salesman offering electric stoves. In the two communities there is only one. "There'll be more in due time," says the salesman. "Some day a few will go to oil furnaces, but now they're still using wood stoves. They've got to catch up to 1900 before they jump into 1964." THE END

Granby scholars study in fluorescent glow. A few months ago they squinted under kerosene chandeliers that still hang overhead.

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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF PRECIOUS PLUM FLOWER

She asked very little and received even less. This is the haunting story of one Chinese refugee among the homeless millions in Hong Kong.

By KARL LUDWIG STUMPF and EDWARD GAMAREKIAN

Hawkers peddle meager wares between Hong Kong buildings erected to house refugees.

The frail, young Chinese woman hesitantly pushed open the door of a hospital reception room in Hong Kong. She had come four times before and the answer was still the same. There was no room for her.

"Baby come now," she said, leaning heavily on the handle. Hospital authorities relented and rushed her into the maternity ward. Another pregnant woman got up to make room for her and then sat on the edge of the bed. And so young Chan Mui-po was delivered of triplets.

Two days later the following item appeared in the Hong Kong *Tiger Standard:*

A man yesterday wanted to give away his newly born triplets. His wife, ill with tuberculosis, died last night, after sixteen hours of labour. He stated he earned only U.S. $1 per day and has four other children to support and wishes to give the triplets away to any charitable or missionary organization.

"I don't want any help from anybody," he said. "I only hope that someone will keep the babies. I cannot take them now that my wife is dead."

There were no takers for the infants. For several days the tiny boy and his two sisters lay side by side in their incubator. Then, as though sensing their unwantedness, they went out of this life, one by one, as quietly as they had entered.

This was not a particularly unusual occurrence in Hong Kong. Personal tragedies numb the lives of hundreds of thousands who have fled from Communist China to this tiny British colony. Too many people cling to the edge of survival. Too many are living on sidewalks, on staircases, in basements, on rooftops, on rotting boats and in squatter colonies that consist of tens of thousands of flimsy structures thrown together from scavenged pieces of wood, bamboo, tar paper and tin. Water is so scarce that it is turned on only four hours a day every fourth day, and those who have to queue up at the public pipes get only about four pails per family—two for washing and two for cooking. Every year thousands of people die of tuberculosis, dysentery and other diseases.

And yet the refugees continue to come by tens of thousands. They would come by the millions if they could. Two years ago, when the Chinese government mysteriously let down its barriers, the flow of refugees grew so suddenly that the Hong Kong government decided to turn them back. Of the 70,000 who had newly crossed over, more than half were rounded up and shipped back to China, and the rest of the world protested in anger. Was this right or wrong? Who is to judge? Of the more than 3.6 million people here now, half are badly housed, badly clothed and badly fed. Maybe more. Can we take another half million or million? Should those who have so little be called upon to get along with less? Who is to say?

We who work for the Lutheran World Federation, one of dozens of welfare groups in Hong Kong, are simply trying to help in whatever way we can. We have seen the worst and have grown accustomed to it. We roll up our sleeves and work. The problem is so vast that we often feel we are fighting a raging fire with cups of water and teaspoons. It is that bad.

Hong Kong Island—Hong Kong means "fragrant harbor"—is an irregularly shaped 32-square-mile area, 11 miles long and two to five miles wide. On the nearby coastal strip, when you take the funicular railway up the green-and-purple mountainside, you get a bird's-eye view of one of the world's liveliest trading centers. Beyond the treetops, beyond the shacks and the grand apartment buildings, the street stalls and the international banks, lies a magnificent sweep of harbor, alive with the movement of ships.

This is the city where Chan Mui-po came in search of a life in freedom. This is where Chan Mui-po struggled for survival and lost. Mui-po—her name means Precious Plum Flower—was born 32 years ago in southern China, in Szechwan Province. She was the youngest of six children of a rice farmer who owned 17 acres of land in the fertile bend of the Yangtze. When Precious Plum Flower was only two years old, the Yangtze overflowed its banks, and the rushing muddy waters swept away her house. Her father drowned, but the rest of the family survived by clinging to the floating rooftop of a shed. Her mother, already suffering from tuberculosis, then became very ill, and the children had to be parceled out to friends and relatives. The two youngest daughters—Mui-po and her four-year-old sister, Siu-po (Precious Fairy)—were sold to neighboring farmers who had no children of their own. Another flood two years later forced her new parents to sell out and make their way to the coastal city of Canton, about 100 miles from Hong Kong. When Mui-po came of age, she was given back her freedom and married to Liang Ping-wan, [illegible] eldest son of a family who owned a farm just outside the city.

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"Is there anything bad about borrowing money?"

Ask somebody if there is anything "bad" about borrowing money and he'll probably quip, "You have to pay it back." Fine, but that's more amusing than accurate.

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In short, even though these people earn a reasonably good income, they would be financially frustrated in trying to raise their standard of living without borrowing money.

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The easiest way to get on a borrowing basis with a "Full Service" bank is to give it all your banking business. If you already have a checking account, it's at a "Full Service" bank. It has to be. So put your savings there, too. Maybe even take advantage of their safe deposit boxes, credit references and 101 other banking services.

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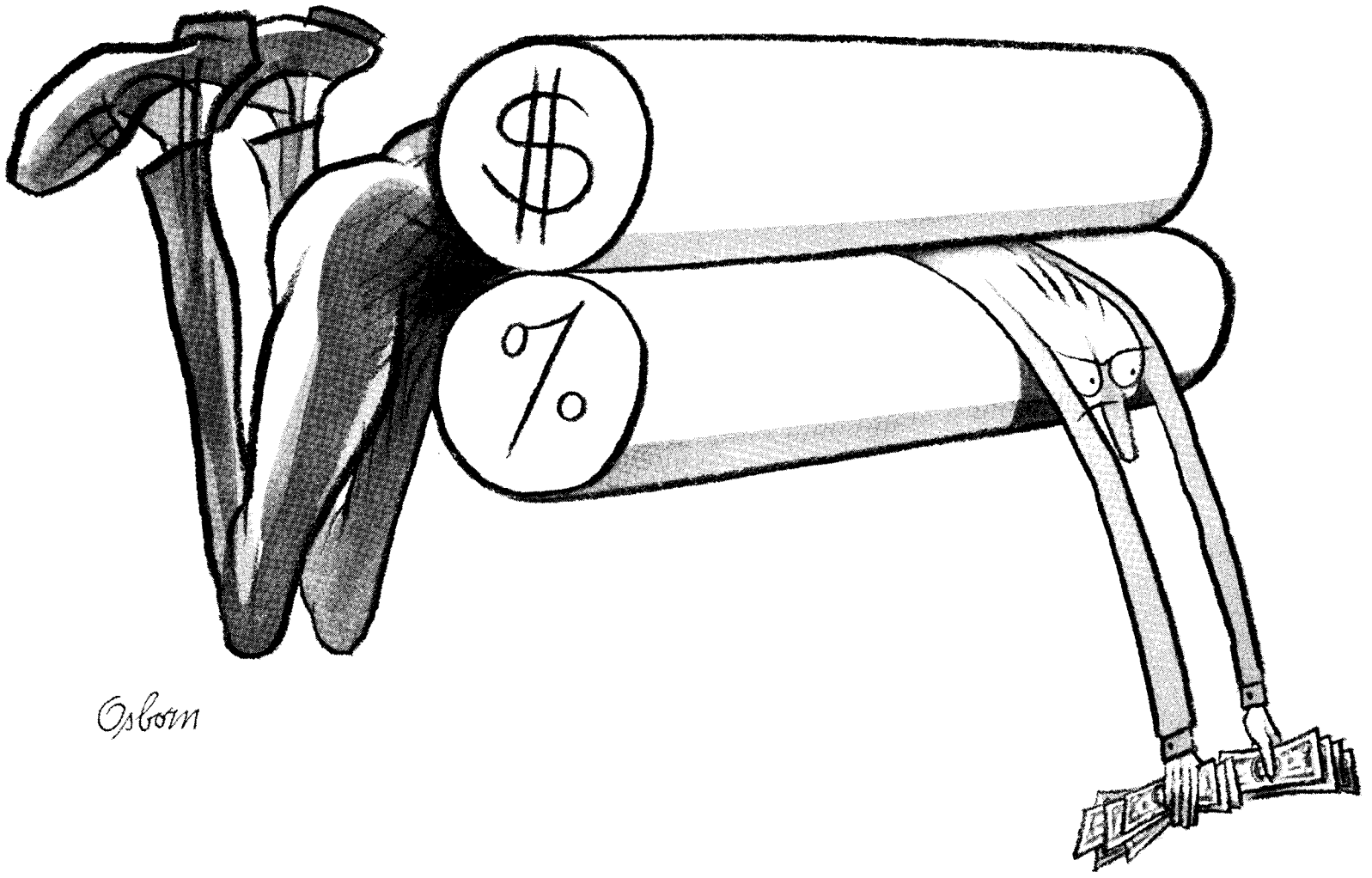

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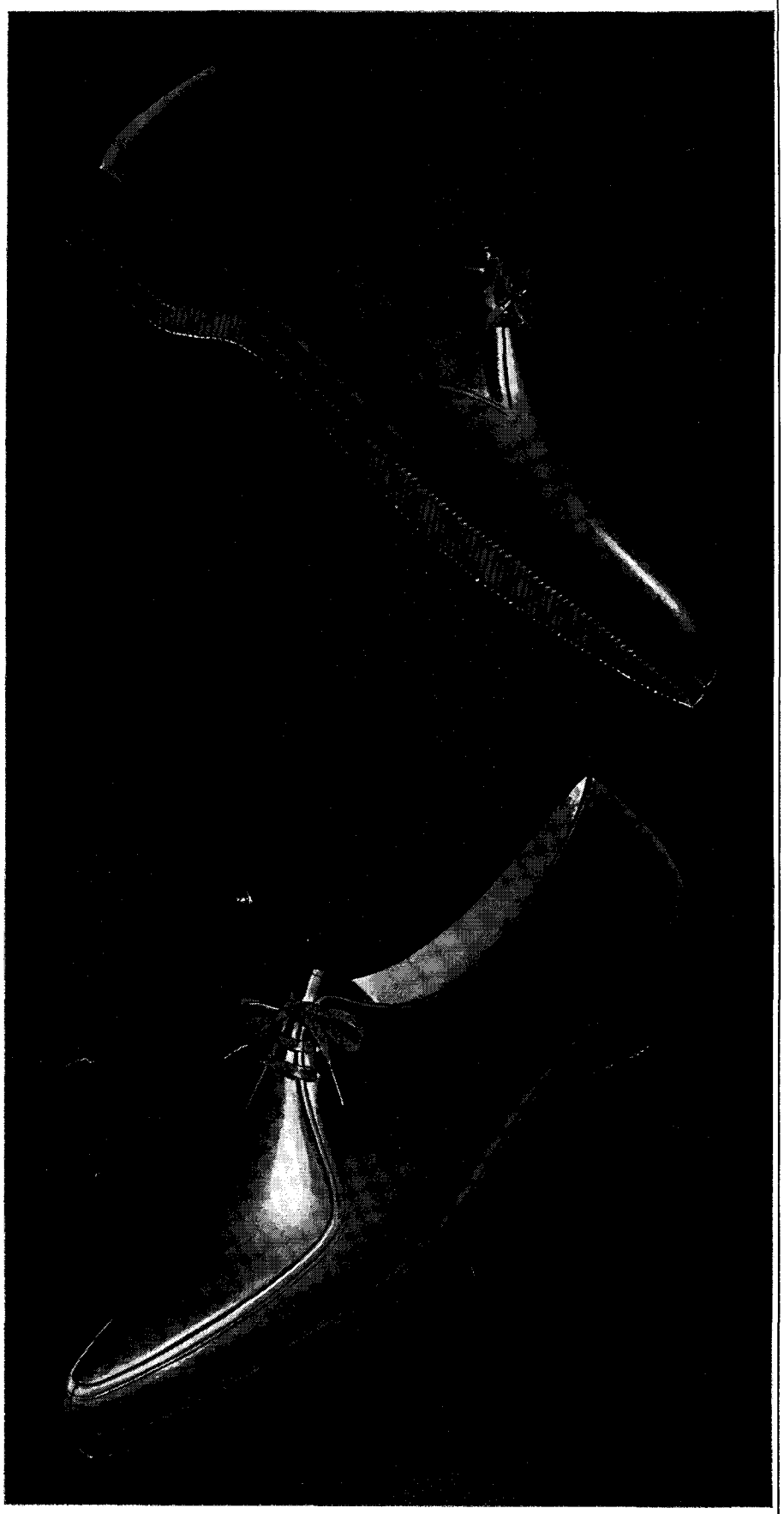

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Top: The CASUAL, *62605; plain black calf blucher; driftwood, 63613; old salt, 65602. Bottom: The* CASUAL, *62604; rolled front black calf blucher; driftwood, 63612; old salt, 65601; desert gold, 64601.*

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Precious Plum Flower

Everything seemed right again. And then the Communists came. This was 1949. Her husband's father, with 20-odd acres, was arrested as a "landlord." After a 12-hour public "confession" meeting, which he spent on his knees with his hands tied behind his back, he was shot in the back of the head. Mui-po, who was then pregnant, joined her husband and four in-laws in fleeing to the border. They walked for 10 days, exchanging some of their clothing for food along the way. Once they had to stop in a village, and there Mui-po gave birth to her first son.

The border was virtually open then, and the Liang family crossed easily. They had no friends in the crown colony, but Mui-po's husband had three taels of gold (four ounces) sewn into his trousers. Converting this into cash, the Liang family bought some food and began to look for a place to live. But hundreds of thousands of others were in the same plight. During 1949 and early 1950, three quarters of a million Chinese fled to Hong Kong. They were everywhere, packed 20 and 30 to a room. People huddled together in the corners of garages and basements, in tunnels and sewers—anywhere there was some overhead protection.

Unable to find a place to live, Mui-po's husband bought some used planks and pieces of galvanized iron and put up a tiny shack among the squatters in an area known as Shek Kip Mei. Thousands of others did the same, and soon there were more than 50,000 people crammed together on the 45 acres of land. Imagine all of the people of Tallahassee or White Plains squeezed together on a piece of land the size of about nine average city blocks. Their shacks were eight- or nine-feet square (less than the size of the average living-room rug) with up to nine or ten people in each. They slept on bare wooden platforms surrounded by boxes of belongings, without running water, toilets or baths, electric lights or sewers.

Mui-po's husband found a job in a small firm that made simple farm tools. He earned about 90 cents a day. Neighbors showed Mui-po herself how to assemble plastic flowers at home, and this brought in another 50 or 60 cents a day. The total income for the family of seven averaged about two dollars a day. Here Mui-po had her second son. Despite her hardships she was proud of him and full of hope for the future.

On Christmas Day, 1953, a careless match or an overturned kerosene lamp sent flames sweeping through the tinder-dry village of Shek Kip Mei. All that was left the following morning was 45 acres of charred wood and ashes. Fifty-three thousand people were suddenly homeless and without food.

The Hong Kong government immediately set up a gigantic emergency feeding program. Did you ever see tens of thousands of hungry people queue up for food? It was an overwhelming sight to watch them standing there with buckets and brown paper bags in their hands as they waited patiently by the hour for a shovelful of steamed rice, some vegetables and a few cans of pork. They not only had to be fed but also had to be bedded down somewhere, and the government began construction of seven-story H-shaped blocks with eighty 10-by-12-foot cubicles on each floor.

Until the new buildings were finished, however, Mui-po's family had to split up. Mui-po, her husband and the two children moved in temporarily with some friends who were renting a section of the third-floor hallway in a nearby tenement Then they learned that there was roon on top of the adjacent tenement house. So the Liangs pooled all their resources, bought some wood, sheet metal and tar paper, and the entire family was reunited

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.

HAZEL by Ted Key

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now let's see, the Government owes me exactly . . ."

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on the rooftop next door. Their one-room shack was slightly smaller than the one at Shek Kip Mei. There were 12 other families up there, leaving barely enough room to turn around, but they were all together once again, and this was all that mattered. When they were offered a cubicle in the new resettlement blocks put up by the government at Shek Kip Mei, they decided not to take it, since they were paying less rent where they were. It was here Mui-po had her third child, a girl. And here, a few years later, another daughter arrived. The rest of the family moved over to make a bit more room.

One day the rooftop dwellers panicked. Without notice workmen began to tear down the building next door. The staircase in the building being demolished was the only access from the rooftop to the street. There was no other way down. Husbands were called from their jobs, and everyone started dismantling the shacks. With the clutter of wood, tin and tarpaper piled high on the sidewalk, and their personal belongings stacked alongside, the Liang family looked for a place to go. The rooftops they looked at were either barred to squatters or filled to capacity. Nearly 80,000 people were living on the tops of buildings at that point. Most of them are still there. There were also some 12,000 living on staircases and in basements, 25,000 sleeping in the streets, 68,000 others perched on verandas, 50,000 living in factories and stores that rent out bed spaces at night, and 140,000 more were sleeping in bed spaces in other people's cubicles, 20 or 30 packed into each room.

Mui-po's husband, unable to find a place for his family, put up a temporary shelter on the sidewalk, against the wall of a building. His brother and two sisters moved into bedspaces, leaving only the four children and Mui-po's mother-in-law to worry about for the time being. But the situation did not improve. People kept coming from China by the thousands, slipping over the border at night or around the border on fishing junks. And so the seven Liangs remained on the sidewalk. Mui-po's husband made their "home" as comfortable as possible with the materials at hand, and they settled down until something better could be found. Ten years had elapsed since their arrival, and the future was as uncertain as ever. Yet they still had hope.

That winter was an exceptionally cold one for Hong Kong. The temperature often went down to freezing. There was a kerosene stove to provide some heat, but the cold was too much for the ailing grandmother. She succumbed to an attack of pneumonia. Now there was no one left to look after the children. Mui-po had to give up the job she had found at a sweater factory, working six days a week for $15 a month. To keep the older children in school—there were a few schools that were free, but these were filled to overflowing—she went back to making plastic flowers for five dollars a month. When her husband came home each night, they also made rice cakes and sold them to a street hawker for a penny each. They made ends meet.

But Mui-po then discovered she was going to have another baby—her fifth. She had a mild case of tuberculosis in one lung, and the pregnancy made it flare up. She became so weak that she could no longer work, and she was barely able to look after her family. At this point Mui-po came to our center for help. Our medical caseworker investigated, and we immediately gave the family a supplementary food allowance—four pounds of rice, eight pounds of bulgur wheat and three pounds of noodles a week. An examination in our clinic revealed Mui-po's tuberculosis, which required immediate treatment, but there was not a single bed available anywhere. Every hospital and treatment center had a waiting list. There are only 1,600 beds for TB cases in the colony; yet some 30,000 people are known to have the disease. Our own 45-bed hospital was full and has no facilities for treatment of TB anyway.

Mui-po received daily injections of antibiotics at our clinic, and we had all the children X-rayed. We discovered that the three oldest children had old TB lesions; the two-year-old had an active lesion, so we started to give her injections.

There was still the problem of school fees. The oldest boy was referred to the Foster Parents Plan, which gave the family eight dollars a month for his support. His school fees came out of this. We registered the other two school-age children in our program. Six thousand individuals and organizations in other countries are sending us the equivalent of $5.25 a month to pay the school fees of 7,000 children in Hong Kong. It may not sound like much, but it adds up to more than $400,000 a year.

When we examined Mui-po's family for TB, we also discovered her husband had hematemesis—internal bleeding due to either cancer or an ulcer—so the doctor at our clinic referred him to a government hospital. But he refused to go, even when we assured him that we would look after his family. He was afraid he would lose his job if he took a few weeks off. It did no good to argue, so we treated him at our outpatient clinic.

Mui-po lost her baby. Her bout with TB left her so weak that it would have been dangerous for her to have another child, so our caseworker referred her to the Family Planning Association. But Mui-po wanted to take more certain measures. Her friends told her that an operation would cost $35, but she had no money. A government clinic told her they would do it free of charge, but only when there were six or more children in the family, so she was not eligible.

She went back to making plastic flowers to raise the money for the operation. Her health gradually improved, as did her spirit. The Liangs were all together once again, and the world seemed brighter. We dropped the family from our active list and shifted our attention to new cases—many of them even worse. The next time we heard of Mui-po was when we picked up the newspaper and learned of her death after she had triplets.

We in the voluntary organizations are doing everything we can to help, with the limited funds we have. As we try to provide our own small housing projects, small loans and grants, schools and clinics and social workers, mobile canteens that provide milk and protein cookies to children, hearts go out to these people who turn like sunflowers to any source of help.

They say that a man in Hiroshima who came through the bombing unscathed moved about giving what aid he could to the victims, and could find nothing to say except, "Forgive me for being alive." As we move among the squatter shacks and the street dwellers and turn people away because we do not have the means to help, we become painfully aware of our own homes, cars and refrigerators, and we find ourselves thinking, "Forgive us for having so much." THE END

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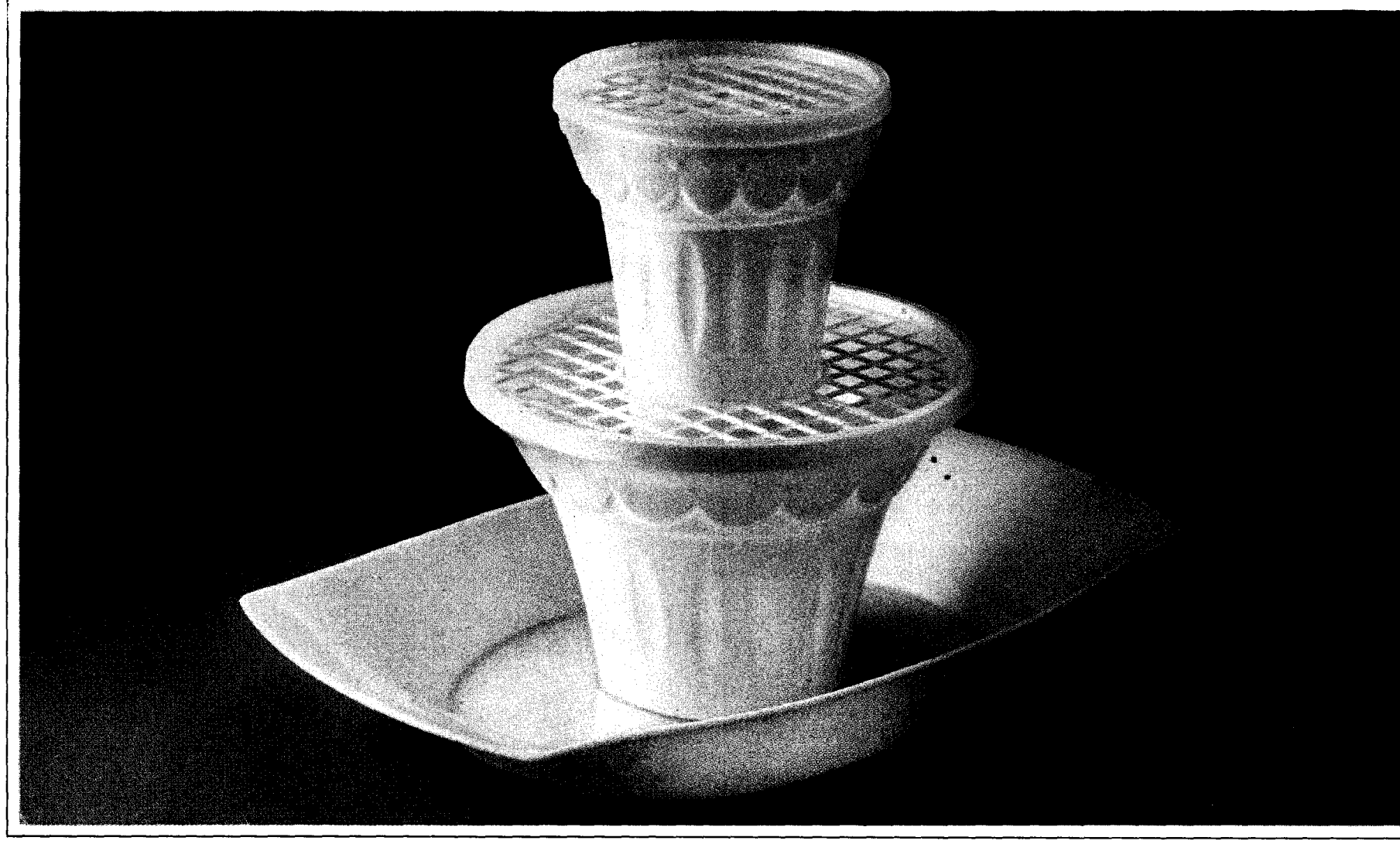

Tupperware's birthday gift to you!

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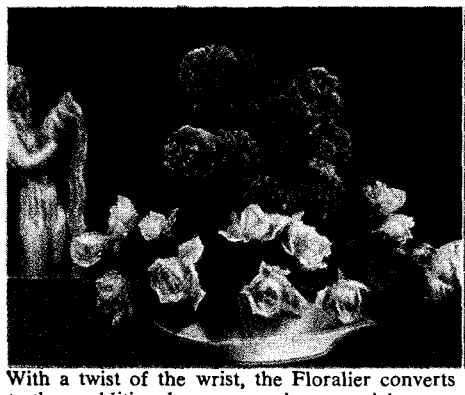
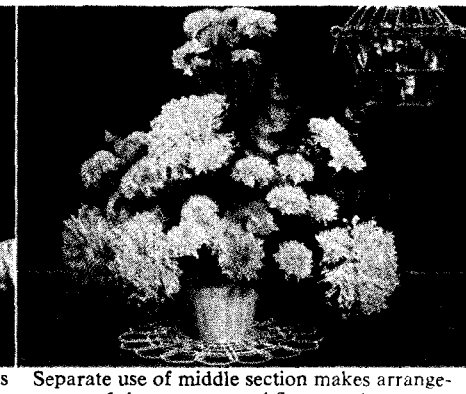
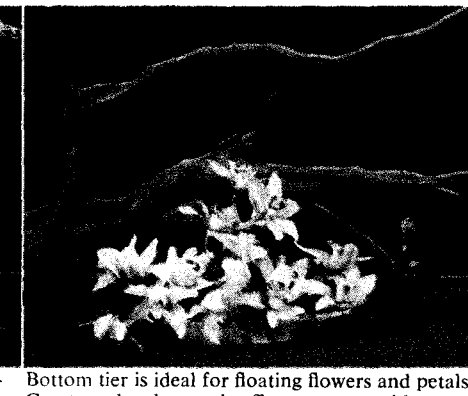


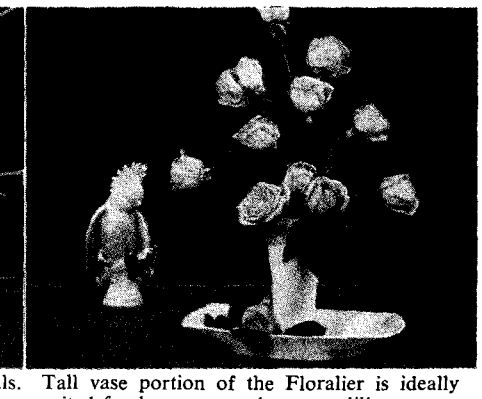
With a twist of the wrist, the Floralier converts to three additional arrangers, shown at right.



Separate use of middle section makes arrangements of shorter-stemmed flowers a breeze.



Bottom tier is ideal for floating flowers and petals. Creates a lovely, exotic effect on your table.



Tall vase portion of the Floralier is ideally suited for long-stemmed roses or lilies.

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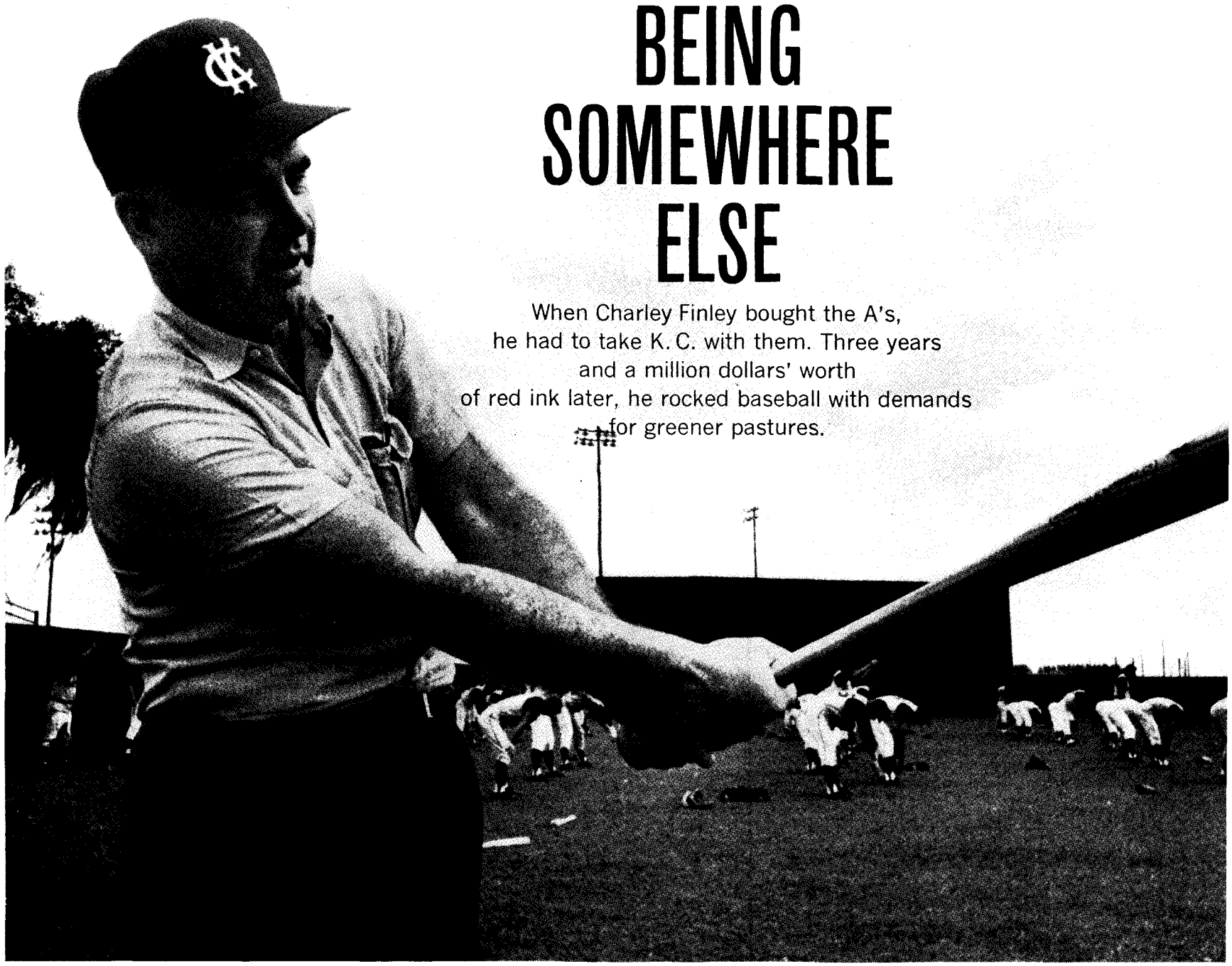
By Frank Graham Jr.

HAPPINESS IS BEING SOMEWHERE ELSE

When Charley Finley bought the A's, he had to take K. C. with them. Three years and a million dollars' worth of red ink later, he rocked baseball with demands for greener pastures.



With his Kansas City Athletics limbering up behind him, owner Charles Finley swings a personal war club during spring training at Tampa, Fla.

A long black Cadillac sped eastward on the Indiana Toll Road near the small city of La Porte. Inside, the man who was doing most of the talking suddenly pointed to a large cluster of white farm buildings appearing in the distance.

"What's that on the barn roof?" he asked in mock amazement. "Look, it's a big wooden *A*. And then an apostrophe *s*. And there's a bat and a ball.

"By golly, that must be *Finley's* place!"

Then Charles O. Finley—the man who owns the barn as well as a baseball team called the A's (presently lashed to Kansas City but pulling at its stays)—leaned back in his seat and grinned. He had challenged a whole city and the highest brass of the Baseball Establishment. He was retreating now to his 18-room Indiana farm home, temporarily beaten but with his relish for uproar and headlines undimmed. In Charley Finley's world, 380-acre farms and baseball teams, like oysters, lawyers and his four St. Bernards, are costly yet highly desirable amusements.

"I realize," Finley was saying as the car continued on the highway, "that if a man has his health he has his happiness too." In trying to guess his age—which is 46—a stranger is baffled by the contrasting clues of Finley's thin white hair and his bushy dark eyebrows that are the most striking feature of his youthful face. "When I bought the Athletics I was simply buying a little extra happiness."

Three years of unprofitable operations in Kansas City somewhat diminished Finley's happiness, however, and last winter he went shopping for a new home for his team. The American League said no; the Athletics must stay in K.C. Finley then threatened to sue the league, and the brawl became the liveliest topic of the off-season period. Big league baseball, long condemned as a monopoly, frequently threatened with antitrust action, is a wary, thin-skinned institution. The handful of wealthy men who own the game's 20 franchises control the sport. No competitor can come along to threaten them because the leagues are limited to 10 teams apiece—hence the charge of monopoly. Cities which aspire to "major league" status wage elaborate campaigns to woo teams away from other cities. Likewise, a city that already has its team tries to keep it. Kansas City fans want to keep the A's. It's Finley they'd like to be rid of.

Shirley Finley, along with the four boisterous St. Bernards, met her husband at the door. Mrs. Finley is a slender, attractive woman,

Photographs by Art Shay

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Barn roof on Finley's 380-acre farm in LaPorte, Ind., displays team's emblem.

For Charley Finley, a big farm, big dogs and a big-league baseball team all add up to his kind of happiness.

Being somewhere else

and now she was trying—unsuccessfully—to maintain an irritated frown.

"This arrived for you today—C.O.D.," she said, handing Finley a book. "I paid the postman $4.33 for it because it was mailed from Kansas City and I thought it was something important."

Finley grinned when he saw the book's title. It was *How To Use Tact and Skill In Handling People*.

"It's some fan's idea of a joke," Shirley Finley said. "I didn't open it until after the postman left."

"Don't worry about it," Finley said. "I think I'll read the book. I might learn something."

He led his visitor into the living room and stretched out on a sofa in front of a roaring fire.

"I have no quarrel with the Kansas City fans," Finley said. "The way newspapers and the city council there have smeared me I can sympathize with the way the average fan feels about me.

"Sure, I knew what I was getting into when I bought this team. I wanted to get into baseball so much I was even willing to buy the A's. I never expected to make money in baseball, but I think I should have a chance to break even."

Playing in the smallest city in the big leagues (475,000), the A's drew 683,817 fans in 1961, 635,675 in 1962, and 762,364 last year.

"My problem is *real*," Finley went on. "Anybody in the game will tell you that no team makes money on its admissions—they make it on concessions and radio-TV. Until last year I was getting only $200,000 for radio-TV, and then it jumped to $350,000. But who knows what I'll get this year?

"The firm that handles my concessions tells me I have the worst stadium in the country for selling hot dogs and soda pop. The concession stands are in the wrong place, the upper deck is so steep the vendors begin to drag about the third inning, and the distance between aisles is so great it's almost impossible for a fan in the middle of a row to make a vendor hear him. And the firm that handles my billboard advertising says advertisers shy away from Kansas City because of its comparatively small consumer market."

"Do you think the American League owners are keeping you in Kansas City out of spite?" Finley was asked.

"They're stubborn, but they're not stupid," he said, shaking his head. "The main reason is, I think, that both Cleveland and Baltimore are in trouble. They may want to leave soon, so the other owners are holding rich territories like California open for them. I'm new in the league—an outsider—so I take the leavings."

"Do you think you'll ever be accepted by the other owners?" Finley was asked.

"I never entered a popularity contest," he answered, a little defiantly. "But even so, I've been surprised that these people in baseball acted the way they did. Why, at the first major-league meeting after I bought the A's and Gene Autry bought the Angels, Ford Frick presided as commissioner, but he didn't have the courtesy to introduce either of us to the National League owners."

"Then you really haven't gotten much pleasure from owning a team?"

"Oh, don't get me wrong," Finley said. "I've had many fine relationships in baseball, especially with my players. I treat my players the way I'd like to be treated if I was a player.

"One day in 1962, after we swept a series from the White Sox in Chicago, I went back to the hotel and I handed each one of the players $25 cash as they got off the bus. The coaches, trainer—everybody! I told them to go out and get a good steak.

"Joe Cronin once asked me if it was true I gave my players extra money like that. 'You shouldn't do that,' he told me. 'It makes it hard on the other owners.' Why, if I can't do that for my players I should get out of baseball!"

And that, as he has indicated many times in the past, is not Finley's intention. Big-league franchises are hard to come by, and the road he traveled to obtain one was rocky and circuitous. It began on a small farm at Ensley, Ala., where Charles O. Finley was born on February 22, 1918. The "O" does not stand for "Owner," as Frank Lane, one of his former employees, has suggested. It stands for Oscar, his father's name.

Baseball was young Charley's game. He played it between farm chores and once served briefly as a batboy for the Birmingham Barons. In 1934 the family moved north to Gary, Ind., where Oscar Finley took a job in the steel mills. Charley left behind his southern accent, but brought with him his love for baseball and a taste, if not the means, for good living.

"Charley Finley was a strange boy," says a girl who attended Gary's Horace Mann High School with him. "We looked on him as quite a dude because he wore a sport coat to school. I'd say the girls remember him more as a good dancer than as an athlete."

One classmate, Shirley McCartney, must have been more impressed than the others. After graduation she continued to see Charley, and married him in 1941.

In the 10 years that followed Finley's graduation from high school, he worked in factories, attended junior college and studied salesmanship in the evenings. He also formed his own semipro baseball team, the Gary Merchants, and played first base for them. In 1946, when he was 28 years old, he was still playing first base and peddling insurance.

Then suddenly he was struck down by tuberculosis. Finley's world tumbled around him. Admitted to the James O. Parramore Hospital at Crown Point, Ind., he battled first for his life and then for his complete recovery. Shirley Finley became a proofreader at the Gary *Post-Tribune* to support their young children.

"I spent twenty-seven months in that sanatorium," Finley said. "That's a lot of time to just lie around and think. I had no health insurance of my own, so when this happened, my wife *had* to go to work. I began to think what it would be like for a professional man whose career is ruined by an illness or an injury."

Finley devised an insurance plan wi rates based on the statistical fact tha. professional men are better-than-average risks. After his release from the sanatorium, Finley persuaded a large insurance company to include this new class of policy in its program, and then he went out to sell it. His biggest sales success came when he was given permission to outline his plan to a large medical convention at San Francisco in 1952. "It was the biggest sales pitch of his life," says a friend of his, "and he made it pay off."

Charles O. Finley & Co. opened new offices in Chicago, and Charley was on his way to becoming one of the country's most successful brokers dealing in health insurance for doctors. (By 1961 the annual premium volume exceeded $17 million.)

As his wealth grew, Finley realized he was now in a position to fulfill an old dream: to run his own major-league baseball team.

It came as a shock to Finley that money alone was not enough to get him into baseball. In 1954, when he bid for the Philadelphia Athletics, he began a quest that lasted almost seven years.

"I never saw anybody who wanted to get into baseball so badly," one executive says. "He'd have bought anything. Why? I guess he wanted to wear a cap with a big-league team's name on it."

He bid for the A's, Tigers, White Sox (twice) and the new American League franchise in Los Angeles. Once, whe asked to name the other members of his syndicate, he astonished baseball men by replying, "There's just Finley. It's all my money."

On December 19, 1960, Finley finally acquired 52 percent of the Kansas City A's for $1,975,000. Two months later he paid an equal sum for the rest of the stock. Finley was now the sole owner of one of baseball's most tradition-encrusted franchises—the Athletics of Connie Mack, Home Run Baker, Lefty Grove and Jimmy Foxx. The old A's of Philadelphia fame had passed out of Mack family control in 1954, when Arnold Johnson bought them and moved the team to Kansas City.

"I put every cent I could scrape up into this team," said Finley. "It's more than a hobby for me. It's a total commitment."

The Finley-Kansas City romance blossomed prettily. Charley took over a last-place club and promised brighter days for the town's victory-starved fans. (The A's had finished a bad last in 1960 after their pitchers were lowest in strikeouts and their hitters lowest in home runs.) Standing on the steps of City Hall, he conducted a ceremonial burning of a clause in the ball club's contract with the city which permitted the A's to leave town after any season in which attendance dropped below 850,000.

"In effect all the city ever had was a one-year contract because of that clause," Finley said. "I took it out against the advice of my lawyer. How right he was!"

Finley hired Frank Lane, a well-know

Finley shows his players new white, gold and green uniforms he designed for team.

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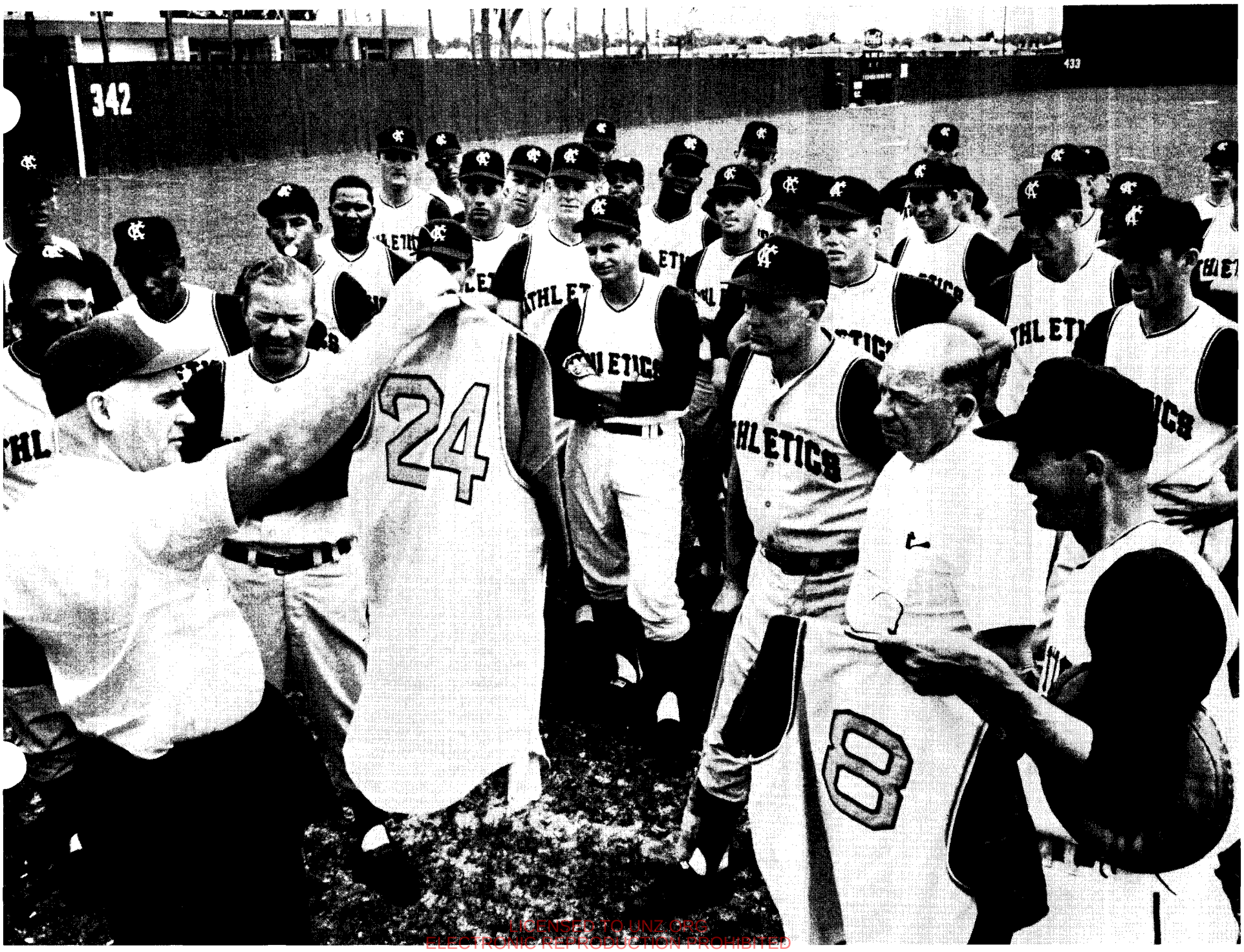
Finley and family—which includes four boisterous St. Bernards—enjoy the good life at their 18-room Indiana farm home. The seven children range in age from five to twenty.



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"Kansas City fans are wonderful," says Finley, "but there just aren't enough of them."

Getting ready for new battles ahead, o

Being somewhere else

baseball executive, to be the A's general manager, and had Lane put the torch to an old bus which symbolized the wholesale transfer of promising young players like Roger Maris, Hector Lopez, and Ralph Terry from the A's to the Yankees during the previous owner's regime. (The dealing of their heroes to New York had become so routine that many fans, suspecting an unusual degree of collaboration between Kansas City and New York, referred to the A's as "a Yankee farm team.") In a final grand gesture of neighborliness Finley announced he would soon move his wife and seven children from Indiana to Kansas City.

Mayor Roe Bartle expressed the city's sentiments early in 1961 when he said, "Charley Finley holds the heart of Kansas City in the palm of his hand."

The romance wilted almost as soon as Finley opened for business. Trouble was built into the operation. Finley had inherited Joe Gordon as his manager, and Gordon had already been fired once by Lane in Cleveland. Now both of them had arrived at an understanding based on the belief that a manager runs the team on the field and a general manager runs the front office. Finley had other ideas.

"I would never hire a man and give him a free hand to run my business," he said. "I'd be telling him in effect, 'Go ahead and run it any way you want to. Make me or break me.' Unh-uh!"

Finley fired Gordon after a dispute in spring training, then rehired him almost immediately. He rebuked Lane for making a trade without his knowledge. Whenever Lane made a suggestion, Finley would deflate him by calling Bill Veeck, the free-wheeling former owner of the St. Louis Browns and Cleveland Indians, to find out what he thought of it.

Finley was living the baseball fan's traditional dream. He not only could second-guess his manager's strategy and his general manager's trades, but he had the power to overrule them. With the 1961 season under way, he often questioned Gordon's moves.

At midseason Gordon was fired for good. "It was a cinch to happen," Finley said, "because he and Lane had proved they couldn't get along together."

"But you were the boss."

"That's right," Finley admitted. "I was the boss. I didn't think Gordon was a good manager because he made too many mistakes. But I should have fired Lane instead."

That situation was soon corrected when Finley fired his general manager too. The two men are still squabbling, with Lane suing Finley for money he claims is owed him on his contract.

More colorful than this litigation is the dispute over a $10,000 Mercedes-Benz. Lane claims that Finley gave him the car. Finley claims that the car went with the job and should have been returned to the ball club when Lane left. Finley still holds title to the car which sits unused in a garage near Lane's home in Florida.

"Lane wanted a ten-gallon hat to go along with the car," Finley said. "So I bought him one for a hundred dollars at Neiman-Marcus in Dallas. He kept the hat too."

If Finley did not provide the fans with a winning team, he did put both fans and team in a gaudy setting. He painted the stadium seats lemon yellow and desert turquoise, marked the foul lines with pink fluorescent lights and laid out a picnic area under a grove of sugar maples beyond the bleachers. A mechanical rabbit, dressed in an A's uniform, periodically popped from the ground near home plate to replenish the umpire's supply of baseballs. A flock of sheep, tended by a shepherd, cropped the stadium grass.

It all cost Finley $500,000 of his own money. The city, which owns the stadium, promised to reimburse him eventually, but it still owes $411,000. "It was a pigpen when I arrived," Finley says. "Now it's the sexiest park in baseball."

The honeymoon withers

By the middle of August, 1961, the first of the rumors that Finley might leave Kansas City appeared in the newspapers, and his relations with the city began to wither. He did not move his family to Kansas City, as he had indicated he would. He was sharply criticized by the local press, which had been solidly behind Gordon and Lane. Then, with the American League's knowledge, he investigated both Dallas and Oakland as potential new homes for the A's.

"Joe Cronin told me I might be able to work out a deal to play in the Giants' park for a while in San Francisco," Finley said. "But the Giants said no. The important fact is that until last fall I never asked the league's permission to move, but I was encouraged by the league to look around."

Here Finley became bitter. "Cronin let me take the abuse. He never had the red blood in his *veins* to stand up and say, 'We knew Finley had problems in Kansas City; we knew he was looking in Dallas and Oakland; we contributed financially to this.'"

Cronin sincerely feels quite differently. "Baseball has a dual obligation—to both the owners and the fans," he says. "On Finley's request, we made surveys. But those we made in Dallas, Oakland *and* Kansas City convinced us we weren't justified in letting Finley move. Before we abandon a city we have to consider its history—the quality of the team and its public relations and the effect they might have had on attendance."

Finley feels Kansas City officials have let him down too. "Before I came there the team had that clause about being able to leave if it didn't draw 850,000 people. In 1960 [before Finley took over] it looked as if attendance would fall well below that, so the city put on a campaign and sold 200,000 tickets the last few weeks. Then bighearted Finley removed the clause and what happened? The city just sat back and let Finley worry about it all. I cost myself thousands of dollars. Now who's the jackass?"

As his personal relations worsened, Finley stepped up his output of promotional ideas. A salesman at heart, he subscribes to modern theories of marketing.

"Baseball is way behind the times," Finley insists. "Baseball doesn't think about the workingman. I've suggested we begin the World Series on a Saturday instead of during the week, then play all the weekday Series games at night. That would give the guy who supports baseball—the workingman—a chance to see all the games. Why leave him out of baseball's biggest show? And opening day. That should be on a Saturday too."

Kansas City began to defend itself against the Finley "menace" last spring. Charley was booted out of the local Chamber of Commerce when he complained his $1,000 dues assessment was too high. Then, on the morning of April 9, 1963—the four-year contract he had inherited from the previous management was to expire at the end of the year—Finley signed a new seven-year contract with the city.

It stipulated that the A's would pay no rent unless the attendance went over 950,000 a year, with five percent of the proceeds going to the city after that figure had been reached. The escape clause which Finley had burned in 1961 was back too. The new contract again said the A's could leave town after any season in which they failed to draw 850,000. It was an 11th-hour action of an outgoing city council and one that was almost immediately voided by a new council which felt it could negotiate a better contract.

As the December 31 expiration date of the old contract approached, Finley and the new city council were locked in a bitter struggle. Finley offered to sign contracts of four or five years, with no 850,000 escape clause, in which, in lieu of rent, he would pay one fourth of his concession income and five percent of his ticket proceeds. After the city found both of these offers unacceptable, Finley suggested a two-year contract, with no escape clause and a regular rental. Finley also agreed to forget $411,000 still owed him by the city for stadium improvements.

The city replied with several other offers, all of which called for rent regardless of attendance and all of which Finley declined. In January of this year, with no contract in force, the city pushed the A's out of their stadium offices, and team officials set up temporary headquarters in their own homes.

"We must have a contract for at least four years," Mayor Gus Davis said. "It's the only way to restore stability in the A's operation and regain the fans' faith."

"The Kansas City fans are wonderful," Finley replied. "But there just aren't enough of them to support a ball club."

His threat to open the 1964 season "in a cow pasture" was pursued actively if not very seriously when he dispatched general manager Pat Friday to examine some cow pastures. One of them happened to be a 320-acre lot in a place called Peculiar, Mo.

Throughout the January negotiations Finley thought he had a potential solution to his problems in the form of an invitation from Mayor William Cowger of Louisville for the A's to move to his city. When negotiations with K.C. stalled, Finley accepted Cowger's offer on condition that American League approval could be obtained.

The owners assembled in New Yo last January 16, and Finley delivered one of his better sales talks. He spoke with fire and indignation, pleading with the

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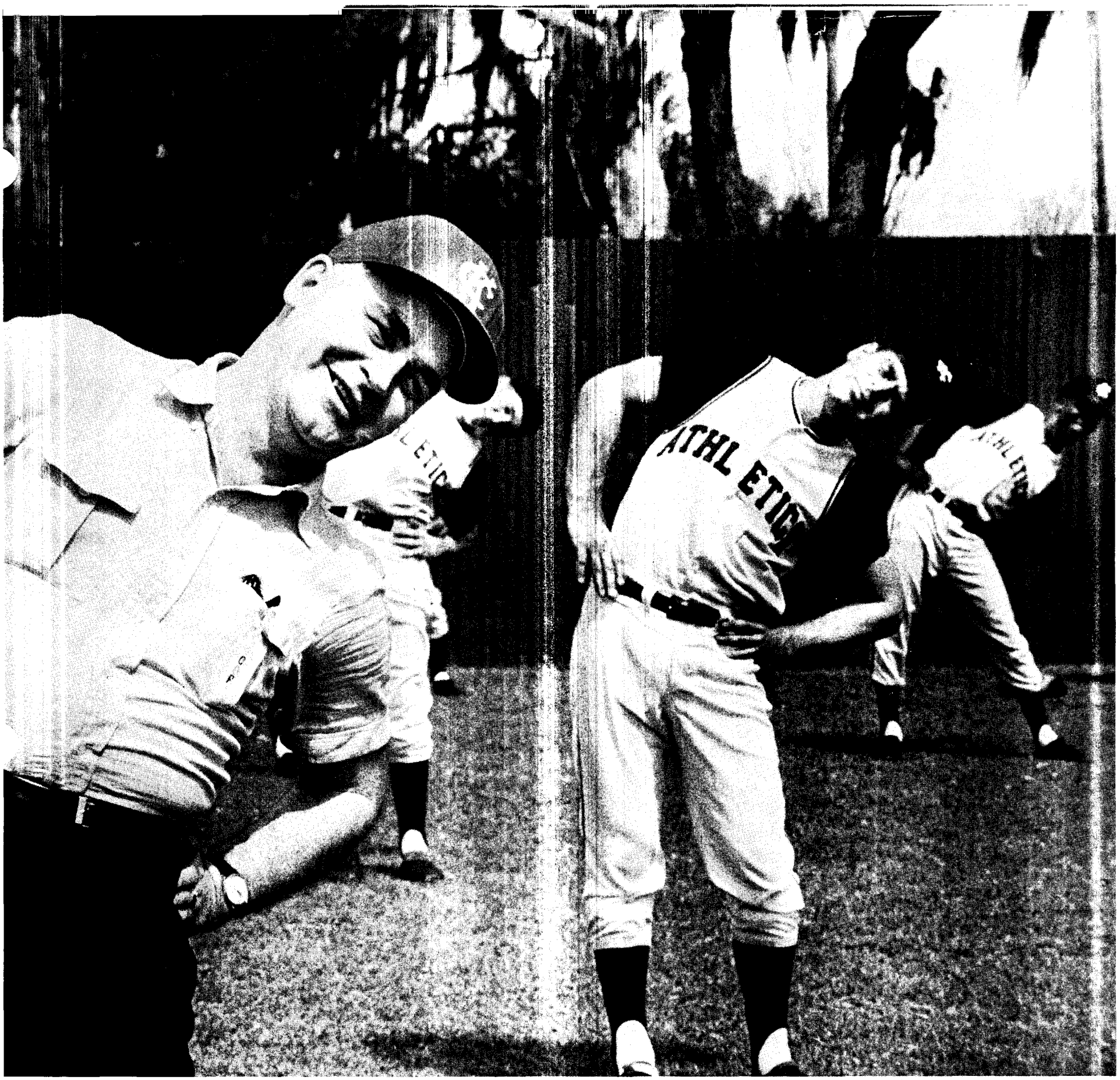

and off, Finley and his players do calisthenics at Tampa training camp. Athletics open their American League schedule on April 14; date for Finley's next contest is unknown.

owners to recognize his problems and snatch him from the jaws of bankruptcy. When he had finished his presentation, there was only an embarrassed hush, as when a waiter falls with his loaded tray in a chic restaurant. His request to move the A's was defeated, 9–1. "The only vote I got was the one I carried in with me," Finley said.

Still full of fight, Finley retained Louis Nizer, the famous trial lawyer. He also picked up support in Congress from Rep. Emanuel Celler of Brooklyn, who said at Finley "has a perfect antitrust suit against organized baseball."

"This is still a free country," Finley said, "and I don't believe that anybody can force me to operate my business in a city where I've lost a million dollars in three years. If I'm forced to sign, I'll sue the league, and I'm sure a contract like that will not hold up in court."

Perhaps Finley hoped that fear of court action would paralyze baseball, that the game's privileged legal position as sport-not-business would make other owners feel vulnerable in court. But baseball took that chance. In a meeting at Boston the league directed Finley to sign Kansas City's four-year contract, and called another meeting to consider his expulsion. Finally, Finley capitulated. He signed to stay in Kansas City for four more years.

Unwinding at his farm, Finley described his ordeal: "At the New York meeting they picked me clean. At Boston they tarred and feathered me. When Cronin sent me the telegram telling me to sign, I smelled the pine box.

"It's one of the greatest injustices in baseball history," Finley says menacingly. "I'm saddled with the only noncancellable contract in the big leagues."

Ahead of him lay the Herculean task of convincing Kansas City fans at this late date to buy season tickets. ("No passes for the politicians," Finley says. "Everybody pays his own way now.") The fans' loyalty to the team may be unquestioned, but many of them hold Finley in deep distrust. At the back of their minds must lurk the fear that Finley and Nizer will somehow break the contract and flee elsewhere with the A's.

Meanwhile, Kansas City looks forward to the team's improving its eighth-place standing of last year. Sluggers Rocky Colavito and Jim Gentile were acquired last winter. If they stay with the team, it means more home runs and more excitement for A's fans.

"Ed Lopat, our manager, thinks we gave up a lot of young pitching for them," Finley says. "But we had to have hitting, and we had to have gate attractions."

"Would you sell your ball club if the pressure got too much for you?" Finley was asked.

"Sell? This club is part of my happiness," Finley said. "And you don't go around selling happiness." THE END

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EDITORIALS

MR. LODGE'S REMARKABLE VICTORY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

The political primary is in many ways a ridiculous exercise. It tends more and more to be an endurance contest to see who can spend the most money, shake the greatest number of hands and utter the longest string of platitudes. The New Hampshire primary was a good example. Among the 50 states, it ranks 45th in population. Yet by holding its primary first, New Hampshire achieves a psychological impact far out of proportion to its size.

The results of this year's New Hampshire primary, however, were a refreshing exception to the notion that anyone can be President of the U.S. if he runs hard enough. The man who spent the most time in the state, shook the greatest number of hands and slapped more backs than anybody else—Nelson Rockefeller—came in third. The next most active candidate—Barry Goldwater—finished second, while the man who won the primary, Henry Cabot Lodge, was half a world away in South Vietnam.

To some immeasurable extent Lodge's victory was attributable to the fact that he is a next-door neighbor (when at home in Massachusetts). Lodge's backers made a big effort in New Hampshire, and obviously there were a lot of people who simply didn't like Goldwater or Rockefeller. But no amount of minimizing by his opponents (Rockefeller lamely called it a "victory for a favorite son") can take away the fact that the primary was a remarkable triumph for Ambassador Lodge. It propelled him into the forefront of Republican contenders, while it left leading active candidates Goldwater and Rockefeller and "noncandidate" Nixon looking rather foolish—clearly less formidable than before.

A VICTORY FOR A FREE PRESS

The Supreme Court of the United States struck a great blow for freedom of the press recently by unanimously reversing the $500,000 libel judgment of an Alabama court against *The New York Times* and four Negro ministers.

The *Times* case stemmed from an advertisement published on March 29, 1960, signed by the four Negro ministers (among others), charging that Negro student demonstrations in the South had been "met by an unprecedented wave of terror." The ad said that "truckloads of police armed with shotguns and tear gas ringed the Alabama State College Campus," and alleged that Dr. Martin Luther King had been arrested seven times on a variety of inconsequential charges.

The advertisement contained a number of inaccuracies. It did not mention any public official by name, but L.B. Sullivan, a city commissioner of Montgomery, Ala., whose duties included supervision of the police department, sued the *Times* and the Negro ministers. A Montgomery County jury awarded him $500,000, and the judgment was upheld by the Alabama Supreme Court.

In its landmark decision, written by Mr. Justice Brennan, the Supreme Court held that the *Times* case had to be considered "against the background of a profound national commitment to the principle that debate on public issues should be uninhibited, robust, and wide open, and that it may well include vehement, caustic, and sometimes unpleasantly sharp attacks on government and public officials." Judgments like the one against the *Times*, it said, cast "the pall of fear and timidity upon those who would give voice to public criticism. . . ."

The crux of the Supreme Court decision was its ruling that a public official cannot be libeled with respect to the performance of his official duties unless there is proof of actual malice. Three members of the Court (Justices Goldberg, Black and Douglas), in concurring opinions, went even further. They said that the press should be afforded an absolute privilege in such cases, one that would apply without regard to malice.

"Malice," said Mr. Justice Black, "is an elusive, abstract concept, hard to prove and hard to disprove. The requirement that malice be proved provides at best an evanescent protection for the right critically to discuss public affairs and certainly does not measure up to the sturdy safeguard embodied in the First Amendment."

The Supreme Court in the *Times* case applied the good American principle that a man can say anything about government or public officials with respect to the performance of their public duties. Running through the opinions was a profound distrust for the capacity of Southern juries to separate fact from prejudice in libel cases involving outsiders.

"The factual background of this case emphasizes the imminence and enormity of that threat [to the press]," said Mr. Justice Black. "One of the acute and highly emotional issues in this country arises out of the efforts of many people, even including some public officials, to continue state-commanded segregation of races in the public schools and other public places, despite our several holdings that such a state practice is forbidden by the Fourteenth Amendment. Montgomery is one of the localities in which widespread hostility to desegregation has been manifested. This hostility has sometimes extended . . . to so-called 'outside agitators,' a term which can be made to fit papers like the *Times*, which is published in New York."

The Court showed its concern for the prejudice of Alabama juries by taking the extraordinary step of reviewing the evidence in the case (something the High Court rarely does) and holding that such evidence was constitutionally insufficient to support a finding that either the *Times* or the four Negro ministers acted with actual malice.

The *Times* case concerned a public official. The definition of a public official was not spelled out. How wide the case's application will be, only future cases can determine. But the Court clearly showed that it considers huge punitive libel judgments a threat to freedom of the press. It pointed out that the maximum sentence in a *criminal* libel case in Alabama is a $500 fine and six months' imprisonment, while the judgment in this case was a thousand times that amount. (Pending against the *Times* in Alabama are 11 libel suits totaling $5,600,000, while suits against the Columbia Broadcasting System come to $1,700,000.)

". . . this technique for harassing and punishing a free press—now that it has been shown to be possible—is by no means limited to cases with racial overtones," said Mr. Justice Black; "it can be used in other fields where public feelings may make local as well as out-of-state newspapers easy prey for libel-verdict seekers."

Such excessive judgments as that against the *Times* "give dramatic proof," Mr. Justice Black said, "that state libel laws threaten the very existence of an American press virile enough to publish unpopular views on public affairs and bold enough to criticize the conduct of public officials." The decision made it clear that excessive libel awards of any kind are a grave threat to the boldness and initiative of a free press.

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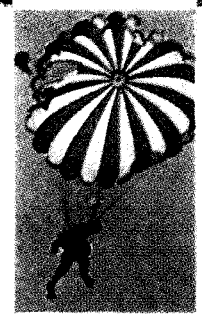

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